

A/N: Okay so I know there are probably a lot of stories out there like this one, but I'm putting my own special twist on it. So I hope it is worth it. I don't own anything Harry Potter, but I do own the characters I make up in this story. J

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Harry fingered the not in his pocket, he sat in the compartment on the Hogwarts Express, with Hermione, Ron, and Lupin. Lupin was asleep though. Harry had memorized the letter, and was determined to find Rose. The letter read:

Harry-

I hope the summer holidays are treating you well, mine are going splendidly. There is a matter of business to attend to before you go into your third year at Hogwarts. This is will be quite a shock for you, but a pleasant shock.

You were not the only one to survive the night in Godrics Hallow. There is another living Potter. Rose Potter. She is your twin sister. Professor McGonagall and I agreed that you two must grow up separately to understand yourselves, Rose wouldn't be known as Rose she would be known as the sister of the boy who lived.

She did survive Voldemort, but the only people who know that are Me, Hagrid, Professor McGonagall, and now you. She has been learning magic, her foster parents have been teaching her. She will come home with you during the summer. Try to lay it on gentle with your Aunt and Uncle. Try to find her on the train.

Good luck.

A. Dumbledore

It shouldn't be hard to find her, she would look like him, wouldn't she, at least a little. He stuck his head out of the compartment to see a girl wondering around, looking for a place to sit. She had dark red wavy hair. Her eyes seemed to be the same color as Harry's. She was towing luggage behind her, tripping over it.

Harry walked over to her. "Do you need any help?" He asked.

"Help would be nice, thank you." She said, Harry grabbed two of her luggage and walked into his compartment.

"Thank you. Who are you?" She asked.

"Harry Potter."

Shock spread across her face.

"You're my brother." She said.

Just then Harry noticed a scar on her forehead, identical to his.

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Thanks you guys, short chapter I know.

A/N: Sorry that last chapter was in bold, you guys. I didn't mean for it to happen, I will try to make it not happen again. And one thing I forgot the charms teachers name, my gut tells me Professor Fitz, but I'm not sure. Then I think Professor Binns teaches Runes. I'm not sure though.

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Harry stared at her, his eyes looked about her body, she was like a miniature version of his mom when he had seen her in pictures. She had a mischievous gleam in her eye, her legs were covered with tight blue jeans, and she had a black t-shirt on the was much to big for her. It read 'Weird Sisters' one the front. Her nails were hot pink, she definitely had personality.

"It's really you, the boy who lived. It's hard to imagine that I was there when that happened." Rose said, a smile spreading across her face.

Harry instantly loved his sister, more than he had loved anyone. Someone finally blood related who was like him. Finally.

"Would it be weird if I hugged you?" Rose asked. Harry shook his head. Rose embraced him, feeling as if she had known him her whole life rather than just a few minutes.

"I don't mean to interrupt, but Harry, we never heard anything about a sister?" Hermione said, struck with amazement.

"I'm sorry, but I never knew until this summer. Dumbledore gave me a letter, I was about to tell you." Harry smiled. He looked at Rose once more, noticing something he hadn't noticed before.

"What happened to your hand?" Harry asked. She moved her bandaged hand slightly.

"Oh, this. It's nothing really. Just a slip of the hand, is all. When washing dishes, I found, your attention has to be completely on washing the dishes, or else it could get very messy." Rose laughed without humor under her breath for a moment.

"You were raised by Muggles?" Ron asked, Harry noticed they were all intrigued by this interesting girl that got thrown into their lives.

"Obviously not, she has gotten all her schooling done up to 3rd year. Don't be so thick, Ronald." Hermione snapped.

"Then why do you wash dishes by hand? Can't your parents put magic on them and they can wash themselves? It's what my mum does." Ron asked, giving a smug look to Hermione.

"Well..." Rose hesitated for moment, looking nervous to answer. "My mum, you see, was... Muggle born. She tries to keep Muggle traditions in the house, such as chores." Rose finished, she sounded like she was making it up as she went along.

"Well, you lot have been here longer than me, what's the in's and out's of this place, what teachers are good, which teachers aren't, who to stay away from and get close to."

"Well, there is Hagrid, he was the game keeper, but got a job with Care of Magical Creatures. He is probably thrilled. He is very friendly, don't be fooled by his size." Harry said, starting them off.

"Professor McGonagall, she is the Transfiguration teacher, bearable when you get on her good side, which I haven't...yet." Ron said.

"Professor Binns is the Runes teachers, I'm not sure you'll have him. He is a ghost, so if you do have him, don't stare." Hermione said.

"Professor Fitz is the charms teacher, he is a dwarf, or an elf, not sure what you call them. Be he is tiny, so don't stare at him either." Ron said. "Professor Sprout is the Herbology teacher, she is okay, I guess, I don't pay attention enough to really see." Ron continued.

"Then there is Professor Snape, dreadful, most horrible teacher, favors only Slytherins, everyone else might as well be chopped liver." Harry said, smiling down at his sister.

"And he smells." Ron added.

Rose took all this in with a nod. "Go on, what about the students?"

"Well everyone is okay, gossipers, most of them. Just don't make contact with the Slytherin kids, they are awful!" Harry and Ron said.

"Especially Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle. Awful, the worst out of all of them." Harry added.

"Speaking of the devil." Ron murmured. The compartment door slid open and a blonde haired boy with two big boys following behind him.

He sat down next to Rose, to close for her liking. She scooted closer to Harry.

"What is a pretty girl like you doing in a compartment with a know-it-all Mudblood, a poor, ugly blood traitor, and that." The blonde pointed at Harry. "I'm Draco, Draco Malfoy."

"Hello." Rose said, in an acidic tone.

"Why don't you come with me, and you can make some proper friends."

"No thank you."

"At least she has manners." Draco muttered. "Come on."

Draco grabbed Rose's bandaged hand. She gasped in pain.

"OW!" She screamed, instantly in tears, clutching her hand to her chest, the bandages were reddened and soaked wet.

"I'm so sorry!" Draco told her. "Let me help."

Rose didn't respond, just sobbed.

"You've done enough, now get out." Harry said, holding Rose to his chest. Hermione shook awake Lupin.

"Please, wake up, I'm sorry to disturb you, her hand, it's bleeding, badly. You have to help." Hermione pleaded. Lupin rose slowly. Taking Rose's hand from her chest. He removed her bandages. Her fingers were cut half way off her hand, she looked away sobbing into Harry's jacket.

Lupin was very gentle, working silently. He tried to use magic, but it only made Rose scream louder so he stopped. He ripped off the end

of he shirt, wrapping the strip of cloth around her fingers. Her sobs turned into shudders. She looked at Lupin, a grateful, watery smile spread across her face.

"What did you do?" Lupin asked.

"I cut my hand with knife accidentally when I was washing dishes." Rose said, looking to her left, where Draco still sat. Crabbe and Goyle gone.

She smiled at him, silently thanking him for staying, his presence was comforting to her.

Just than the train came to a sudden halt.

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Okay, lot longer than last chapter. Tanks for bein' patient.

A/N: Tanks for reading you guys, it means a lot. And I only remember how to spell some spells, so bear with me, and the Charms teachers name came to me in the middle of the night, Flitwick. Sorry you guys, I don't own the books, I just love them.

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Everything went deathly cold, Rose could see he breath before her. She grabbed the sleeve of Harry's jacket, shivering slightly. A large, black, hooded figure reached for the compartment door and slid it open. It reminded Rose of a demonic ghost.

It floated slowly over to Rose and Harry. Rose closed her eyes, but felt as though her life was being sucked out of her. Horrible memories that she tried not to remember came back to her.

Rose waved her wand feebly. "Wengardium Leviosa." She muttered. Her feather didn't lift, everything stayed exactly as it was.

"Good God, Paul, she can't even levitate a feather. What the hell is wrong with her?"

"Give her time, Josie. She is just learning." Rose's foster dad said from the kitchen.

"Do it again." Josie said icily.

"Wengardium Leviosa." Rose said, a bit more proudly this time, swishing her wand, it felt natural, but it just wasn't working. Mr. Olivander said the wand was meant for her. 9 inch Cherry with a Unicorn hair core. 'Very feminine' he said with a smile.

Her feather lifted an inch off the counter top before dropping again.

Roses shoulders sagged, as she felt a hand on her face. This startled her so much she stumbled back, and fell against the TV stand.

"Worthless child. Can't do simple magic. You're a disgrace to the family name. Just like your parents, clueless and undeserving. Sad how some pureblood is wasted on such daft, disgusting children that can't do a SIMPLE SPELL!"

Josie spat on Rose and kicked her in the shin before walking out of the kitchen.

"Paul! Come with me!" Paul walked out of the kitchen, giving Rose a small, sad look. She heard their bedroom door close. She struggled to hold back a tear as she got up. Her lip was gashed open, she held a wet napkin to it, and she could walk right on her leg, but other than that she was fine. She picked up her wand off the ground.

"Wengardium Leviosa." She said, the feather lifted effortlessly off the ground. Then she sobbed wishing there was someone who would understand.

She opened her eyes again, and saw the ghost like figure attacking Harry.

"HARRY! SOMEONE HELP HIM!" She screamed.

"Expecto Patronum." Lupin said, a bright light appeared out of Lupin's wand.

Then everything went black.

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Rose woke up leaning on Draco, who stayed loyally in the compartment. Rose turned bright red, and scrambled up, Harry was already up, and nibbling on some chocolate. Lupin handed Rose a piece of chocolate as well.

"It will help." He said. Rose ate it instantly, not savoring it as her brother was. She felt horrible. Reliving the memory of the first time her foster mom hit her was almost as painful as living it for the first time. Her mother became obsessed with hurting her from then on, because Rose didn't fight it. When her foster dad lost his job at the Ministry when Rose was half way through her first year of school work, her foster mom stepped up and tried to get a job.

Rose's foster mom, Josie, got a job at The Leaky Cauldron, and was gone most of the day, so her foster dad, Paul, taught her magic. She grew better at it as time progressed. No matter how good she was at magic, Josie came home frustrated and tired, and took it all out on Rose.



Lupin got up silently, he had just explained what it was that attacked them, Rose didn't listen.

"So, Rose, you have a cat." Hermione said awkwardly.

"Oh, yeah, she is really shy. I'll get her down." Rose said, and she stood up on the seat and pushed behind her luggage on the rack.

"Gato, here kitty." Rose called, she rubbed her fingers together and made kissing sounds. There was a quick meow and a cat came running into Rose's arms.

"Gato? Where did you come up with that?" Draco asked when Rose sat down again.

Everyone glared at Draco for even daring to speak, except Rose, Rose smiled a dazzling smile that could charm anyone.

"It is the Spanish word for 'cat'. I'm so very creative." Rose laughed, she stroked her cat. Crookshanks eyed Gato carefully. While Draco eyed Rose in a very loving way, Harry's hands balled into fists.

"Draco don't you think you would be much happier in a compartment that's not ours." Harry said, trying not to lose control.

"Actually Potter I was thinking of leaving, this view is disgusting!" Draco said.

"Draco!" Rose yelled. Not offended for herself but for her brother.

"I didn't mean you. I meant you little Mudblood friend, that poor hand-me-down red headed git, and your rubbish brother, surely you agree with me, someone like you doesn't belong with them."

"I actually do, now get out! Any liking I had for you is gone, and isn't coming back."

Draco was about to yell back, but he closed his mouth and walked out sullenly. Rose's shoulders dropped, somehow wishing she could take it back, while also wanting no more to do with him.

"I'll be in Gryffindor, right? I don't want to deal with him again." Rose said, while the side of her that wanted to take it all back grew stronger. Then she remembered what Josie had said to her once.

"You'll never deserve anyone, you aren't good enough for anyone, the only reason people would want to be by you is because they pity your lack of smarts, talent, beauty, and personality. Even then it would be a stretch."

Remembering that she looked at Harry, who was having a conversation with Ron. Rose didn't care to pay attention, a smile spread across Harry's face. In seeing that smile, her heart broke.

Does he really like her, or just pity her? What if the one chance she had a love, just left with the thought Rose would never like him? What if the worst come worse and Rose doesn't have any sort of family, not a fatherly figure, or mother like role model, what if even Harry abandons her because she isn't good enough? What if everything Josie told her to make her feel bad, was true?

A/N: Okay it is getting kind of depressing, but it will get better, I promise. At least I'm not making everyone die. Because that would suck.

A/N: Okay guys, I have had a stressful day today, so just bear with me alright, I'm trying to write this while enjoy the weather, and try to get my sister off my back. Literally. So If this isn't a totally awesome chapter you know why. But I'm doing my very best. J

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Rose stood with the first years, she felt like a child, she crossed her arms, she was taller than all of them. It was quite pathetic. But she had to be sorted. They walked in, and she saw Harry give her a thumbs up. She smiled back halfheartedly.

She didn't listen to who was being called, but when she heard her name her heart sped up as she walked slowly to the chair. She sat down, and the hat went on her head, it was too big for her too small head.

It was silent for a while, Rose held her breath, she wanted to be in Gryffindor so badly, her heart hurt because she wanted it so badly.

"Gryffindor!" The hat shouted, Rose let out a sigh of relief. And hopped toward her brother. She sat next to him.

He leaned toward her, whispering in her ear so quietly only she could hear it.

"Congratulations." Rose smiled proudly.

"Now that that's over." Rose said happily, then she heard a voice.

"Yeah. Potter actually fainted. It was pathetic, then, to make him feel better, he got chocolate! I never get spoiled, even though I'm a pureblood, and come from a respectable Ministry family. Just because he killed Voldemort, without even doing a bloody thing."

"I would stop running your mouth. You didn't seemed so ill-tempered about it on the train, you seemed even worried. What's with the sudden change of heart?" Rose smirked. Draco turned red and shut up about it.

Harry laughed, as did Ron and Hermione.

"Having you around might be useful." Ron said.

Rose faked a pained look "And it wasn't before?" They looked at Dumbledore, who had already started his speech. Rose blocked it out, her hand started to hurt again, she tried to ignore that too, but the pain was spreading. She kept her hand uncomfortably still. She squeezed her eyes shut.

"What's wrong?" Harry whispered to Rose.

"My hand." she barely uttered. She suddenly felt eyes on her back, not an uncomfortable stare, just a look. She knew it was Draco, a smile played slightly on her lips. It would've been bigger, if her hand wasn't hurting.

"It seems kind of deep for it to be a slip of the hand." Harry commented.

"Well, I have a tendency not to notice things very quickly." Rose said quickly.

Harry gave her a quizzical look. "Really." Rose tried to convince him, he wasn't convinced in the slightest.

"Don't lie to me, if something is wrong, I want to help." Rose shook her head quickly.

"Nothing's wrong. I promise."

"I don't believe you."

"Because you're an overprotective brother who can't let things go, I truthfully am completely and totally fine."

Harry didn't believe her. But when the food appeared in front of him, he decided to wait, and put a rest to the subject for the time being.

Rose, however, focused most of her energy on the conversation at the Slytherin table, directly behind her.

"That girl, the one that was yelling at you, who was she?" Asked Crabbe.

"Rose Potter. Doesn't belong in Gryffindor, I swear. I know a true Slytherin when I see one, and she is a true Slytherin." Draco replied.

"So you fancy her?" Goyle asked.

"Well, I don't know. I just met her."

"I don't know isn't an answer."

"You are all acting childish."

"Are you stalling?"

"No, I'm telling you, you are acting like young girls. But if I must answer, than it is a definite yes."

Rose's cheeks flamed, and her heart swelled. She kept this to herself though, maybe she could possibly taunt Draco with it. She continued to listen to this very interesting conversation.

"She has some sort of fire, where she is independent, but there is this other side of her that needs to be protected, and cared for. Like she grew up living defending herself, but needs someone to understand her."

"But that is completely conflicting each other, how can two completely different personalities rest peacefully in one mind?" Crabbe asked.

"Who said it rests peacefully? She might have learned to control conflicting emotions, and fights with it in her mind at every second of every day."

"So there is also some mystery involved?"

"Well, of course. I hardly know a thing about her, which only makes it more exciting. Besides she is very attractive, well more than attractive really, and she really knows how to flatter herself to only make her more desirable."

"You mean in that way?" Goyle asked.

Draco hit the back of his head. "Of course in that way you git."

"You're only in 3rd year." Crabbe said incredulously.

"What does that have to do with anything? Now stop acting like little school girls and drop the subject."

Rose laughed to herself.

"What?" Harry asked, by the look in his eyes Rose knew she couldn't lie to him.

"Oh, I just heard something funny is all." Rose laughed again, and when Harry looked away, she looked over her shoulder at Draco. She caught him staring at her, he turned red and looked away. She, however, did not.

They might be able to make a good couple, they could look good together. Opposites attract, she found they were opposite in every way possible. It was all just a game really, romance was, you could choose to cheat or stay faithful to the rules. Be a good sport, and not a sore winner. She was determined to play in whatever way that appealed most to her. And to Draco as well, no matter how many times she has to cheat to win. How she grew up was really starting to affect her now, but did she care? Not really. Let the games begin.

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Thanks for reading, next chapter up asap.

A/N: I really don't have much to say, except I'm grateful for Story Alerts, and reviews. Thanks everyone!

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Rose found herself lost in the amazing deserts. She had a piece of cake, two different blobs of pudding, and at least one piece of pie, possibly more.

Most 3rd years focused on Rose, wondering how the hell she just got into Hogwarts and skipped the first two years. Rose laughed to herself. Pavarti talked to Lavender quietly, jealousy shown clearly in their expressions. Most of the boys tried to mask their staring, but did so unsuccessfully.

She knew she was pretty, she didn't know she was that pretty.

"She's not a dainty eater." She heard Goyle say.

"What does that matter?" Draco shot back, obviously regretting telling them.

After dinner Harry walked Rose to the common room, Hermione, and Ron at his side.

"Fortuna Major." Seamus said.

"Wait." said the Fat Lady and sang loudly. Rose winced slightly, laughing while doing so. Seamus walked back into the group of Gryffindors, standing a bit too close to Rose, but Rose was too happy to care. She wouldn't care if he kissed her, nothing could ruin her bad mood. She was obviously the envy or desire of everyone. Something she had never really been before. She had her brother to be there for her, and understand her. She had a place where she could be herself, learn magic, but not get beat.

She was so happy, she didn't think anything could bring her down from the pedestal she was standing on. She loved where she was at, she loved where she was at, it hadn't even been twenty four hours and she was home. She was engulfed by the red of the common room. Harry, Rose, Ron and Hermione sat in one corner of the common room. Rose did not refuse when Harry absent minded

massaged her shoulders. She wanted to tell Harry everything, she wanted him to understand where she came from.

She didn't want to lie to him, but for right now her secrets resided in herself. She only wished someday she could truly trust him unconditionally, but this wasn't one of those tell whoever you trust a little bit, her situation needed to be placed in gentle, patient and understanding hands. And as sure as she was Harry was the owner of those hands, she just wanted to wait and enjoy what time she had where there is little confusion, and even less drama.

A/N: Let me just explain myself before you get mad at me for not updating quickly. I was grounded from my computer. I will not tell you what, because some of your minds are still innocent. Jk! I just didn't clean my room so my mom got all defensive and took away half of my stuff (That is of value) So I just didn't get a chance. And she just kept adding stuff to the list of things I had to do before I get it all back. Sorry, I hope my wonderful readers out there will forgive me!



A/N: Okay, sorry this took so long. I've been completely overwhelmed with, well life. I love you guys for being patient with me, and sticking with me, even if I don't post for a while. A lot of these chapters are going to be fluffy, because fluff is my specialty, with plots for this story, I add Rose in with Harry. And of course, the forbidden love between her and Draco. If Shakespeare can be timeless for forbidden love, than I can too, even if it doesn't get published, and made into a movie, well technically it is published of FF, and just imagine Rose next to Harry during the movies, lol. I won't keep you waiting. Sorry. 3

## Roses POV

I was wide awake for the first day of lessons, but I was also shook with nervousness. We were sitting around the Gryffindor table for breakfast when Ron shouted

"Damn! Every class with the Slytherins! Well, at least we have Rose who knows how to put them in their place."

I laughed freely, I was suddenly happy I had all my classes with Harry as well as Draco. "You are getting to be as bigheaded as them, so I would stop talking, and be less arrogant with having me as a friend."

"Bigheaded as who?" I heard a drawl from behind me.

"Speak of the Devil." I said loudly, Ron snorted, Harry covered his mouth to prevent his bits of chuckles to be seen or heard, and Hermione looked away, her hair hiding her smile.

I turned around and looked up at Draco.

"Finally looking up to me, I see."

I smiled slyly. And stood up on the bench. "I would never look up to you, you so much as think I ever will, your life will be hell."

"You don't scare me Potter."

"Oh really, well I should." I leaned in close breathing on his neck and whispered so only he could hear. "Because we both know that you

are quivering inside, just from looking at me, my spark strikes a fire of fear in your very soul."

"That's not true!" he yelled as I leaned back away from him.

"Fine, lie to me. I know your scared, if not of me, then for me." I jumped off the bench and sat down again.

"I would tell you give him a break, taunting him with words and your stupid girly charm, that most boys go silly over, but it is to funny to see my little sister taunt the boy who has been one of the two only downers of being at Hogwarts."

I laughed, a plan boiling in my head. I would make Draco admit he was scared for me, if it killed me. Which it might.

I announced I was finished, and stood up. Harry said he would be right behind me. I eyed Draco carefully, his head turned slightly toward me, not showing any of his face, but I know he saw me. I almost felt bad for taunting him, he obviously liked me more than he let on to Crabbe or Goyle. I started to have second thoughts, but I was determined to make him admit what he had been striving so hard to hide.

I stood up, and purposefully caught my right foot on the seat. I tripped, but made sure I didn't land on my cut up hand. Before I even hit the ground, Draco caught me, but with my strength I took him down with me. And he landed under me, somehow. I blushed a deep red.

Instead of saying some smart remark I was going to say, I ended up saying "Clumsy me. I'm sorry."

"That's alright. Is your hand okay?"

I nodded as he sat up and helped my back on the bench.

"Your ankle." He said.

"What?" I looked down at my right foot, which was twisted oddly out of shape. The pain had not yet reached my brain apparently because I didn't feel a thing.

"I'll take you to Madam Pomfrey before Divination."

I smiled, but then Harry stood up "Thanks for your kindness, but I will assist my sister to the hospital wing."

"Both of you can take me, don't make me choose."

They nodded, unwillingly. I put my arms around both of their shoulders. Harry struggled slightly under my weight, I must admit, I was putting all my weight on him, and I wasn't overweight, I just wasn't sure enough to support myself. I shifted slightly so more weight was on Draco. I limped to hospital wing, I was starting to feel the pain, and it was a struggle to hold back tears.

I accidentally stepped with my broken ankle, and tears slid slowly down my cheeks. "Ow." I said quietly. Draco, whose hand was on my waist, tightened his grip, while Harry traced his fingers gently on my upper arm. I smiled, both comforted my tremendously.

We arrived at the hospital wing and the boys sat me down on a bed. Draco put the pillow on the lower half of the bed. Harry helped me lift my ankle to rest on top of the pillow. I smiled as Draco sat close behind me, and Harry stood next to me, putting his arm around my shoulders. He glared only briefly at Draco when he grabbed my left hand.

"How can I help you?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

"I think my ankle is broken." I said.

"Oh, well I will have you on your way in no time." I smiled, I thought about telling her about the curse Josie had put on me, so that I couldn't be healed by magic, but I decided not to. It was only raise suspicions.

She pointed her wand at my ankle, but lay without moving, it was a clear, clean break, I could see the foot bone clearly dislodged from the leg bone.

I looked away, because it was gross. I hid my face in Harry's robes. Draco squeezed my hand reassuringly.

"That's strange. Let me try again."

She did, and nothing happened.

"This happened on the train too. My hand was cut and Professor Lupin tried to heal me with magic and it didn't work." I said.

"Well we will just have to heal it the Muggle way. Boys you can head to class."

"No." They chorused.

"Yes. This will take a while."

"But what if she gets hurt more. Who will comfort her?" Harry asked. Draco nodded in agreement.

"She will be fine in my care. I will have you come down here when I'm finished and help her to her next class. She will be finished by next class. So after your first class, come down and get her."

They were hesitant.

"I'll be fine. Have fun in Divination. Could you tell her that I will be in class tomorrow? Thank you."

She gave Harry a hug and Draco a quick peck on the cheek.

They stopped at the door. "Just go." I mouthed.

Harry walked out instantly, Draco waited until he was gone, and he winked at me.

I turned a bright red, and waved at him, tucking my hair behind one ear. Then he left, too. My heart sunk.

"Do you know why you can't be healed by magic?"

I wanted to tell her, I wanted the whole world to know how awful Josie really was, but for the sake of keeping things sane, and beautiful in my life, I didn't.

"No, I wish I did. I guess I'm just not right." I laughed slightly.

She smiled, busying herself with my foot.

"What are those boys to you, they seemed to love you very much."

"Well Harry is my long lost brother, who I have thankfully found. And Draco is, a very good. . .friend."

"Well you are very lucky to have such caring boys at your side, I hope you know that."

"I do."

Madam Pomfrey knew how to keep a conversation. It kept me distracted from her moving my foot around.

We talked about growing up and school. I talked about the pleasant memories I had with Josie and Paul.

Before knew it, she was done and Draco and Harry were helping me to Hagrid's. Harry, Ron, and Hermione started talking in their own little group when we got to where the class was supposed to be. I was going to go lean on the tree next to them, but Draco held me back.

"I have to ask you something."

"Go ahead."

"What did you mean by that kiss?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"When you kissed me, what did it mean?"

"It was a simple peck on the cheek, Draco. It didn't mean anything."

"Then why were making googly eyes at me before I left?"

"Was not!"

"Was to."

"Was not!"

"Was to!"

"So what if I was?"

"Then it means you like me."

"Your talking like a little girl."

"I don't care! Do you, or do you not like me?"

"I don't know."

"How can you not know?"

"I don't know, how I can not know!"

"So you have no idea how you feel when your around me?"

"I do to know how I feel when I'm around you!"

"Enlighten me. Please."

"When I'm around you I feel safe, and happy, and appreciated. I feel like all the bad things drift away when I'm with you. I feel like there actually is someone who wants me for me. I feel like time stops. I feel whole, and everything that has happened to me that makes me cry never even happened at all, as if no tear was shed, as if every injury I received never bruised my body, as if every insult spat at me was never thought of. I feel like everything is perfect, I feel like flying, soaring above everything. I feel like I've never been beaten, I feel like all the smudges left on my life were erased and corrected. That's how I feel when I'm around you." I said, tears threatening to fall because I had just given my life story to a boy who hated my brother, and family name, and I just met yesterday.

I turned away, and walked back to Harry, but the inevitable question followed.

"What do you mean you feel like you were never beaten?"

"My foster mom beat me, but it doesn't matter anymore, because I'm never going back."

Again Draco turned me around and collected me in a hug. I fell apart in his arms, almost dropping to my knees, but not crying.

"I'm so sorry."

"You couldn't have stopped it. She's the one who prevented me from being healed by magic. She is the reason I'm so raw."

I laughed, but I was only half joking.

"This isn't really a laughing matter, Rose."

"What really ever is?"

Just then Hagrid came up and started talking about the Hippogriff. Draco's hand rested on my waist, I grabbed onto his hand when Harry approached Buckbeak.

When Harry flew off and Hagrid wasn't teaching, I sat down. My left leg was tired from supporting all my weight. I sat down.

Draco sat behind me, his legs spread out and me in the middle (which sounds wrong, but it was actually really sweet) I leaned into his chest. He took my undamaged hand and started playing with my fingers, intertwining mine with his, and observing what it looked like, then switched position, then switched back. I smiled, and rested my head in the crook of his neck.

"That was fast." I commented.

"What was?"

"I thought it would take a lot longer for me to fall for you, but it only took two days. I don't what it is that you have, but it worked on me."

"Smarts, looks, charm. The works."

I laughed "The dreaded irresistible triple threat!"

"You didn't stand a chance."

"Well, I just hope Harry is okay with this."

"Don't tell him, not yet, at least."

"Why not? He's my brother."

"Yes, but can't it just be the two of us for a while?"

"I guess so."

Everyone stood when they saw Harry. Draco stood up then held out his hand and I took it. Harry's smile faded when he saw Draco help me up like that. I let go quickly, and clapped, and smiled and cheered for Harry.

His smile returned, and when he got off he ran to me and gave me a hug.

"You did great! I wish I could've done it."

"You would've loved it. Maybe when your cast is off Hagrid will let me and you go up together."

"I hope so."

And again Draco and Harry helped me limp to another class. So far one thing was clear.

I was having the time of my life.

A/N: I think this is the longest chapter I've ever written. Scratch that, this is the longest chapter I've ever written. It makes up for the shortness of the last chapter. And forget about when I said this chapter was going to be fluffy, the plot actually started. Yay.

I want to explain some things though, before you get confused, or upset. Draco didn't go up and be all jerk like to Buckbeak because he wasn't jealous of Harry, he was content with being with Rose. (Go ahead 'awwwwww' if you would like) And the reason it is moving so fast because I can't drag things on for a long time. I have no patience, and you're going to have to live with it. Hey, at least I waited until chapter 6 and not when they first met and they started making out on the spot. Because it would've sucked if I did that. Thank you for reading, and please review because when I get



reviews I feel so happy, I want to know people reading my story and liking it.

N: I had soooooooooo much fun writing the last chapter. I hope I have the same amount of fun writing this one. And plz plz plz review! I'm not going to ask for a certain amount for me to write the next chapter because I love writing this story, but if you could plz review, that would inspire me a little more!

Roses POV

I walked (well Harry and Draco walked, I limped) to the Dungeon for Potions Class. I sighed, dreading the meeting of Professor Snape.

Draco sat me in a chair next to him in the back. I smiled.

"I could help you, since your . . . Brother is. . . a grade below me in this class and I want you to do the your very best." Draco said, I laughed at his struggle not to insult Harry.

"It's true Harry, I want to be as caught up as possible. I'll sit next to you in Defense Against the Dark Arts. And Herbology if you'd like." Harry nodded and went to sit up at the front of the class next to Ron, and Hermione and Neville.

"Thank you." I said.

"For what?"

"Not insulting Harry. It was quite funny to watch you struggle, but it was sweet. He really isn't all that bad, I don't know why you don't like him. When did you start to dislike each other?"

"First year."

"Why?"

"I really don't know. I guess I was just jealous because I came from a respectable pureblood family, and The Boy Who Lived chose a Weasley and a Mudblood over me."

"Seems stupid. Just because he is friends with Hermione and Ron doesn't mean you have to hate him. You don't have to hate the Weasley's and Muggle borns just because your father does. Ron, is actually quite nice, and funny. And Hermione is smart, and mature, and sure to keep me in line." I laughed. "You and Harry would get

along famously if you gave each other a chance. Your both brave, and smart, and talented, and funny when you try."

"Well as long as you know who is handsomer out of the two of us, I won't be jealous."

"Harry is quite good looking, isn't he? If he wasn't my brother I would be flirting up a storm."

Draco nudged my arm "I meant me, you know."

"I know, I was just messing with you."

Just then the doors burst open, and everyone fell deathly silent. I even stopped breathing for a moment.

"Ah, yes. Another Potter." Said Professor Snape, he was just as dreadful, if not more, than I imagined. He spat my name like it burnt his tongue.

"Yes." I said back determined to mock him without being able to get in trouble for it. It was my specialty. "Us Potters are quite horrible. We were all raised wrong. Show offs, too. But oh well, what can you do?" I said. Nearly everyone was breaking into quite bits of giggles, even Harry who understood I was just mocking Snape.

"I'm watching you, Potter. Don't think that because your new, and have a broken ankle means I'll favor you in any way." He said, getting close to my face.

"There is only one thing I can say to that. Bring it on."

I seriously think he took that to heart, because he did bring it, and it was a struggle to keep up with everyone, but I managed, Draco wrote quick notes to me, to tell me what to do. I followed them as well as the instructions in my book, and I think I did . . . Satisfactory.

This was not my favorite part, but after I classes were over and I got to eat dinner, I calmed down a bit.

"It's always overwhelming when you first start. Don't worry, we're here for you." Said Ron.

Harry and Hermione nodded in agreement. I smiled at them, then took another bite out of my Mac and Cheese. It was the most delicious Mac and Cheese I had ever tasted. Then, as if on cue, Draco straddled the seat next to me.

"What do you want Malfoy?" Ron asked in disgust.

Draco opened his mouth, I knew he was going to spit something back. I gave him a look, a look that I said 'I will hit you harder than anyone thought possible if you say something mean back to him.' Lucky for him, he could read my look and he stayed quite, and then I looked at Ron and my look said 'Cool it.' Then his look shot back 'Or what?' 'You don't want to know what.' Then Ron looked away sheepishly.

I turned toward Draco. "Yes?"

"I was wondering if I could escort you to Hogsmeade the first weekend. You can go, can't you?"

"I can, but I was going to stay with Harry." I said.

"No, you go. I'll be fine." Harry said.

"Maybe next time." I smiled sadly at him, but he just grinned away and shrugged his shoulders. I kissed him on the cheek, and he went back to the Slytherin table.

"What is with you, and kissing Malfoy on the cheek?" Ron asked.

"What! I can't kiss a boy who is nice to me on the cheek?"

"But it's Malfoy. Besides you don't do that to anyone else."

"Like yourself, for example."

"Well. . . Yeah."

"Would you like me to kiss you on the cheek, Ron?"

Ron turned scarlet and shrugged.

"I didn't think so. I was only doing it because it's classy, and it's towing with his emotions. I didn't think you were so thick. My God, Ronald, you really must think things through a little more."

I got up and Draco and Harry were at my side immediately.

I smiled and laughed as they talked, and joked to me, but in my head I was thanking God for making me such a good liar.

A/N: And I think that is a good place to stop. The chapter, not the story. Thanks for reading, and please review. Love you guys!

A/N: Hope y'all are having a good time reading this, I'm having a good time writing. I love reviews, even if you have already reviewed, review again, tell me what you think of the chapter. Thanks for reading, it means a lot!

## Roses POV

I looked out the window next to my bed, it was raining, the rain sounded like drums on the glass. I smiled, I loved the rain. It was early in the morning, I decided to get dressed and go out and sit in the rain before breakfast. I was learning to trust my ankle more, I still limped, but at least I could places on my own.

I sat on the front few steps, letting the rain soak my robes and hair. I was extremely cold, but I ignored it. I had been through so much worse, things I cared not to remember.

"It's raining, you know." Said a voice from behind me.

I laughed loudly "No, I hadn't noticed." I said.

My guest sat next me, I leaned my head on his shoulder. "I could really care less about the rain. I love the rain. I always did, and I think I always will."

"I don't blame you, it is quite calming."

My hand throbbed, it hadn't hurt this bad since when I first got it, I almost cried out in pain, but I concealed it.

"We need to talk. About our lives. I feel like I know you better than anyone, but I don't. I want to know everything there is to know about you."

I smiled "Well when I was a baby, I was probably the most spoiled little girl. When I turned seven, my foster mother, Josie, became pregnant. I was so excited to have little sibling. It was little girl when I was 10 she died unexpectedly of something unknown. When I was learning magic, Josie and I fought a lot. They weren't over vital subjects, but they were severe. We were almost never on the same page, always getting in each others way, butting heads. I learned to hate her, and her me. After my little sister died we weren't a family anymore, we didn't do anything together. They both thought it was

somehow my fault that she died. Even Paul, but he didn't say it." I finished, I was almost about to cry.

"Does Malfoy know about this?"

"I thought this was about you and me, not Draco. Leave him out of it."

Harry thought for a moment, pondering what I told him. "Did Josie by any chance beat you?"

"Wow, your really smart."

"She did beat you?"

I nodded slowly.

"Why didn't you tell anyone?"

"Because for once in my life everything was perfectly fine, and I thought telling people about my life before this would ruin it, and make it more complicated." I said. Harry then wrapped his arms around my shoulders. I smiled and wrapped my arms around his waist.

"I don't have to go back, so it doesn't matter anymore." I said, looking at him, but tears fell anyway. Harry wiped them away.

People were starting to go into the Great Hall for breakfast, we stood up and walked in, Professor Snape walked up to us.

"Your wet." He stated.

"Really, are you sure about that?" I asked

"Don't mock me, Potter."

"I'm sorry, Professor." I said, trying to hold back laughter.

"Why are you wet?"

"Well, I like sitting in the rain, so I got up early this morning so I can sit in the rain, and my brother dearest, here, came down with me

and we talked." I answered. He couldn't get us in trouble for that. He stared at us for a moment before making a dramatic exit, and he went to find someone else to torture.

I ran my fingers through my hair, and we walked.

"Does Draco, know?" Harry asked. I laughed

"You are very persistent, yes he does. I accidentally let it slip during Care of Magical Creatures."

Harry nodded, not approving or disapproving. Staying neutral, or hiding his emotions behind a poker face.

"Well, since you told me your parents beat you, I will tell you Sirius Black is trying to kill me. I don't know why, but he is." Harry said.

"What!" I yelped.

He nodded "But, he won't succeed. I promise."

"He better not." Just then I saw Draco, I trotted up to him.

"Harry figured it out." I said looking at him. He looked first alarmed, then annoyed, then somewhat happy.

"I guess that's okay. You couldn't keep it from everyone for long."

"I don't want everyone to know! Just a handful of people who I trust."

"Well why not?" He asked, annoyed.

"Because it's personal!"

"I don't feel it's personal, I want everyone to know."

"Well if it was your problem, then I would say go for it, and proclaim it to the world, but I don't want that."

"I am going to let everyone know. And you can't stop it."

"No, Draco don't!"



But he ignored me, and lifted me up on the Slytherin table bench.

"Hey!" He yelled really loud and the Great Hall fell quiet.

Then completely out of nowhere he crushed his lips to mine, his eyes were closed, at first I didn't know what to think, then I closed my eyes too. I wrapped my arms around his neck, his hands snaked around my waist, he pulled me close. I heard people chorus "ewwww" and "Yuck!" but also people say "How romantic" "That's so sweet." and "Oh my God!"

I smiled, and he smiled too. My stomach felt all bubbly, and I loved it, I could feel Harry, Ron, and Hermione's eyes on my back. I could practically hear their thoughts.

Harry was thinking he was going to rip Malfoy apart this. But we both knew he wouldn't.

Ron was thinking, How the hell did this happen?

Hermione didn't know what to think, she was torn between betrayal, or being happy for me.

I didn't focus on them, I focused on Draco and I. He pulled me closer again, I didn't want to break away from him. I wanted to be glued like this forever, but Draco pulled away.

"Now was that so bad?" He asked.

"Hey, I wanted to tell Harry, but you said it was just supposed to be you and me."

"But you didn't want to tell anyone, only people you trusted. And if you're going to tell someone, might as well tell everyone because I don't want anyone else getting any ideas."

I laughed. "I was actually talking about what happened between Josie and me. So you are in for hell. I guess I should've explained myself clearer."

"What!" He asked. He cursed under his breath.

"Hey, don't worry about it. I can get Harry to understand."

I snuck one more small peck before Draco jumped down, and lifted me off the bench. I was a deep red when I sat next to Harry.

"What the hell was that?" Ron asked.

"A miscommunication, Ronald, with pleasant results."

"But it's Malfoy!"

"And your Weasley! This fighting has to stop! On both ends, at least he is actually trying, unlike either of you! It's ridiculous, just because you come from different families, and your fathers dislike each other doesn't mean you have to follow in their footsteps. It's all just prejudice that has been passed down throughout generations. Let it go!" I said, and I looked at Harry, who wasn't even listening, he was glaring over his shoulder at Draco.

"Harry, don't hate me." I said, looking up at him.

"I don't hate you, neither does Ron. I'm not in love with the fact your dating Malfoy after you just met him last week."

"I met you just last week and we are closer than any brother and sister have the right to be."

"It's different."

"Is it really that different?"

It got me frustrated that as soon as the pieces were finally piecing together, they fell apart again. Story of my life.

So, I just thought of question some of you might ask after reading this, Where were the teachers during this kissing scene? Well Snape had caught the Weasley twins messing around with Mr. Filch so he was punishing them, and some of the other teachers were still sleeping, and Professor McGonagall didn't see anything really wrong with it, because they weren't making out, they were just kissing for a while, and Professor Dumbledore thought it was charming.

It was also just Draco being impulsive, because he is pretty impulsive when you think about it, and he really wanted to prove something. I was just clearing things up for you!

And this Monday evening-Wednesday morning I'm going camping with my family, and my parents won't let me bring my laptop, even if they did, I wouldn't be able to post anything because of the lack of internet reception in forest! And while we are on the subject in August I'm going to a camp and stuff, it's the first week of August then after that we are going on a mini vacation, so I will be gone for maybe 2 weeks in August, but I will bring a notebook to camp with me to write rough drafts before lights out, and at lunch and dinner and breakfast. Sorry! AND PLZ PLZ PLZ PLZ PLZ PLZ PLZ REVIEW! I want to know what you thought of this chapter!

A/N: So I just got back from camping and I am super happy to be back. Just thought I could mention that. Enjoy this chapter, and if you did, than please review!

## Roses POV

I looked at Harry nervously in the common room. I didn't let it show my nervousness in the Great Hall, but I was shaking inside. Harry wasn't mad, at least that's what he said, but I didn't fully believe him. And frankly anger, of any kind, scared me, though I knew I masked it well.

"I'm not mad." Harry said, answering my expression. "I'm not thrilled, but I'm not mad."

I half smile formed on my face, and I looked down at the floor. It was after classes and students were slowly filing in through the portrait.

"If it's not too personal, why him?" Harry asked.

I smiled when I thought of all the possibilities of how to respond to that. "Because, he makes time stop. He makes everyday a fairy tale without realizing it. He understands me, he is classy and he erases all the bad memories from my head. And he make me like I'm flying, my heart beats louder and faster whenever I see him, my stomach flops and I-"

"Alright I get it." Harry said, looking away, I grabbed onto Harry's hand, covering it with my own two.

"It's not like I chose him over you. I'm still your little sister, I'm still going home with you, and I'm going to help you with whatever you face in life. Because almost no one knows about me living Voldemort's attack. But no doubt he is looking for me too. Which means Sirius Black is probably looking for me as well, and that is something you and I need to do with Ron and Hermione, not Draco."

"I know." He said that, but he sounded doubtful.

"This little romance probably won't even last, and in the end, it's going to me and my big brother. The last two Potters." He seemed to perk up at this.

"I guess you have a point."

"You guess?" I asked, laughing. I hugged him and went to talk to Hermione, wanting to find out where her head was. She had an ecstatic smile on her face, so I'm guessing she chose to be happy for me. I sat next to her.

"You and Malfoy?" She asked, smile not leaving her face.

"Yeah." I nodded "I guess, it happened really fast. I really want it to last, there is just something about him." I said, I saw her eyes flicker to Ron, then back to me.

"I know what you mean." She mumbled, probably only meant for her to hear. I looked at her then to Ron then back to her again. She blushed deeply. I winked at her, when two hands were at my waist and the squeezed them before letting go. I screamed, and spun around. I slapped Fred and George laughed at him.

"Ow!" He said.

"Serves you right." I said, glowering at him. His hand was on his cheek.

"I'm sorry." I said lamely.

Fred just gave me look, that meant revenge.

"I saw the kissing scene in the Great Hall, what was that all about?"

"We hate each other very much and that's how we show are hate."

"By kissing?" George asked incredulously.

"I was being sarcastic." I said rolling my eyes.

That night at dinner, I tried to focus on Harry, Fred, and Georges conversation about the upcoming Quidditch game, but I failed. I kept glancing over at my shoulder. Draco wasn't looking at me, but I guess he sensed my gaze on him and turned to look at me.

I turned slightly pink, but didn't look. I didn't want to look away, but then Harry nudged me, wanting to say something. I smiled swiftly, and turned to him.

"Have you ever seen a Quidditch game?" He asked.

"Harry, I was raised by a Quidditch obsessed man, I can play every position on the team."

"Can you?"

"Yes, I can. I'm especially good at playing Chaser. If I do say so myself."

"I would think you more of a Keeper, being as small as you are."

"Small! I am not small! Five two isn't small!"

"Yeah, how much do you weigh?"

"99 pounds!" I said, I knew I wasn't small. I wasn't the largest person, but I wasn't small.

"You must have Aunt Petunia's petite figure."

I glared at him.

"It's not a bad thing, it fits you."

A small smile spread on my face. I bit down into a carrot.

"How can you eat that rubbish?" Ron asked, stuffing more mashes potatoes in his mouth, it was only a scoop on mashed potatoes , and about five scoops of gravy.

"It's not rubbish, maybe you should try something healthy for a change."

He looked at me like I was an idiot. "I'm eating potatoes, that's a vegetable, it's healthy."

"That isn't potatoes on your spoon, that's just gravy." I took the spoon from his awaiting mouth and scooped something up from

plate, I picked through it with my fingers, there was no potato in it as expected.

"Hey! I was going to eat that!"

"Why Don't you just get a bowl and pour gravy in it?"

"Hey that's good idea." And that's what he did.

"Your such an idiot."

Almost as if on cue , Draco sat next to me.

"Hello." I said sweetly. He put his hand around my waist and kissed my quickly on the cheek. Harry looked away, anger shown clearly in his face. I grabbed his hand and gave it a squeeze before getting up with Draco.

"You better be in the common room when I get in there." Harry said, and Ron nodded. Hermione winked at me. I smiled at her.

"Don't count on it." I said to Harry before kissing him on the cheek.

Harry then turned to Draco. Obviously wanting to shot a nasty comment at him. "Keep your pants on, if you please." Harry said. Draco turned red, and I just laughed.

"We were just going on a walk before curfew, it wasn't going to come to that. I wouldn't have let it come to that." I smiled at him.

He nodded.

"I can take care of myself, Harry. I've been doing it for thirteen years."

We walked outside and linked hands.

"Sorry about him." I muttered.

"No, it's okay. I understand where he is coming from."

"So are you?" I asked cautiously.

"Am I what?" He asked, keeping his eyes forward.

"Going to stop fighting with him and Ron, and Hermione, and all of the Gryffindors for that matter."

"They aren't going to be my favorite people, and I'm not going to be best friends with them, but I will try my very best to stop fighting."

I nodded, then turned to him. I looked up at the stars, I could see all of them.

"I've always wanted to count the stars, see how many there really were." I said.

"I started to once, then once I got to 1000, I stopped." Draco said.

I laughed. "I've also wanted to be kissed under the stars." I said timidly.

He chuckled lightly, and pressed his lips softly to mine, I smiled, wrapping my arms contently around his neck, and his arms wrapped around my waist, just like this morning.

"This is moving really fast." I said to him once we broke apart.

"Which only makes it more fun. I would've thought you to be all about excitement."

"I am." I shot back "I wasn't complaining, I was just stating a fact."

He laughed loudly then kissed me again, then grabbed my hand and walked with me to the moonlit lake, we stood there in each others embrace. My head on his chest. I smiled when I inhaled his scent. He kissed my hair then we went back.

It was picture perfect, what every girl dreams of, that picture perfect romance. Guess what? I had it!

A/N: Thank you for reading, leave a review or two. Next chapter up ASAP! I promise.



A/N: Ok, I'm really sorry this took so long. I was working on my other story. And I got My first flames! Kind of a mile stone, so here is to the flame giver, I know this is not the most realistic Harry Potter Fan Fiction, by far, here is a tip, if you don't like it, don't read it. It seems like common sense. I know the characters are out of character, I'm letting my imagination run wild. So if you think it is so bad, don't read it, and if you're just reading it to keep insulting it, and telling me it is getting worse and worse (which is what I'm leaning more towards) Than go do that to someone else's story, I don't want that here. I am going to work on the problems you pointed out, so I don't run into this problem again.

On a happier note it is the first double digit chapter, and should be special, so I'm going to show more love between Harry and Rose. So enjoy!

## Roses POV

I sat in the common room in a comfortable red chair next to the fire. I enjoyed the peacefulness of the late night, it was just me and my thoughts. Which were relatively happy, nothing too bad had happened to me for a while. Her ankle had stopped hurting, and my classes were going well. I wasn't exactly acing them, but I had Hermione as a very willing tutor which would help me get ahead little by little.

I looked out the window, the beautiful night sky twinkled brightly with stars and the moon. I leaned her head back against the chair. I probably should be going to bed, but I couldn't bring herself to stand up. As though something was welding me to the chair, as if waiting for something to show itself to me.

Harry then walked down the stairs and smiled at Rose.

"You're up." He said, not sounding surprised in the slightest.

"So are you." I noted with a small smile spreading on her lips.

"Couldn't sleep. You?"

"Could bring myself to go upstairs."

Harry chuckled slightly. "Were you doing anything down here all alone?" Harry asked.

"Thinking, probably should've been doing homework, but I'll take my chances, Hermione can help me tomorrow."

"Don't always depend on her, by Halloween she will stop helping you and you will have to fend for yourself."

"Don't worry, this will be the last time, I promise."

Harry smiled and sat next to me. "What were you thinking about? If it's not too personal." Harry asked suddenly.

"Everything, really. I was thinking about you, and classes and Ron and Hermione."

"And Draco." Harry said with a slight edge to his voice.

"I was leaving him out for your sake." I said with a giggle, messing up his already messy hair. Harry nodded slightly at this.

"What is your favorite color?" Harry asked with no warning.

"You sure are random tonight." I commented, returned by a shrug from Harry "I like blues, and blacks and greens, sometimes red, dark pinks, gold, silver, white, some yellows. I can't stand baby pink, or purple, I mean purple is ok, but it isn't my first choice, not my last, but definitely not my first."

"What about your favorite Quidditch team?"

"Probably, Bulgaria." Harry nodded at this. Thinking of his next question.

"Favorite animal?"

"Is this some sort of interrogation?"

"I just want to know more about you. I'm curious."

"Well, I can't really choose, I love almost any animal, I'm not a big fan of amphibians or insects or spiders, snakes I can deal with, as

well as a turtle, but any other reptile I don't like very much. I'm also not a big shark fan, but any other animal I love."

"Squids? Crabs? Lobster? You love these animals?"

"I will admit they aren't my favorite, but I still love them."

"Let me guess, you are a vegetarian?"

"No, Harry. I prefer vegetables and fruits and breads and such, but I still eat meat. I try to steer clear of fattening foods. It's not that I am worried about my weight, it is just too much of it gets me sick, so I watch out for it."

"Can you cook?"

"Yes, I must say I am a pretty good cook. I'm not very humble Harry, if you haven't figured that out by now. I usually made breakfast and dinner for all of us and lunch for me and Paul. When we all ate together, we talked and laughed happily, like a normal family, it almost always took a bad turn. But it's the past, and it doesn't matter much anymore."

"It matters a lot, Rose. You should tell someone."

"Harry, I'm not going to fight with you! I'm over it, it wasn't that big of a deal."

"Yes it is, Rose! It's a huge deal!"

"Lower your voice, people are trying to sleep. Now are you going to continue your interrogation of me or are you going to keep rambling on about the past? Because if you keep rambling on about the past, I am going to march straight upstairs and go to bed."

"What are some of your favorite Muggle books?" Harry asked halfheartedly.

"Gone with the Wind, Pride and Prejudice, Wuthering Heights, Romeo and Juliette."

"Favorite Muggle singer?"

"Michael Jackson. Without a doubt."

"Favorite Singer, could be Muggle or a Wizard singer."

"Weird Sisters, Michael Jackson is a close second."

When I woke up the next morning, I regretted staying up with Harry. I knew I would. I groggily got up and changed into my school robes, I had Defense Against the Dark Arts first with the Slytherins. I smiled at the thought and walked down to the Great Hall.

I ate silently next to Harry. Listening to his conversation, like a usually did, that is until Hermione walked in, and sat next to me.

"Morning." I mumbled to her.

"What did I tell you about staying up late?" She giggled.

"To not to." I said. "How did you know?"

"It would take a miracle to cover those bags under your eyes."

"A miracle called make up. I have some in my trunk, if we hurry we can make up there before class."

"I will meet you in class than." Hermione said, somewhat nervously. I shrugged.

I ran up to my dormitory. I dug around for a moment before finding some cover up and dabbed it under my eyes. It pretty much worked. I ran down to class, I with time to spare.

I skidded to a stop in between Harry and Ron.

"Did I miss anything?" I asked, they both shook their heads.

"Where is Hermione? She said she would meet me here." I said, they merely shrugged. My head swiveled around the room, looking for her. I had forgotten to ask for her help on the homework, I needed to ask her before she makes any other plans.

But in seeing his face I forgot all about Hermione, about my homework, about the detention I knew I would get from Snape if I

didn't finish it before the end of the week, I forgot class would probably be starting in a little less than a minute. I skipped happily over to him. He walked away from Crabbe and Goyle and came up to me.

I smiled happily up at him. He took me around the waist and spun me around so my back was to his chest and he pulled me as close as I could get. I smiled and closed my eyes in bliss, opening again when I figured I might fall asleep.

"How did you sleep?" He asked quietly in my ear.

"Well, I just stayed up to late."

"Doing what?"

"Boys just love questions don't they? Harry was interrogating me about my favorite things. I should've been doing homework, but I decided it could wait."

"Do you need any help?"

"Yeah, I was going to ask Hermione, but I have no idea where she is at the moment."

"Why don't you meet me in the library an hour before supper and we can get some of it done."

"Sounds good to me."

Then the class started.

I stood in line, waiting for my turn with the boggart. I truly wasn't sure what I was most scared of. Possibly Josie, maybe death, the death of my new found friends, or Harry. I walked up to the boggart.

I stared at the god awful spider Ron had turned it into.

It morphed quickly into an, at first, unrecognizable shape, I took a step forward, wand at the ready.

The 'r' of 'ridiculous' rested lamely on my lips, just waiting to be spoken.

I looked down at the figure. It was Harry, completely lifeless. Why did I think that stupid thought? I asked myself, mentally slapping myself in the head, while trying to hold back tears of fear.

"Ridiculous." I said loudly. Boggart Harry stirred for a moment, before turning into a brown puppy. Running through the legs of students, knocking some to the ground. He stopped before Harry, who was smiling at the puppy. This smile quickly turned into a frown when a dementor was upon him. I stared open mouthed.

Professor Lupin jumped in front Harry. And it morphed into a full moon. I looked over confused at Hermione, who had found her way next to me. She just shrugged.

Just then we had to duck from a balloon. It flew back into the cabinet.

We walked out of class together, Harry, Hermione, Ron and I.

"Hermione didn't get a turn." Ron said. "I wonder what it would've been. A failed exam." Ron laughed like it was the most hilarious thing in the world. Hermione and I laughed at him and Harry just shook his head.

In Potions later that day, we all handed in our homework from last week.

"Remember there is more homework due at the end of the week." He drawled. I would've bet he was mostly talking to me.

"God, he knows I haven't done it. How does he know these things?" I muttered quietly to Draco when we walked up to get our ingredients for the potion.

"I don't know. He won't have anything to complain about after tonight, we will get it done if it kills us."

"Silent." Snape warned.

"Thank you." I mouthed to him. He nodded.

I sat next to Harry in the common room, getting a head start on my essay that me and Draco were going to work on tonight, for potions.

"What did the dementor turn into? I didn't see." Harry asked.

"You...dead." I said, with a slight wince. "I don't want you to die." I said, if it wasn't already obvious.

Harry chuckled "Really?" He asked sarcastically. "I don't want you to die either."

I smiled "Thanks." I rolled up my parchment and walked over to kiss Harry on the cheek.

"I couldn't ask for a better big brother." I mumbled into his neck.

I reluctantly stepped away from him.

"Where are you going?" He asked as I headed towards the portrait.

"I meeting Draco in the library."

I could practically hear Harry mentally groan. "Can't Hermione help you with homework or studying?"

"She wasn't around, and Draco was, and he offered. See you at supper." And with that, I was off to the library.

I had a sense of sort of relief when I finished the homework. I ate and talked with Hermione. It was the usual, I turned around occasionally to look at Draco, this annoyed Harry to no end.

I somehow managed on more bite of chicken before deciding I was done, and Hermione and I walked up to the common room. It was pretty much empty except for a few people finishing homework or studying.

"So what happened in the library?" Hermione asked.

"Homework happened. I would've asked you if you had been there, but I couldn't find you at the moment."

"Oh, well Harry wasn't happy when you left. Complained that you two probably went off to snog in some dark corner somewhere."

"He is really paranoid, he knows how much I needed to finish the Potions homework."

"Well he isn't in love with the fact his only living relative is dating Malfoy."

"Can't they just get along. It's just family issues, just because his parents were like that doesn't mean he has to be."

"I guess old habits die hard."

"I guess they do." Then we sat next to each other in silence.

I stayed up until Harry came in, which wasn't long after Hermione and I had.

"I'm going to bed, no interrogation tonight." I said with a laugh. I wrapped my arms around him.

"Love you." I said as I walked up the stairs to the girls dormitories. I curled up under the covers after I put my pajamas on. I tried to shut out the image of Harry dead on the floor. I hadn't been traumatized the rest of the day, but I somehow knew it would come back to haunt me at the end of the day.

Lucky for me I was too tired to dwell on any of it and fell into a dreamless sleep quickly.

A/N: 10th chapter (Cheers) Yay, I feel so accomplished. Ok I have a challenge, out of my first 10 chapters which one was your favorite. Review and tell me! No flaming! I'm feeling very proud of myself over here, don't ruin my fun.

I love you guys. XOXO



A/N: I feel horrible, I really do. I haven't updated in way to long, and I haven't even been busy, and I have had all these ideas for the story, and guess who hasn't updated. ME! THAT'S WHO! I AM SO SORRY AND I HOPE ALL MY AWESOMELY AWESOME READERS WILL BE ABLE TO FORGIVE ME!

## Roses POV

I woke up groggily the next morning, but I felt better then I had the day before. I stretched, and my bones cracked. I sat up, and looked out the window. I smiled when the rays hit my cheeks. I got up quietly, and went into the bathroom. I brushed my teeth, and changed into my robes. I walked down to the common room, Harry was down there, along with Ron.

"Morning." I said smiling as I plopped down onto a chair. I leaned my head back and closed my eyes as I felt the warmth of the fire on my body. "Lovely day isn't it?" I opened my eyes slowly and looked at friend and brother. Harry chuckled. "Yes, it is a lovely day." He said the ends of his lips twitching into a smile. "Morning Rose." Ron said smiling at her as everyone smile instantly made me smile as well, just like when someone cries I'll cry. That sort of thing. Footsteps began to approach the common room from one of the staircases. "Hullo, everyone." Hermione greeted a book hugged to her chest. "Morning, Hermione." I said happily. "Morning, 'Mione do you ever not carry a book with you?" Ron asked, his eyebrow raised as he eyed her book.

"Well, I need to get to class right after breakfast." Hermione said. "So do we, and we don't carry around our books." Ron shot back, with a laugh. "Well then you have to rush up to the common room to get it. Trust me, it's a smart move." Hermione said, matter of factly. I smiled at my friends, and my brother. Harry crouched down next to me. "How's your foot?" He asked, gesturing to my ankle that was still wrapped in the cast. "Yeah, I'm sure it's completely healed, it doesn't hurt, I can walk on it, but Madam Pomfrey insists on keeping it in the cast." I said, my face turned down. "Well, you will be out of it soon enough." Harry said, messing up my auburn hair. I stuck my tongue out at him and ran my fingers through it again.

"Don't touch my hair again." I said as I finally got my hair back to normal. "Alright." said Harry as he held up his hands in surrender. "I won't touch your precious hair." "Damn right you won't" I said as I

leaned back in the chair relaxing. Hermione giggled as she sat at the foot of my chair her head resting against the arm rest. Silence stayed around the four friends (and siblings) as the fire crackled in their ears. "It's too quite." I whined breaking the silence. "I can't take it. I'll go insane!" I exclaimed throwing my hands up in the air. "Calm down, Rose. You can always go to Malfoy." He said with a wink. I noticed Harry looked at Ron and give a short glare. I blushed and slumped back in the chair.

"We don't talk all that much, sometimes not at all." I said, remembering some of the times when we took walks, and didn't utter a word. "What do you do all the time then? Snog?" Ron asked. I spun around, giving him a look that said 'Seriously, my brother is right there'. Harry's jaw clenched. "I was just joking." Ron said innocently. I rolled my eyes, and then Fred and George came running down the stairs. They appeared on either side of me, leaning in really close to my face. "Morning Rosie." They said at the same time. "Morning boys." I sang, hugging them both around the neck. I laughed joyfully as they lifted her off the couch and sang loudly and very off key a song I didn't even recognize. I held onto their necks as if my life depended on it. Percy then came down the stairs, his 'Head Boy' badge was shining on his chest. "For Merlin's sake." He barked. "Keep it down." He gave them a stern look as he left the room, walking out of the portrait. "Git." I muttered. "Welcome to our world, Rosie." Fred and George said in unison.

I smiled at the twins. "He always like that?" I asked to basically everyone in the room. They looked up at me since I was still being carried by the twins. They nodded and murmured 'yes' to me causing my smile to widen. "Can we go down to the Great Hall?" I asked. "I'm starving." "Alright!" Ron said instantly. "Let's go!" He jumped up off the couch and before anyone could say anything he was out of the common room. I shook my head. "Fatty." I said aloud. "I'm so surprised he is not fat." I laughed as she walked beside Fred and George. "Are you guys going to put my sister down any time soon?" Harry asked from the other side of the both shrugged. "Maybe." Then they dropped me, but I landed on her feet. "See what you did Harry?" I said, pouting. "Now I can't get carried to the Great Hall." I said, crossing my arms over my chest. "I'm so sorry," Harry said rolling his eyes, voice full of sarcasm. I smacked him on the shoulder. "You should be." I snapped at him. I turned to face Fred and George. "May I please get carried to the Great Hall?" I asked politely. The twins exchanged looks, and shrugged. "You asked for it." Fred said,

and they scooped me up, placing me on their shoulders. I held onto their hair, determined to stay on, and not break my head, or worse, my skull. They jogged into the Great Hall, and placed me down on a seat. "Thank you." I said politely, and scooped eggs onto my plate.

"Welcome." The twins said in unison then sat next to me. Ron was shoving his face with all sorts of food, making disgusting chewing noises as he hurried to try and finish his homework. "Ron," I said disgusted. "Must you eat that way?" I stopped chewing and swallowed. He looked up at her. "I'm hungry." He rolled her eyes as she sat down. "Honestly, Ronald. When are you not?" Ron tapped his chin as he thought about this. "I'm always hungry." He said with a grin.

"No duh." I said with a laugh. I ate my serving, and talked with the twins, Ron, Harry, and Hermione. Seamus even joined our conversation for a little bit. We were, by far, the loudest in the Great Hall. Then two hands were on her waist. I jumped and spun around. Harry went rigid. "Hello, Draco." I said sweetly, kissing him on the cheek. "Hello, how are you?" Draco asked. "Very good, I got carried here this morning, my ankle doesn't hurt anymore, and I got more sleep than last night." I said with a smile. "That's good." Draco said. "We are practicing Quidditch tonight, do you want to come and watch?" Draco said. "I would love to, except..." I started slowly, remembering that me and Hermione making plans to do our homework. "Except nothing. Go have fun." Hermione urged. I smiled, and mouthed to her 'Really?' Hermione nodded. "Ok." I said, with a wide smile "I'll be there."

Draco smiled. "Great!" "Oi! Draco, over here!" Blaise hollered from across the Great Hall. Draco looked at Blaise then me, "Uh-" I smiled and kissed him on the cheek again. "See you later." I nodded. "See you." He said then walked off to the Slytherin table. I watched him then turned back to me and my friends who were all smiling except Ron and Harry. "What?" I asked, confused. "You guys are just so-" Hermione said before getting cut off. "Revolt." Ron said disgusted.

Hermione glared at him. "That wasn't what I was going to say." Hermione shot.

Ron snorted. "But we were all thinking it."

I rolled her eyes, and took a piece of toast, buttered it quickly, and took a bite.

"I wasn't thinking it." Hermione said to me. I smiled at her.

"Thanks." I said, smiling at Hermione, sending her grateful looks.

They finished their breakfast listening to Fred and George, they were arguing, but in the most brotherly way.

I looked up at them, giggling.

"What are you laughin' at?" Fred asked, crouching down, and getting in my face.

"You." I managed through laughs.

"What's so funny about me?" He asked, knitting his eyebrows together. I cracked a smile. "You guys are just naturally funny. You should know that by now." I said with a giggle. "I guess we are hilarious." George said with a grin. "Aren't we Fred?" "Got that right George, old buddy old pal." He said with an identical grin. I looked at my brother, who seemed very quiet. I raised an eyebrow and cocked my head to the side. "Why so quiet, bro?" I asked. Harry shrugged not giving an answer. "He's upset because your dating that blonde git." Ron piped up. I looked from Harry to Ron. "He's not a git." I said defensively. "Ye-" Before I could let him finish his sentence I grabbed a roll of bread and through it at Ron, hitting him in the forehead. "You just wasted perfectly good bread." He said.

"Well I'm sorry, If you want it so much, why don't you eat it off the floor?" I shot.

"Why so sassy all the sudden?" Ron asked, grabbing another piece of bread from the bowl.

I ignored him, and rose gracefully from the seat. "I'm going to get my books." I announced, and walked upstairs.

Draco caught up with me, wrapping his arm around my waist, pulling me close to him.

"Where are you going?" He asked.

"To the common room." I answered, a smile tugging at my lips.

"Why?"

"You sound like a two year old." I noted. "I'm going there because I need to get my books."

"Why didn't you make someone else carry them for you? Like I do."

"Because I don't usually take pleasure in making other peoples life miserable."

"Usually." Draco smirked.

"No, not usually. Sometimes, yes."

Draco smirked what everyone seemed to call the infamous Malfoy smirk. He pressed his lips to mine. "Do you have to get your books now?" He said as he pressed his forehead to my own. I giggled. "Yes, or I'll lose points or get detention from Snape. Maybe both." I pouted. "But-" I kissed his cheek then pulled away. "I'll see you later." I said slipping out of his grasp and walked to the Gryffindor common Potions class, Snape was yelling at Neville in his cold voice forgetting the potion wrong...again. When Snape was finished Hermione patted Neville on the shoulder to comfort him as he shook slightly. "Potter!" Snape suddenly said causing me to jump out of my and I looked at each other. I smirked up at Snape. "Which Potter? There is two of us you know." I said. Snape gave me a cold glare. "Don't talk back to me, 10 points from Gryffindor." I rolled my eyes. "Might as well take points away for me breathing." I said under my breath.

"Well, sir, we are still confused on who you are talking to." I said, striving to be polite. It was a hard battle, but I sounded pretty convincing.

"Both of you." Snape sneered.

I shrugged at Harry, and we walked up to his desk. "Yes?" I asked, the politeness from earlier gone. Snape shot us a glare, practically daring me to speak again.

"Both of you have been horribly disrespectful in my classes. Do you, or do you not know how to keep your mouths closed?"

"Disrespectful?" I asked "Could you tell us how we have been disrespectful? I haven't spoken a word in your class, unless you tell me to answer a question."

"Yeah." Harry said. "I don't talk in your classes."

Snape looked at them with such hatred. "Well, then don't talk back to me. I don't need your sass." He said. "Just like your father." He muttered to himself. I glared, and clenched her hands into fists. "Ooh, so if you ask us a question were not allowed to answer it?" I said, raising my eyebrows. "You know what I mean, Potter." Snape said. I looked at Harry with a smirk then back to Snape. "Yes Professor." I said. Snape looked at the us one last time then dismissed us with his hand.

Harry and I turned on their heels and walked back to their cauldrons.

XxX

"What was that all about?" I asked Harry on the way out of potions.

"I don't know." Harry replied, looking just as confused as I was.

We walked up to the common room, and I flopped on the couch. Fred and George walked in, deep in a conversation.

"Hello, boys!" I called.

"Hello, Rosie." They said in unison, and walked back upstairs to their dormitories.

"Well they weren't much fun." I noted, I was glad to be out of potions, but I hated being bored.

"Why don't we get our homework done, Rose." Hermione said. I groaned, but took out my homework anyway, getting it all done before supper.

XxX

At supper Draco came up to me. "Meet me at the Quidditch Pitch at seven." He said, and kissed her hand.

"I'll be there." I winked.

"Me too." Draco smirked, and walked back to the Slytherin table. Ron was making fake puking noises.

~Draco's POV

"Why did you tell her seven? Practice doesn't start until seven thirty." Said Marcus Flint. I scoffed.

"Isn't it obvious. Draco wants to stand her up, that's what he has been doing this whole time." Said Blaise Zabini, with a laugh. I hit him on the back of the head.

"Because I want you all to get to know her. She is really great." I muttered, looking down, embarrassed.

"So Draco has finely found a girl that makes him actually have emotions, I think we should get to know her." Said Marcus. I shot him a glare.

"Shut up." I said quietly.

A/N: Sorry again for the long wait. I have someone helping me for the rest of the story. We have done stories together before, and I think that we work really well together. So give a big thank to missnothingx without whom, this chapter would not be done!

I am hoping to keep her on the story permanently, tell me what you guys think about that!

## Draco's POV

"But she's a Potter. A Potter." Blaise exclaimed, waving his hands around. "So?" asked Marcus, cocking an eyebrow. "So, her brother is the Boy who Lived. He practically killed He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named, the man our parents, our families worship." He said in a Granger like pointed his fork at Blaise and nodded. "Good point, mate. Well, what do you think Draco?" He said nodding his head in my direction. I shrugged. "I don't know. This isn't about her brother, it's about her. And how I really like her." I said shooting them glares. "But when your mum and dad-" Blaise started off but I cut him short. "My parents won't find out," I growled. "If you shut it."

I sent him a warning look, and he knew to be quiet then.

## ~Roses POV

~~At Quidditch Pitch.

I saw Draco and his friends messing around in the middle of the field. I walked nervously to them. Draco caught sight of me, and waved me over. I walked a little quicker now.

"So...You're Malfoy's girl." Said one who I remembered as Blaise. I nodded, smiling a little at the name, Draco pulled me close to him.

"You are awful quiet." Marcus Flint said, stalking towards me.

I shook my head and laughed. "No, not at all."

Marcus crossed his arms, and everyone else did the same, looking down at me.

"Guys, sod off. You are scaring her." Draco barked.

"I am not scared." I said, looking at him. "Rose Potter doesn't get scared by a bunch of Slytherin boys."

"Well, Rose Potter should." Said Marcus, with an evil smirk.

"And why is that?" I asked raising an eyebrow. Marcus opened his mouth but Blaise beat him to the punch. "Because we Slytherins are cunning." Blaise said with the same evil smirk that Marcus had on



his face. "That's all?" I said, acting surprised. "Only cunning?" The three Slytherins looked at each other trying to think of a retort to my comment. I smiled in triumph. "I guess that's it." I said. "Aren't you guys going to start practice?" Marcus blinked. "Uh-yeah. Come on guys." He looked at me. "Go sit in the stands." He told me and I nodded, he kissed my cheek. I sat in the stands and watched them. They were really good, in my opinion at least.

When I saw them start to goof off, I knew practice was almost over. Darkness was falling on the grounds, and a breeze was blowing slightly. I shivered as I watched them finish. I walked down to the field while the boys changed.

Draco came up to me, and laced our fingers together.

"So, what did you think?" Draco asked.

"About the team, or about how the team plays?" I asked.

"Both."

"The boys are funny, and the playing part was good, too."

Draco smirked, and we started walking to walk towards the castle, slipping into one of our not-so-awkward silences when we heard someone yell.

"Draco!" They screamed. We both spun around.

"We approve!"

I smiled at looked at Draco who was smiling as well. "Yay," I said with excitement, but only Draco could hear me. "I'm approved." Draco smiled and nodded at his friends then turned towards me. He leaned down and kissed me, could hear his friends 'whoop'-ing at us as we felt like forever until we pulled away. My lips were still tingling with his touch. I smiled to myself. "Can I escort you back to your common room, Ms. Potter?" Draco said to me in a weird accent. I giggled like a little girl and nodded. He held my hand and the two of us walked off to my portrait hole. "I'll see you tomorrow." Draco said to me. I nodded. "Tomorrow." I said kissing him on the cheek.

I walked into the common room in a daze. Harry collected me in a hug.

"How was it?" Hermione asked from behind a book.

"It was nice. Draco's friends approve of me." I smiled. Harry obviously didn't like that, but kept his mouth shut.

"I'm going to go take a shower." I said, and walked up to my dormitory.

When I was done I put on my tank top and shorts, and trotted downstairs again. Hermione was down there, her and Ron were fighting again. Probably about Crookshanks and Scabbers. I thanked Merlin my cat slept under my covers most of the day, then got up when classes were over to eat, play with me a little, then go back to sleep. Waking up again only when I got out of bed in the morning.

"Oh, will you two shut it." I snapped at them, flopping in between Fred and George.

"So, you watched the Slytherins practice tonight." George said.

"Yes." I replied, picking up a copy of the Daily Prophet, not really interested in reading it, but picked it up anyway.

"Did they have any tricks up their sleeve?" Fred asked.

"Besides goofing off, no." I said. "They weren't goofing off the whole time though, only at the end. Put it didn't look like they were practicing anything odd, or out of place."

Fred and George nodded. "Alright." said Fred. I attempted to read the Daily Prophet but soon it grew dull to me by the 3rd page. I folded it in half and threw it on the table with a sigh. "Rose," Ron piped up. I took my gaze away from the flickering fire and turned to Ron my eyebrows raised. "Hmm?" I asked. "What do you see in Malfoy?" He asked. "I'm just wondering." He then added quickly. Harry hit Ron on the arm and he let out a yelp. "What the hell Harry!" Ron exclaimed, holding his arm. "Shut up, Ron." Harry growled. I smirked.

"If Harry doesn't want to know, then I will tell you later." I laughed. "Fine. I can wait." Ron said, crossing his arms over his chest. "Yeah, I want to know what you see in that git, too." Said Fred. "He isn't a git." I said defensively. "You haven't known him for two years." Harry said. "Well, he doesn't seem so bad." I said. "Well, not to you." Ron laughed. "Shut up." I said.

Ron chuckled as he took the Daily Prophet from the table. Hermione rolled her eyes at the boys. "Ignore them, they're just upset because you can date someone before them." She said, petting Crookshanks. "You haven't been with anyone either!" Ron retorted. Hermione shrugged, not caring. "Ey, Harry." Ron said nudging my brother. "Can you believe your sister can get a boyfriend before you can get a girl." Harry glared at Ron. "I thought I told you to shut up." He said moodily. "Why so moody Harry?" I asked, confused. Harry didn't answer he slumped back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest. Probably PMS-ing, I thought to myself. "I'm going upstairs." Harry said with a huff.

There was a chorus of goodnights, as he dramatically exited the room.

"Hey! HEY!" I yelled after him. "Are you seriously going to make me chase you down and give you a hug, or can you come over here so I can have one?" I asked.

Harry rolled his eyes and walked over to me.

I wrapped him in a bear hug. "I love you, Harry." I said, releasing him.

"Love you too, Rose."

And with that he was gone up the stairs.

"Alright, Rose, now what do you see in that blonde gi-

"Don't even finish that sentence." I snapped at Ron. "Well he is sweet, and actually tries to not be awful to you guys, and wants everyone to know that we are a couple, he loves me, and his eyes melt me, and he has a certain air in the way he walks, he is arrogant, but I really wouldn't have it any other way. I just love everything about him." I said, Ron was making faces, disgusted by what I said.

"Oh, grow up." I laughed at him.

"Well, it's hard to hear you talk about Malfoy like that considering he's one of our worst enemies." Ron said still with that disgusted shook her head. "I think it's very sweet." I smiled at her. "Thank you, Hermione. See Ron, Hermione has feelings." I said teasingly. "I have feelings!" Ron shot back. "I do." He said more quietly sliding down his chair. I smirked, and chuckled. "Of course you do. It's just the size of a teaspoon." I cocked my head to the side, smiling now with amusement. Hermione let out a laugh.

"It's bigger than a teaspoon." Ron mumbled. Now we all laughed loudly.

"What?" Ron asked, utterly confused.

"Ron, you do realize how wrong that sounds." Rose said, her cheeks pink from laughing so hard, tears forming in her eyes. Ron looked disgusted, once he figured it out.

"How old are you?" Fred asked, still laughing.

"As old as Harry, thirteen." I said.

"Really? You have the humor of someone our age." George said.

"What can I say? I was raised wrong." I said with a shrug.

"How wrong?" Fred asked.

"Very wrong."

"Good," George said ruffling up my hair. "then we'll get along great!" I laughed, as Ron's cheeks were pink by now. "Are you guys done laughing at me?" He asked, biting his lip nervously. We all nodded, getting out a few giggles and chuckles before we fully calmed down. "Well, that was a good laugh." Hermione said smiling, and we all nodded expect Ron. "So," Ron said awkwardly. "Have you guys heard? Sirius Black is after Harry. Suppose he's trying to kill him, he's mad." He said changing the subject. I gaped. "What? He can't get in Hogwarts, can he?" I asked, shocked. Ron shrugged then turned to Hermione. "Can he Hermione?" "Well, it's very unlikely

considering Hogwarts many charms, to protect it but were dealing with Sirius Black, so I'm not fully sure. But I think we're safe, I mean it's Hogwarts after all." She said. I nodded, trying to believe her. "But, Harry'll be okay though." Hermione reassured, seeing my expression. I nodded, hoping, praying it was true. I had just found him, I hadn't just found him to lose him again, this time for good.

"Calm down, he'll be fine. I promise." Ron said, I could tell he felt guilty to changing the subject to a lunatic that was supposedly after Harry.

I nodded slowly. "I'm going to bed." I said, adding in a fake yawn, and bounded up to my room. I got on my bed and pulled the curtains around me.

Harry will be fine, Harry will be fine. I repeated to myself in my head. I laid back against the pillow, and closed my eyes, wrapping the blankets tightly around me, hoping I didn't freeze.

And that was what I fell asleep too.

Harry will be fine.

Harry will be fine.

Harry will be fine.

Harry will be fine.

Harry will be fine.

A/N: ANOTHER CHAPTER UP, thanks to missnothingx. She is truly a blessing. THANK YOU MISSNOTHINGX!

Now, you see that button over there? It is under used, you see. Hasn't been play with in months, would ya'll do me a favor? Could you play with it for me? It isn't hard, just press it.

"Rose..." Hermione's voice called to me from a distant. "Rose...wake up..." Her hand was placed on my shoulder giving me a little bit of a sprung open, and I realized I was drenched in sweat. I blinked at Hermione, who was staring at me worriedly. "Are you alright?" She asked me, panic clearly in her voice. I nodded my head, my lips parted slightly. "You were talking in your sleep." Hermione told me. "Kept saying 'Harry will be fine.' over and over. And you were tossing and turning in your bed." "Oh," I finally said but it was quiet. I pulled my knees up to my chest. "You gave my quite a scare." "I'm sorry," I said. "Do you need to talk?" Hermione asked.

I shook my head quickly. "No, I'm fine."

I took another shower that morning because I felt gross, and I dressed slowly, so I was late to breakfast, barely had any time to eat what was left because Ron practically cleared out the food.

I walked angrily to potions. A hand caught mine, and I looked up and gave a sad attempt at a smile.

"What's wrong?" Draco asked.

"Bad morning." I mumbled, then I looked at the dungeon doors.

"And it's about to get worse." I said. Draco laughed.

"Hey Potter!" I heard someone shout. I spun around, and I saw Harry spin around, too.

It was Blaise.

"Hi." I said, grumpily.

"Why so moody, Potter?" He asked with a chuckle.

"I'd rather not talk about it thanks."

"Wow, someone is pissy this morning." Marcus said with a laugh, coming up behind me.

I rolled my eyes as the Slytherins and I walked into Snape's class. "You sure your okay?" Blaise asked. "I'm fine." I said bitterly. "Alright, Alright." He said his voice going a bit high. I walked in head of the

rest of my Slytherin friends and over to my cauldron next to Ron and Harry. "Hey Rose." The boys greeted. I looked at them, then back at my empty black cauldron. I was not in a damn mood, for hell's sake. "You alright?" Ron whispered to me. I nodded my head. "Yes, I'm fine. Just dandy, like candy." "I didn't think candy was dandy." Ron said. I smiled a little.

"It rhymes, Ron. Don't argue." I said, with a bit of a lighter tone.

"Just because it rhymes doesn't mean it's true. Like Harry's middle name is Larry isn't true."

"Because, Dumby, Harry ended in an 's' and Larry didn't. Rose can pose rhymes and is true. And so does a duck can fuck, that is true also."

"Alright, alright, I get it." Ron said, stopping me from continuing.

I laughed now, my day had suddenly gotten better.

Thank Merlin for rhyming.

Potions class was pretty boring, the usual happened. After class, I didn't walk to DADA with Draco this time but with Hermione, I hadn't walked with her to class in awhile anyways. "Rose," Hermione said. "Can I ask you something?" I looked at Hermione, knitting my eyebrows together to form one. "Sure, 'Mione. What is it?" "Are you in love with Malfoy?" she asked not making eye contact with. I looked at Hermione a bit shocked then looked forward down the hall, watching the kids move among themselves. "Um-well," "Sorry," Hermione said. "I didn't mean to ask..."

"No, no. I don't mind really, the question just took me off guard a little." I said, thinking carefully of how I was going to word my answer.

"I like him an awful lot, I like him so much, but I can't be sure if I love him yet." I said, not sure if I got my words out in the order I wanted them.

Hermione nodded, and we walked into Lupin's class.

My head hung from tiredness, but I took notes, and followed instructions.

"I'm tired." I complained, as I walked out of the class.

"Ok, we get it. Thank you." Ron said irritably.

"Ugh! Can I go to sleep, please?" I moaned.

"No, now shut up."

"Please!" I begged loudly.

"Harry, tell her to shut up." Ron whined, stomping his feet on the ground like a three year old kid. Harry chuckled and shook his head. "No, it's alright, mate." I smiled. as Ron stared at my brother, his jaw was dropped. "Close your mouth you'll catch flies." I said giggling. Ron glared at me and he closed his mouth right as I said it. "And no, you still can't go to sleep." He said looking at me then to Professor Lupin, who looked very sick in my opinion. "Better watch your back then, Weasley." I said in threatening voice, then changed the subject. "Professor Lupin looks awfully sick." I said in a hushed voice. The boys nodded.

"Well, there is a flu going around. Maybe is catching it." I said, trying to come up with reasons. Again the boys nodded, and we listened to the lesson, my eyes kept drooping, and I was going to fall asleep in History of Magic, I knew I was. I would sit in the back with Draco, and he could wake me up when class was over. I slipped into the seat next to Draco, and wasted no time falling asleep. I didn't dream, I was too tired. "Hey, Potter." I heard someone shout. I jumped, and landed on the floor. I looked up to see Blaise standing over me, laughing. I kicked him in the shin. "Jackass." I said to him. All the others started to laugh. "Better watch it Zabini." Marcus said. "You mess with the bull, you get the horns." Blaise shrugged, and Draco helped me up to my feet. "Watch yourself Zabini." I said to him in a threatening chuckle. "Alright, whatever you say Potter." He said then walked back to his seat before Professor Binns could realize anything was happening even. "One day, I might kill him." I whispered to Draco. He cracked a smile. "Of course you will." He said ruffling my hair. I groaned. "Why does everyone like to touch my hair." I said fixing it with my fingers.

Draco just chuckled and turned his attention back to the board on which Professor Binns was writing.



I could've groaned from boredom. This was my second least favorite class, my first was potions.

When God decided he loved me again, and made the class end, I almost ran to Lunch. I sat in the seat, not really wanting to finish the day, but knowing I was going to have to sometimes.

I ate slowly, hoping to waste as much time as possible. Fred and George trotted in.

"Snape kept us in ten minutes more than he should have." George complained, taking a seat next to me.

"Bloody git." Fred said. I laughed. They both reached for my hair, and I slapped their hands away.

"I have had enough people mess up my hair today." I said loudly. "Next person who touches it, will be chased down and murdered slowly and painfully."

"Alright, alright." they said in unison, holding up their hands in defeat to me. "Good," I said crossing my arms over my chest as Ron, Hermione, and Harry came to join us. "Hullo, guys." I said smiling happily at them. They smiled back at me. "Hello, Rosie." Hermione said beaming at me. "Hi-Rose-what's-up?" Ron said already eating his lunch like a savage beast. I rolled my eyes and looked at him in disgust, shaking my head at him. "You need to learn proper edict, Ronald." Hermione said, making a disgusting face at shrugged.

"You are staring to sound like my mom." He mumbled through bits of food.

"Well if I don't, then who will? We all know Rose won't." Hermione said.

"And what is that supposed to mean?" I shot, faking hurt.

"Just that you aren't that mature, and mother like."

"Oh really? Is that what you think?" I laughed.

Hermione nodded, taking bite of a sandwich.

I just laughed. "Well you're right." I said, as I started eating my soup.

Hermione smiled as she took a sip of her own soup. "Oh my, Ron slow down before you choke!" Hermione said, dropping her spoon. "CHOKES!CHOKES!CHOKES!" Fred, George and I chanted, banging our fists on the table to create a rhythm. Harry laughed as Ron still chugged down his soup like he was in some sort of race. "Be serious guys," Hermione said, disapproving of your attempt to get Ron to choke. We ignored Hermione, and continued to chant, everyone's eyes on us as we did so. "HURRY UP AND CHOKES ALREADY!" I screamed with a laugh.

"You are so obnoxious." Said Blaise walking behind me.

"Oh shut up." I laughed.

Then Ron began to cough loudly.

"YES!" I screeched, pumping my fist in the air.

Fred and George laughed loudly as Ron continued to cough. Hermione rolled her eyes and patted his back.

"Such good brothers you are." She said, when Ron had stopped coughing.

"We know." Fred and George said in unison.

"What about me?" I asked. "Aren't you going to sarcastically tell me what a good friend I am?"

"Yes, you are a wonderful friend." Hermione said sarcastically, just like I had asked for.

"Why thank you Ms. Granger." I said smiling at her. "You're very welcome." She replied back to me. "Ron," I said - Ron looked up at me, cocking an eyebrow. "can you choke again. It was bloody hilarious." The boys laughed loudly. Ron's ears turned red and he shook his head. "No, I don't think I'd like to die by soup." He said with a small smile. I laughed and went back to my own soup. I noticed Harry had been very quiet lately, but I shrugged it off.

I was pretty sure he was fine. There hadn't really been anything going on lately that should make him quiet. He was probably just tired like I was.

I scowled at the large ringing clock that told us Lunch was over, I said goodbye to Fred and George and walked to Charms. I sat down, and listened to Professor Flitwick talk about a new charm we would be practicing soon, I didn't really tune in.

I was going to find out sooner or later. So I preferred later.

As I skipped out of the class, half thinking about skipping Transfiguration, but it was the last class of the day, so I decided I should just bear through it, and get it over with. It was better than detention.

McGonagall was giving us a lecture on how to Transfigure an animal into a object. It was pretty boring, all we mostly had were lectures about doing this or doing that. By the end of the day we all walked a whole mess of Gryffindors walked together back to the common room. I walked with Hermione, Ron , and Harry there. But when we got to the common room, a whole bunch of people were standing outside of it. "What happening?" I asked, trying to see over people's heads. "Maybe Neville forgot the password again." Ron said."Hey," Neville said turning around, looking a bit hurt."Oh, sorry Neville. Your right there." Ron said his cheeks turning a bit red. Neville turned back around. "Out of my way, Head Boy coming through!" A boy with red hair, like Ron's came making us separate to let him walk. "Who's he?" I asked in a whisper"Ron's brother, Percy." Hermione whispered back to me.

"Oh yeah." I said, remembering the git. Ginny ran up to us with a worried expression.

"The fat lady. She's gone." She said in a rush. Dumbledore and McGonagall ran up the stairs with Mr. Filch trailing behind them, we parted for them also.

"Search the castle for her. No one enters this common room, until it is fully searched!" Dumbledore yelled over all the Gryffindor voices.

"The search won't be needed, sir." Said Mr. Filch, pointing to a painting. Everyone ran to it, but Dumbledore managed to get in front and talk to the fat lady.

"Who did this to you?" He asked in a caring voice.

The fat lady started nervously. "Like the devil, he was. With a soul as dark as his name. It was him, the one they all talk about. Here! Somewhere in the castle. Sirius Black!"

A/N: Another chapter up. I am happy to be writing this again. I am even more happy to have such wonderful help from missnothingx. REVIEW PLZ! Show us the love.

As she said his name, all the students began to whisper something along the lines of, "Sirius Black?" or "The mass murder, here in the castle. Oh dear Merlin!" "What happened?" Dumbledore asked still in his caring voice. "He came to the portrait hole, and demanded me to let him enter, but I refused since he did not have a password. He got angry at me, then took out that long terrible knife and slashed my painting!" The Fat Lady wailed in despair. Dumbledore looked at McGonagall. "Professor, get all the students to the Great Hall. We will search the castle while they sleep there for the night, for precautions." McGonagall nodded and turned to the Gryffindors. "You heard Professor Dumbledore. Percy, take them to the Great Hall right now."

Percy nodded. "Alright! Follow me!" He yelled at us, then led the first years who were looking scared and distressed to the Great Hall. "How did he get in?" I whispered to Hermione. "I don't know, someone on the inside must have helped him get in."

I tried to think of anyone who could be in an alliance with Sirius Black, but no one really came to mind. I mean, Snape was foul, but he didn't seem like the type of person who could be in an alliance with anybody.

This would be a hell of a lot easier if I knew people better than I did now.

"Any ideas?" I asked Hermione on our way to the Great Hall.

"Not a clue." Hermione said, but she was deep in thought, thinking, just as I had, about who could've done it.

XxX

We stayed in the Great Hall, it was quite uncomfortable, but we made do. No matter how tired I was, I didn't fall asleep quickly.

"Is he in the castle?" Percy's voice rang. "No," said Snape's. "We've searched the entire castle, there is no sign of him." I then tuned out what they were saying, thinking about how Sirius could have infiltrated Hogwarts castle. I practically stayed up the entire night trying to figure out different possible theories for how he got in. As for why, everyone knew the answer to that one :for Harry.

XxXWhen I awoke the next morning, I was not happy, my body ached, and I had stayed up to late.

This was going to be a long day.

Oh no, not for me.

For anyone who had contact with me.

I sat up and looked at Hermione, who was still sleeping. I fell back on the pillow and closed my eyes, but I was already awake, and I couldn't fall back asleep.

I rolled my eyes behind my eyelids, annoyed that I had to wake up.

Stupid sun.

"Rose. Wake up." Harry said. I let out a sigh and smacked him in the face...accidentally. "What the? What was that for?" He asked, rubbing his cheek. "I was trying to find the Snooze button." I mumbled, my hand still waving in the air. "Rose." He shook me slightly. "You have to get up." "I want to sleep." I said my hand hitting the ground now, I was utterly exhausted. I wanted to skip classes, maybe pretend I was sick. "We've got classes." Harry said in a brotherly tone. "Which I can skip or be late too." I pointed out my eyes closed. "Rose, you can't do that!" Hermione scolded.

"Yes, I can." I said sleepily.

"No, I won't let you."

"Well I will just sleep in class anyway."

"No! Rose just get up." Hermione persisted.

I groaned, and sat up.

"Well, at least I get to go to classes in my pajamas." I said happily.

"Alright, the dormitories have been fully searched, it is safe to go up. Get dressed and get to classes." Percy yelled at us.

"Are you kidding me?" I moaned.

Harry helped me up as I was too lazy to use my strength. "Harry.." I said my eyes still closed. "Yes?" He said, I could feel his eyes on me. "Can you carry me to the common room?" I asked, holding my arms out for him to carry me. I guess he nodded because the next thing I knew, his arms were picking me up off the ground and he was carrying him. "Thanks bro." I said quietly. "Welcome sis." He said. I smiled to myself and buried my face in my brother's chest, trying to get much more shut eye than I did last night. And plus, the common room was a good distance away.

Harry must've convinced Hermione to let me skip, because I woke up in my bed several hours later. I had never realized how comfortable that bed was until now.

I looked at the clock above the door. It was about lunch time. I decided I would stay up here for the rest of the day, and say I was sick.

I rather liked that idea.

So I fell asleep again.

There are many things people take for granted. Sleep is one of them.

Whoever invented it, is my hero!

I lied in bed for an hour or so before Hermione came back. She was carrying twice as much books as usual, probably my homework. She dropped them next to me. "Here's your homework." Hermione said. "Thank you, Hermione." I said, looking over at the pile of books and instructions on parchment from all my classes. "Your Welcome. The teachers have left instructions on parchment...expect Snape, but you know how he is. But for his class you have to write a 10inch essay on Vertisyrn." "Oh, great." I said faking my smile and joy. "I told Harry to wake you up. But he said you'd enjoy more sleep." I nodded. "He was right." I said. "What did you tell them?"

"That you found yourself unable to attend classes, and I let them think what they may. I wasn't really lying." Hermione said with a smile.

"Thank you. Did you know that you are the best?"

Hermione shrugged.

"Well you are."

"Thanks."

I pushed off the bed, and stumbled down to the common room, homework in hand.

"Merlin, this is a lot." I complained trying not to fall down the stairs. "That's because you didn't come to class. It would have been a lot less if you attended." Hermione said walking ahead of me. I rolled my eyes behind the books. "You know what?" I dropped the books on the stairs, Hermione jumped and looked at me. "Wengardrium Leviosa!" I said and my homework hovered in the air. "Rose!" Hermione exclaimed "What?" I said with a shrug, and controlled the massive books to settle it's self on the common room table. "It's heavy, and I'm a witch. Why not use my powers?" I said then walked down to my awaiting homework. "You shouldn't have done that." Hermione said.

"Well, no one else has to know." Rose said, sitting on the couch next to Harry.

"How did you sleep?" He asked.

"Wonderful, thank you." I smiled up at him, kissing him on the cheek. "How about you?"

"Really bad, I slept on the hard Great Hall floor, and on my History of Magic book. Not the most comfortable places."

I laughed. "Why don't you take a nap?"

"Because I wouldn't be able to fall asleep if I tried."

"How can we be related, I close my eyes for more than a minute, I'm out."

I worked tirelessly on my homework until it was finished. I put it all in my bag to turn in the next day, it took a good three or four hours out of the rest of my day.



I stretched my aching hand, as I walked up to change. I stepped into a pair of jeans, and a red and gray striped sweater, and I put on fuzzy zebra socks, with hot pick toes and a lime green heel.

I trotted back to the common room.

"Hola!" I shouted, running the rest of the steps. Everyone gave me confused looks.

"It means Hello in Spanish."

"You sure do like that language, don't you?" Harry asked with a laugh.

"I like the language, and the food." I said with a smile.

"I wonder what Spanish food tastes like." said Ron in a dreamy tone. I giggled. "It's very good." I said with a smile sitting down on the floor. "Oh yeah, Rose. Malfoy was looking for you today." Ron said with a roll of his eyes. I blushed a tad. "Ok, thanks for telling me Ron." I nodded his head. Then turned to talk with Hermione, which soon became a bicker over Crookshanks and Scabbers. I looked at Harry who shrugged, he was used to it I suppose. "SHUT UP!" I bellowed. "Stop fighting over your stupid animals. For Merlin's sake!" I said both were quiet, and I sat back on the couch.

My stomach growled furiously, my stomach was practically chewing on my arm, like they do in those Muggle cartoons.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Almost six." Hermione replied.

"Thanks." I smiled, it was almost time for dinner.

I leaned on Harry.

"So how was everyone's day?" I asked, looking around out little circle.

"Almost got caught by Snape." Fred and George smiled.

"For doing what?" I asked, excited.

"Planting Dungbombs." They said proudly. Hermione rolled her eyes. "You both are so immature." she said, not taking her eyes off her book. The twins smiled at her. "Where'd you put them?" I asked, curious. "Near the Slytherin common room." Fred said. "Oh my god. Seriously!" Ron exclaimed happily, a smile like his brothers on his face now. The twins nodded at him. "Yes, wait until Crabbe, Goyle and M-never mind..""That's right 'never mind.'" I said to Ron, narrowing my eyes at him.

"At least I caught myself." Ron said.

I nodded. "Yeah, thanks." I smiled.

I checked the clock again. "We should get going." I said, pushing off the couch, grabbing Harry's hand, towing him behind me.

We arrive to the Great Hall, and I dug in. Eating everything I could get my hands on.

"Honestly, Rose, you are worse than Ron." Hermione said.

"Don't be evil! I haven't eaten all day!" I shot back.

"Where were you today?" Said a voice at my ear. I spun around, and hugged Draco.

"Sleeping." I told him, with a smile.

"But I missed you," Draco whined. "You sound funny when you whine like that. I'm sorry, but I was tired. Didn't sleep well last night." I said kissing him on the cheek. "It's alright. You missed a lot.""I've heard." I said with a giggle. "DRAKIE! C'MERE!" Pansy Parkinson shrieked from across the Great Hall. I wrinkled my nose. "COMING!" Draco shouted back, he turned to me. "See you later." He said kissing me quick then walking off to the Slytherin table

"She's vile." I said in a disgusting tone.

"And hopeful, I mean, she's going for Malfoy, she couldn't even get Percy." George said. I laughed.

I started eating again, eating a little less like Ron, and a little more like a girl.

"Are you going to be able to sleep tonight? I mean, you slept all day." Hermione said.

"Well, then I will just have to get tired. I challenge Fred and George to a contest!" I said loudly.

"And what would that be?" Fred asked.

"How long we can hop on one leg. Whoever lasts the longest wins."

"Wins what?"

"A Sickle, and a licorice wand. I warn you, I can go forever."

"You're on." The twins said with a sly smile. The three stood up and held one of their legs, then began to hop. Ron, Hermione, and Harry watched them do so. "I bet the twins will win." said shook his head. "No way, Rose will." After about 15 minutes Fred had stopped hopping and it was only between George. "Give it up, I'll win and you'll owe me and Fred a Sickle." George said. "No way." I told him, with a smirk. "Alright then, I guess we'll stay like this forever." "I guess we will."

"What the hell are you doing, Potter?" said a voice from behind me. I almost fell, and I knew George was just praying I would.

"I am hoping on one foot for as long as possible. You mess me up, you die." I shot, almost positive it was one of my Slytherin friends.

"Ok. What are you hopping for?"

"A Sickle and a Licorice Wand." I said.

"Really? That's it? How long have you been going for?"

"Sixteen minutes and forty five seconds." Hermione answered for me.

"For a Sickle and a Licorice Wand? Are you kidding? I have a spare Galleon, let's really make this interesting."

"No, don't do that." I said.

"Shut your mouth, Rosie. I could really use that Galleon for Hogsmeade." George said.

"Don't be so sure you are going to get it. Put the Galleon with the Sickle on the table." I said turning around, seeing Blaise.

"Thanks Zabini." I said.

"No problem." Blaise shrugged.

Then two arms were on my waist, and I was lifted up. George stopped jumping, and pointed at me laughing.

"No!" I squealed. "Put me down."

Draco put me back on the ground, confused.

"Put the Money down Weasley." I said in a warning tone. "That doesn't count. I challenge you to a staring contest."

George nodded.

"You ready to lose Potter?"

"The question is, are you?" I said, narrowing my eyes, and staring at George menacingly.

He blinked within a few seconds.

"I WON!" I squealed happily, giving Draco a big hug, and collected my winnings.

"Nice going, George." Fred grumbled, smacking his twin on the shoulder. "Told you Rose would win." said Harry with a satisfied smile on his face. He turned to me. "Can we share the-" "No way." I said shaking me head. "My money. Mine." "Greedy." Harry muttered under his breath and I shot him a smile. "Hopping made me hungry," I announced filling up my plate again. Ron stared at me and my food, I laughed. "Stop staring at me, it's creepy." I averted his still stood behind me. I scooted Fred over, and patted the seat.

"Sit." I instructed.

"I better get back to my friends."

"No! You can sit here for a little bit. It won't kill you." I insisted.

Hesitantly Draco sat.

"Ah, hell." Ron muttered. I shot him a look, and he shut up.

I nodded, and grabbed Draco's hand.

"How was your day?" I asked.

"Awful, someone set off Dungbombs close to the Slytherin Common Room, and it smells awful down there."

Fred and George tried so hard not to laugh. I had to admit, it was a little funny.

A/N: Review? \*Gives pleading look\*

Draco noticed the twins grins, he looked at them confused. "What?" "Nothing." Fred said, coughing to cover up his laugh. We all looked at the Gryffindors with confusion. "You Gryffindors are weird." He said, his eyebrows knitted together. We all burst out laughing, as Draco's continued to stare at us.

Draco turned to me and whispered in my ear. "Can I leave now?"

"No. I think you can endure this torture a little longer. You were complaining about not seeing me all day not more than thirty minutes ago."

"Well, I didn't mean for you to force me to sit with you and your friends."

"Fine, fine. I understand. You hate me." I said shrugging.

"No! No, I didn't mean it like that. I don't hate you! I could never hate you."

"Then why don't you want to sit with me?"

"Because it is weird sitting with Gryffindors."

"Well, guess what? It was weird going to a Slytherin Quidditch practice, but I made friends with your friends. I would like you to say the same."

"But-"

"Don't you dare say it's not the same." I said quickly, looking at his face, and laughing I kissed him on the cheek.

Ron and Harry made gagging noises and I rolled my eyes. "Grow up." I said. "When is Malfoy leaving?" Ron asked, looking at Malfoy then me. Hermione hit him with her book. "OW! The bloody hell?" He asked, rubbing his arm. Draco stifled a chuckle. "Be nice." Hermione said sternly. Ron shrugged and turned to Harry and began talking to him. "Yes, what Weasley said. When is Malfoy leaving?" Draco whispered in my ear. "When you all become friends." I told him. "But-what?" Ron, Harry and Draco all whined together.

"See, you all agree you don't want to be here. Build on that. See, if this doesn't work, then I will lock you all in a broom cupboard."

All their eyes went wide.

"And when you are all in there, we will take bets on who will make it out alive." I continued.

"So." Ron said awkwardly. "How about the Chudley Chanon's?" Ron asked.

Draco shrugged. "Okay I guess." He muttered, only I could tell there was hate in his voice.

I smacked him on the back of the head.

"Say it nicely." I snapped. Fred and George snickered.

"Okay, I guess." Draco repeated sounding more happier. But I could tell it was all fake, I rolled my eyes. "So..." George's voice trailed. "So.." Harry repeated. "...awkward." Hermione said, biting her lip. "Yup." Draco said agreeing. The air was filled with awkward-ness and everyone could tell. We sat in silence, waiting for someone to say something, most likely myself. "I..." I started "Like pie." Everyone nodded slowly, except Ron. He shook his head vigorously. I rolled my eyes. "What's everyone's favorite dessert?" I asked, determined to get them to all talk. "Apple pie." said Fred. "Chocolate pudding." said Hermione. "Ice Cream." said Harry, contemplating before answering. "Brownies." George said. Ron opened his mouth, and I stopped him. "We know your favorite dessert, Ron. Everything. Please don't name what falls under that category." I said. "My favorite is pie." I looked expectantly up at Draco. "I really don't like desserts."

Everyone gaped at Draco. "What the bloody hell?" Ron exclaimed, his jawdropped. "I. Don't. Like. Desserts." Draco repeated. He noticed everyone's shocked expressions. "What?" He asked. "You don't like desserts!" I exclaimed. "What's wrong with you?" "Nothing," He said with a shrug. "I don't like sugary stuff." Fred and George shook their heads in disapproval. Ron was just plain shocked, I giggled. "I think Ron is insulted that you don't like desserts. After all, they're practically his girlfriend." Draco shrugged. "How can you not like sweet things?" I asked.

"I just don't."

"Are you insane? What is wrong with you?" I said, throwing my hands in the air.

Draco rolled his eyes. "May I leave now?"

"Fine! Go! Leave me!" I yelled, he laughed quietly, and kissed me on the cheek.

"I'll see you tomorrow." I said, giving his hand a quick squeeze, before letting him go.

"Yeah, that is if don't skip again."

"It is the weekend. I think I can force myself to get up." I smiled, and watched him walk back to his friends.

"He doesn't like sweet things." Ron grumbled. "I know right? He is most definitely a work in progress." I said, shaking my head. "That's an insult to sugar." Everyone laughed and Ron said, "It's true! Sugar is insulted right now," "You're so weird." Hermione said laughing. The laughing died down into giggles and chuckles then to silence. "I think we should get going. I mean we should get going to bed now, right?" They all nodded and we stood up and walked to the Gryffindor common room, well at least tried. The new person who watched the portrait hole was horrible. He always changed the password, and hated me for forgetting his name all the time. "Ugh! Just let us in!" I yelled in a frustrated tone.

"Do you have the password?" He asked.

"The current one, or the one from five minutes ago." I snapped.

"Rose." Said Harry, taking my arm, and pulling me to the back of our group. "Don't be mean to the picture, we are trying to get in, not be locked out."

I just rolled my eyes.

"You've seen me before, you've seen all of us before, can't you just let us in?"



"How do I know you aren't using Polyjuice Potion?"

"Fine, if that's what you think, we will stand out here for an hour, and if our face changes, then feel free to keep us out, if it doesn't, let us in!"

"Rose!" They all yelled. "We don't want to stand out here for an hour."

"Fine." I said, then turned back to the painting. "Please let us in." I begged. He shook his armor covered head.

"Ok." I said, turning back to everyone else. "We aren't going to be standing here for an hour."

Everyone looked happy.

"So find a spot to sit, anywhere at all. We'll be sitting."

They all groaned. "Don't be babies, what we'll sitting do to us?" I said with a roll of my eyes. I sat down next to the portrait hole, leaning my head back. "Nice going, Rose." grumbled Ron, crossing his arms over his chest. "Well he was being a prick," I muttered under my breath. "Rose, language." Harry told me. I let out a sigh. "Yes father. I'll watch my words." Ron laughed, and I smirked at Harry who rolled his eyes. "I wish he'd let us in." I said looking at the portrait. "Well you need the password." it said "Well then stop changing it!" I exclaimed. "Rose, be nice." Harry said again.

I rolled my eyes, and laughed.

"Nice?" I said, with a pondering tone. "Well, you know, he isn't being nice, are you going to talk to him."

"He isn't my sister."

"Good thing too, that would be weird." I laughed.

Everyone laughed along.

After about fifteen moment, filled with Ron's sighs, he finally spoke up.

"You just had to open your mouth."

"Well, if I hadn't we'd be staying the night out here, now we are just spending an hour out here, maybe even less if someone comes and saves us." I laughed.

"Merlin this is boring." Ron complained. "Then entertain yourself" I said. "By doing what?" "How am I supposed to know?" I said cocking my eyebrow. He shrugged and sighed.

"Can't we play a game or something?" Ron asked.

"Like what?"

"I don't know. A game."

"I got that, unless you have any suggestions, we aren't going to play one."

"Why don't we just get Dumbledore, he'll let us in." Harry said.

"We could scream for help." Suggested Fred, George nodded in agreement.

"No." I said flatly.

"Do you want to sit out here for forty five more minutes?" Ron asked.

"Not really, but I can wait."

"I can't." Ron said. "And it's cold out here..""Honestly, do you always complain?" Hermione asked annoyed. "Sorry." Ron muttered under his breath. I smiled. They would make such an adorable couple. . . if they ever got the guts to admit it though. "Guys? What are you doing out here?" Neville's voice heads shot in his direction and we smiled. "NEVILLE!" "Thank Merlin." I sighed, pushing off the ground.

"Will you help us in? The portrait won't let us in." Ron said.

"Didn't you here Percy at supper? He told us the new password." Neville said, looking at us in a weird way.

"No." Ron sighed.

"Well it's Candy Bombs." Neville whispered.

"Who came up with that?" I asked.

Neville shrugged.

I turned to the portrait "Candy Bombs." I said with a smug smile.

He rolled his eyes as the portrait swung open.

"Neville you saved us!" I yelled, throwing my arms around his neck.

Shocked, Neville hugged me back and patted me on the back with an awkward smile. I pulled away from the hug. "Thanks, Nev." "Uh-anytime." He said with a small smile and trotted up the stairs to the boy's dorms. I walked to the couch and laid down onto it, closing my eyes and feeling the warmth of the fire on the left side of my body as it crackled. "Tired?" Harry's voice asked. I nodded. "No duh, bro." I chuckled. I sat up, and patted the seat next to me, for Harry to sit. I smiled, and leaned back on him.

"That was a life saver." I sighed.

Everyone made quiet noises in agreement.

"I'm going to bed." I announced. I stood up and kissed Harry on the cheek, and gave high fives to Fred and George, I hugged Hermione, and shook Ron's hand.

"Goodnight!" I called, and went into the room.

I decided to take a quick shower, because I smelt like air, and I wanted to smell like soap. So I hoped in the warm stream of water, quickly washed my hair and body, and put on my pajama's.

I put my hair in a messy bun after I brushed it.

I smiled at myself in the mirror before walking out of the bathroom.

I jumped into bed, and slid quickly, and quietly under the red covers.

The next morning and I opened my eyes to only squint as the light from the sun beat down on me. I groaned and rolled to my side to try to go back to sleep. "Ugh," I said. "Why must the sun come up now?" I complained, my eyes shut tight. "Huh?" Hermione's voice said groggily. I sat up in my bed and looked at Hermione who was actually awake. "Hermione? You awake?" I nodded. "Have been for about 30 minutes. I just don't want to get up." I fake gasped. "Hermione Granger is being lazy! Someone call the Daily Prophet!" Hermione rolled her eyes. "Ha ha." She muttered.

"I know, I'm hilarious." I smiled, and rubbed my eyes, and hoped out of bed, searching in my trunk for something to wear.

I laid a pair of dark skinny jeans, and a white top that had a pink ribbon on it, and said 'BCA' in pink letters, I forgot wear I had gotten, but whenever I wore it, I had to put pink glitter all over my face, and in my hair, because I wanted to. I liked being all pink, because I felt like I was supporting 'BCA' (A/N: This is what I wore today for Breast Cancer Awareness day)

I put on my hot pink eye shadow, and put my sparkly hair in a pony tail, and put on my hot pink socks with lime green polka-dots, and my pink converse.

I trotted downstairs, doubting anyone would be done there, but I wanted to go to the common room anyway.

I laid down on the couch one of my legs dangling off the side. I put my arm on my forehead as if I had a headache and closed my eyes. I hummed a tune until I heard footsteps coming down the stairs. I opened one of my eyes and looked around. Harry was standing in front of me. "What's with the pink?" He asked chuckling. "It's for BCA." I told him as if it was obvious. "What?" "Breast Cancer Awareness." I said smiling. "Oh, I see. That's a lot of sparkles for you don't you think?" I shook my head. "Nope." "So, what is with the sudden Breast Cancer Awareness thing?" Harry asked.

"I don't know. I just woke up think that Hogwarts needs to be informed about Breast Cancer, so why not advertise it with this awesome shirt and glitter?"

"Well you are going to be the only one doing it."

"No. I have a bunch of pink bead necklaces, and pink eye shadow, and pink marker that I can put on peoples faces, and pink glitter. Trust me, I'm prepared. I just packed that stuff, because it was in my drawer at school, and I wanted to pack everything." I said, answering his unspoken question about where I got everything. "I'll be right back." I said, pushing off the couch and back into the dormitory.

Hermione was getting dressed.

"Do you have anything pink?" I asked in a rush.

"Um, yeah. I think."

"Wear it. I am declaring an unofficial Breast Cancer Awareness day!" I said loudly. I put pink glitter and eye shadow on Hermione, and drew a pink ribbon on the back of her hands, and gave her a pink bead necklace.

"Ok, let's go work on everyone else." I said smiling, and putting everything in a small over the shoulder bag. That was pink, of course.

When we arrived back into the common room, Ron had joined in. I smiled, and pulled out the pink marker. "HI RON!" I exclaimed. "Uh-hi?" He said exchanging a glance with Harry. I walked over to Ron, uncapping the marker. "Stay still." I instructed as I tried to get the tip of the marker on his forehead at least. He kept squirming. "Stop, moving." I repeated. I held Ron's face as he shut his eyes and wrote 'BCA' on his forehead and cheeks. "Do I look alright?" He asked not opening his eyes. "Perfect!" I said, then turned to Harry. He shook his head. "No way!"

"Yes way." I shot, "Ron did it. Come on. For your baby sister." I said, sending him the puppy dog look. He rolled his eyes, and took a step toward me.

I raised the pen to his face and put ribbons on it, and wrote 'BCA' in smaller letters. And I took his arms, and wrote 'Breast Cancer.' On one in giant letters, and 'Awareness' on the other. I put my marker away, and pulled out my glitter.

"Close your eyes." I instructed. Reluctantly, Harry obeyed. I smeared glitter on his cheeks, and eyelids, and running my hands through his hair to get all the sparkles off my hands. I slipped and bead necklace over his head.

"Alright, you're ready to go." I said, looking at my work.

I turned to Ron, who looked terrified.

"I'm not putting glitter on!" He protested. "No way."

"Ron!" I snapped, "Do you know how many women are struggling right this very second with Breast Cancer, do you know how many women have died from Breast Cancer. I didn't think so. They've lost their hair, and look dreadful because they are so sick, and you are afraid you won't look masculine enough. The least you can do it put on glitter. Don't be so selfish. And if Draco is what you're worried about, don't be, him and his friends are getting it at breakfast."

"Oh, alright." Ron muttered. I smiled and smeared glitter on his face and sprinkled it in his hair making him look like some pink-ginger haired fairy. Hermione laughed as she saw Ron. "Don't laugh!" Ron yelled at her. "I'm sorry, Ron." She laughed. "But you looked like some sort of fairy." "Rose! Do I look like a fairy?" He demanded. I shook my head. "Oh, no. Not at all." Ron nodded, and I laughed to myself. "Good morning." I heard Fred and George say in unison. I put on Ron's necklace on, and rushed over to them. "Do you want to do something crazy?" I asked excitedly. They both nodded. "Close your eyes." I said, they did so immediately. I rubbed glitter on their faces and wrote 'BCA' and 'I Love Boobies' on their faces. I put dots inside the o's of boobies, too. I put glitter in their hair, and put on a necklace. They opened their eyes and looked at each other. "Wicked." They said. I just laughed. "They embrace it." I say with a sigh.

I turned to Harry and Ron. "Unlike you two!" I said shrugged. "Well, you made me look like a fairy!" retorted Ron. I laughed. "You're a very cute fairy if it makes you feel any better." I said smiling. "Now let's go to the Great Hall, shall we?" I twins nodded their head and linked arms with me. "Let's go." They said happily. I looked at Hermione, Harry, and Ron. "COME ONE!" I said with a giggle. "Let's go." They nodded and followed us to the Great we walked in, we practically lit the whole place up. Everyone sat at the table, but I kept walking to

the end of the Slytherin table, where Draco was sitting with his friends.

"Alright." I said, butting into their conversation. "Who wants to go first?" I asked.

Draco kissed my cheek, but didn't volunteer.

"Ok, we will start with Blaise, close your eyes." I said, he did as he was told.

I wrote the same things I had written on everyone else's faces, and put an over abundance of glitter on his before handing him a necklace.

Then Theodore Nott came up, and closed his eyes. Uncharacteristic of a Slytherin, but approved.

I did the same thing to everyone sitting there, then came Draco.

"Alright, close your eyes." I said.

"No." He replied stubbornly.

"All your friends did it."

"I don't even know what this is."

"Breast Cancer Awareness."

He rolled his eyes, but didn't say yes.

"Come on. For me?" I said as sweetly as I could manage.

He shook his head again.

"Is Draco Malfoy not brave enough to put on pink marker, and glitter to show his support for women whose boobs are in trouble! Who are dying! How heartless."

"Alright, alright." Draco said giving in. "I'll let you write on my face." I smiled. "Thank you!" I said kissing him on the cheek then proceeded to do the same as I did to everyone else who wanted to raise

awareness for BCA."This feels weird," said Draco as I ran my fingers through his hair with glitter. It didn't show that much because of his blonde hair but it was alright."You look fine." I told him as I finished putting the last of pink on him. "There, finished." "Finally." He said and opened his eyes.

"You all look great." I said happily.

"Thanks." Everyone mumbled.

"No problem. I will see you all later."

"Can't you sit with us? I sat with you yesterday." Draco said, grabbing my hand.

"I guess for a little bit." I shrugged, and sat next to him. The boys kept talking about Quidditch, or something like that.

"How was your night?" Draco whispered in my ear.

"Good. We got locked out of the common room for a while, but Neville came to our rescue."

"Longbottom?" Draco said shocked."Yeah, why? What's wrong with Lon-Neville?" I said confused."Well it's just-I never knew Longbottom had the capability of saving wellanyone." "Well he saved Harry, Hermione, Ron, the twins, and I from spending an hour outside of the portrait hole."Draco didn't respond, he took a bite of his breakfast as Blaise and Goyle chatted about whatever guys chat about at breakfast."I'm going to go." I said, after finishing my meal.

"Alright." Draco said, and kissed my cheek. I laughed at his newly sparkles lips.

"Oh shut it." He said, wiping his mouth.

"I'll see you later." I smiled.

"See ya, Potter." The other boys chorused.

I gave them a wave, and went back to the Gryffindor table. I pushed Ron aside, and sat next to Harry.



"The Slytherins are all ready for BCA day." I smiled.

Ron looked over at the Slytherin table, and laughed.

"Don't laugh." I said with a roll of my eyes. "You looked just like them. And they actually wanted me to write that stuff on them." Ron stopped laughing and turned back to face us. I smirked at him. "Well I didn't want to be sparklified for your information." Ron said turning a bit pink. "You look good with pink sparkle, Ronald." Hermione said smiling. I smiled as Ron turned redder. Why can't they just date, I thought to myself as Hermione blushed a bit as well. "So what are the plans for today?" Hermione asked.

I shrugged "Probably, walk around and write on people."

"Well, it is a Hogsmeade weekend." Hermione said.

"Oh, it is?" I asked. "Well, I'm going to stay here with Harry."

"No, you go. Write on everyone you see. I won't be lonely, don't worry. I can talk to Professor Lupin."

I thought of this for a second. "Are you sure?" I asked, not sure if I wanted to leave him.

"Yes, I want you to go."

"So eager to get rid of me?" I laughed.

"Yes, you are utterly annoying." Harry said, smiling.

"If you insist. Thanks Harry." I smiled, and hugged him.

A/N: To lazy to proof read, but, you have to admit, it was a long chapter, amazing how much you can get done when you have someone helping you.

THANK YOU MISSNOTHINGX

And the Breast Cancer Awareness part of this chapter was inspired by my school putting on a Breast Cancer Awareness day, and I think it is really a great idea, because so many women, my grandma included, have died from this awful disease, and though having all

that written on your face and hands, and having glitter might be fun, but it is to show your support to all the women who are fighting, who have won the fight, and the many that have lost it. Even if it doesn't help the cure, it shows that every night you are praying for them. I know I am.

Warning: Horrible, and frequent swearing towards the end of this chapter.

"Your welcome, sis." He said hugging me back. "What time are we leaving?" I asked Hermione my arms still wrapped around Harry. "Eleven O'clock I think." Hermione said looking at Ron for confirmation. He nodded. "Eleven." "Alright, thanks." I said finally letting go of my brother. "Welcome." Hermione and Ron said in unison. I laughed. "What time is it?" I asked, tapping my chin. "Ten. Stop asking time questions." Ron said with a roll of his eyes.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

He was about to do the same, but got a stern look from Hermione.

"Sorry." He muttered, looking down. I laughed at him.

"Stop it, Rose." Hermione said, but a smirk was playing on her lips.

I held onto Draco's hand, and laughed as he got strange looks from everyone.

We walked into Three Broomsticks, and I started going up to people I knew, and asking if they cared about women's boobs.

"What about you?" I asked Lee Jordan. "Do you like boobs?"

Lee laughed. "Well of course." He said, raising his eyebrows suggestively.

"Women are dying from Breast Cancer, their boobs are sick! Do you want to show that you want them to find a cure?"

"You mean have healthy boobs?"

I nodded.

"Well sure."

"Okay, good. Now close your eyes." I said with a obeyed and did as I told him. On his forehead I wrote 'I Heart Boobies' and 'BCA' on either cheek. I put the glitter on him then told him to open his eyes. "How do I look?" He asked me. I gave him a thumbs-up.

"Brilliant." I said. "Good." He laughed. He turned to his friends and they began to chat about Breast Cancer. Or just breasts. I laughed and walked off to Hannah Abbott, asking her what I asked nodded. "Of course, Rose." She said with a smile. I did the same to her, many more followed, when we came back, almost everyone in Gryffindor had pink sparkles, and marker on their faces. I didn't get many more Slytherins, and the ones I did get had to be convinced by Draco.

I got several Ravenclaws, and Hufflepuffs. I was determined to get all the Gryffindors before supper.

"Alright!" I hollered, standing on the couch. Everyone grew quiet. "Now, many of you have glitter and necklaces, and glitter on for BCA! All those who don't. form a neat line in front of me to learn what it is, and get glitter and marker. It will be awesome to have all the Gryffindors in pink for supper."

Everyone formed a line, like Rose had instructed, some more eager than others. I had done several first and second years, when I was drawing on Ginny's face, I hear Lavender and Pavarti talking, I tuned out Ginny, and listened to them, I could tell by the looks on their faces that they were talking nasty about someone.

"What a bitch, practically taking over everyone. Coming in, acting as if she is queen. Going out with Draco Malfoy, of all people, and treats her friends like trash, apparently is awful to Ron. Have you ever heard her talking to them? It is cruel, and she said just last week she was going to stay with Harry when everyone else went to Hogsmeade, but she ended up going anyway. Ditching her brother for her boyfriend. Glad I'm not friends with her."

"Why don't you two shut up." I said, standing up, dismissing Ginny.

"Why? The truth hurts, face it."

"The truth, you guys don't even know. I wouldn't expect you two to know. I have a suggestion, if you are going to gossip about someone, why don't you get the whole story."

"Then give us the whole story why don't you." Pavarti said. "Fine," A crowd was forming around us by now. "I'm not taking over anyone, I'm just trying to raise awareness for the sick women in the world that can never be cured because of their sick boobs. Secondly I

don't treat my friends like trash, I'm awful to Ron, yes, but we're joking around for Merlin's sake. And for as me leaving Harry and going with Draco to Hogsmeade, I said I'd stay with Harry but he insisted I go have fun. There's your story." Everyone's eyes looked at Pavarti and Lavender who looked paler than they were when they started. I smirked. "Speechless?" I said. "Sorry." I heard Lavender mutter. "I'm sorry I didn't hear you." I said with a smirk. Everyone 'ooh-ed'

"Sorry." Lavender said louder.

"No you aren't." I said quietly, walking up to them drawing on their faces. I just wrote 'Save Boobs' and put an over abundance of glitter.

"You look great!" I said with fake enthusiasm.

They rolled their eyes, and I finished everyone else.

I sat angrily next to Harry.

"They are bitches, who the hell do they think they are?" I asked, angrily, reapplying more glitter to my angry face.

"I don't know, but they sure have a lot of nerve talking crap about you." Fred laughed.

"Yeah. Well, they start something like that again, their nerve isn't going to be the only thing gone."

"What are you going to do?"

"Something that involves them losing quite a lot of blood, they better watch what they say."

"Because you are so going to do that." George laughed.

"Well, I might."

"You're more violent than Harry." Ron said wide-eyed. I chuckled. "Harry can be violent?" I asked. They all nodded and Harry blushed. "But you're way more violent and all." Fred said smiling. "Not a lot of people like you in the school. Then Hogwarts would be more interesting." "But it's already interesting." Hermione said. "Course it

is 'Mione." George said."We should get going for supper soon." Ron said. "I'm hungry anyways."

"What else is new?" I asked with a laughed. "But I am sort of hungry, so we can go down."

We all went to supper, and I looked happily at my sea of pink sparkles. There were very few who didn't have them, because apparently, they had all been sharing.

"It is beautiful." I smiled.

Fred and George laughed.

"I am so proud." I said, faking tears of happiness.

"I'm sure you are." Harry said, patting my head.

We sat down at began to eat.

"Look at what you did." Draco said in my ear.

"I know. Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes it is very nice." Draco said with a smile. "It's not nice." I told him. "It's LOVELY!" "Alright, alright." Draco said with a chuckle. "It's lovely." He paused. "I heard you got in a tiffy with Brown and Patil." I nodded. "Yup, I did." "What happened?" "They were talking crap so I set them straight," "What were they saying?"

"Don't worry about it. I set them straight."

Draco shrugged. "Alright." He muttered, kissed my cheek, and walked away.

I sat next to Harry, and smiled up at him.

He looked over at Draco. "Does it have to be him?" He asked in my ear.

I smiled. "He isn't that bad."

"But he's Malfoy."

"We've been through this before, he's Draco, you're Harry, I'm Rose. We are all people who need to learn to get along despite our families."

"You support Breast Cancer Awareness, you want everyone to get along, and are trying to convince enemies to become friends, seriously, Do you have faults? Tell me, what id wrong with you?"

"Oh, where do I begin?" I laughed, and grabbed his hand, and rested my head on his shoulder.

Harry laughed a long with me. "You know I'm never going to approve of you dating him right?" He said quietly, so quietly that only I could hear him."I can live with that." I told him. "Seriously?" Harry said a bit taken back.I nodded. "Yup, maybe I won't approve of you when you get a girlfriend. If you can. Maybe I won't approve of you getting married with someone then having child-"Harry cut me off. "Alright, alright stop."I smiled devilishly.

"I still don't approve."

I laughed. "I know. Don't worry when the time comes, we'll elope."

Harry's eyes went wide.

"I'm kidding." I laughed, kissing his cheek.

"You better be. I would never approve." Harry said.

"That's kind of the point." I said, nodding.

"Well-" Harry started, and didn't finish, he turned his attention to his food. Turning slightly pink.

I laughed. "Must you do this to me?" Harry said quietly.I nodded. "I'm your sister, Harry. It's my job." "Then I hope you get fired from it." He muttered under his breath but I still heard it. I rolled my eyes and smacked him on the shoulder. "Hey!" He said rubbing his arm."Hi to you to!" I said smiling innocently.

"You are the devil with a beautiful smile." Harry said.

"What have I done that has made you call me the devil?" I asked, with a hurt look on my face.

"You are just messing with me."

"It's what I'm supposed to do. Didn't we just clarify this?"

Harry rolled his eyes. "Eat." He said, pointing to my untouched plate.

"Yes father." I said, and began to eat.

I smiled at my brother, it felt so good to know that someone was always going to have my back, and love me, and be part of who I was forever. I truly loved my brother with all my heart. He was my only family left. I needed him, no matter how much I messed with him. These passed few weeks have changed my life so much for the better, I'm not sure how I would be able to go on if Harry was taken away from me. If anyone was taken away from me. I just wouldn't be able to cope.

"Well," Ron piped up. "I'm full." Everyone gasped. "What?" He said confused. "You're full!" I exclaimed, my eyes wide with shock. "So?" "You're never, ever full!" I said waving my hands in the air. "Your stomach is like a bottomless pit!" Everyone laughed and nodded in agreement. Ron turned Weasley red, and looked down hiding his embarrassed face from everyone. I laughed. "I'm sorry, Ron." I said, with a smile, putting my hand on his.

"You're forgiven, mostly because it is true."

We all laughed again.

It was just me and Harry in the common room. I was sitting on the chair, with my feet over one of the arms.

"So, you are friends with Slytherin boys now?" Harry asked from the couch.

"Somewhat, yeah. They really aren't that bad, Harry."

"For you." Harry grumbled. "What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, furrowing my brow. "I mean, they're only nice to you because you're dating one of them. The rest of us aren't, so that means they treat us



like trash." Harry explained not looking at me."Oh really?" I said cocking my eyebrow."Yes, Rose. You've only come this year you don't know what it was like two years ago. Draco called Hermione a Mudblood last year even." My eyes widened. "No, he wouldn't have.""Well, he did."

"He isn't like that." I said, my eyes were cast down.

"He is, just not to you."

"He can't be two different people. He is either the douche bag you are talking about, or the incredibly sweet, yet sarcastic and somewhat hard boy that I am talking about. He can't be both."

"Well, apparently, he can be. Because that is exactly what he is."

"Harry-"

"I just don't want you to get hurt."

"I won't." I tried to convince him.

"I wouldn't be making promises, if I were you. He has hardly had any relationships, and the ones he has had ended in heart break for the other girls, and they were wealthy pureblood Slytherins."

I didn't respond to Harry, I looked down at my hands which were fiddling with my fingers."Rose.." Harry began but I cut him off."I'm going to go to sleep." I said getting off the chair. Harry stood up as well. "Rosie," He said again but I didn't respond. "It's true. I just don't want you getting hurt."I nodded and ran up the stairs quickly. Draco wouldn't do those things, would he? He was nice, and sweet. He wasn't like what Harry had told me about...or was he?~~

It had been two months since mine and Harry's conversation in the common room. I had pretended it hadn't happened. I didn't talk about it to anyone else. I refused to believe it.

Today was the day everyone came back from Winter holidays. I couldn't wait to see all my friends again. Fred, George, Ginny, Ron, Hermione, Neville, Blaise, Marcus, Crabbe, Goyle, Theo, and of course, Draco. I hadn't talked to any of them for far to long.

Harry and I were two of the only Gryffindor third years who stayed.

We were out close to Hagrid's house, throwing snow at each other, we weren't necessarily putting the snow into ball form.

"Ow!" I yelled when snow hit me in the face.

Harry was laughing and pointing at me. I hit him with more snow, that went into his mouth.

When I turned around I saw students walking into the main entrance.

"Harry! Harry, they're back!" I said happily. I grabbed his hand and pulled him to the door, the first person I caught sight of, was Draco.

"DRACO!" I squealed, and ran over to him, throwing my arms around his neck.

He didn't hug me back.

"Draco." I said, taking a step back, he looked like he was in pain when he looked at me. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"Can I talk to you for a minute, Rose?" He said quietly, not making eye-contact with me. I looked at Harry who was looking around. I turned back to him and nodded. "Yeah, Harry could you..""Yeah. OK." Harry turned on his heel and walked off. I turned back to Draco. "What's wrong?" I asked. "I really like you Rose," He started off. "I really do...but..." I took a step backwards, gulping, my eyes were filling with tears. I shook my head. "No.." I whispered. "Rose, please, don't cry. I couldn't stand it if you cried it."

"Draco, don't I get an explanation?" I asked, tears sliding down my cheeks, despite what he said.

"I just...I can't do this anymore."

"What brought all this on? What did I do?"

"Nothing, it was something I did."

"You didn't do anything wrong, Draco. Please tell me what went wrong?"

Draco looked at the ground. "I'm sorry, Rose."

"No, tell me, and I'll leave you alone. Did you...find someone else?"

"No." He said flatly.

"Then what?"

"It was my father." He said, and walked away, leaving me with more questions than answers.

When Draco was out of sight, I cried harder and fell to my knees. "Rose.." Harry's voice said. He kneeled beside me and wrapped me in a hug. "You're going to be alright." He whispered. I buried my head into Harry's shoulder, tears staining his shirt as he stroked my hair comfortingly. "I'll take you back to the common room, yeah?" Harry asked. I nodded my head and he stood me up. One of his arms around me leading me down the halls as I cried. I sat next to Harry in the common room, on the floor by the fire. People rolled in steadily, but didn't pay much attention to us.

"Rose." I heard Hermione's comforting voice say. "What's wrong?"

"Draco." I said quietly.

"What happened?"

"He broke up with me."

Hermione gasped, and hugged me.

"Hey, Ro- What happened to you?" I heard Ron ask.

"Draco broke up with her." Hermione answered for me. I just nodded.

"Ah, it's alright, Rosie. He was a git, it wasn't much of a lose."

"Ron," Hermione scolded. "She really liked him."

"Will you all stop talking about me liked I'm not sitting right next to you!" I complained, standing up.

I went up to my bed, and sat there, I cried to myself for an hour or so, and when I was down, washed my face, and headed back down.

"I knew it!" I heard Harry say. "He was just going to break her heart. He was playing with her, this whole time. Just messing with her so he could break her heart, why else would it have happened so quick."

"Harry, you don't know-"

"But I do, Hermione. He was messing with, so he could break her, using his father as an excuse, he probably told his father his plan, and they had a good laugh about it."

I gulped and continued to listen."But Harry he seemed to really like her back."Hermione, don't you get it? He was acting, this was all an act to him. Agame, just like him. Use someone, gain their love and trust to only break them in the end."I agree with Harry, Hermione." Ron added."But-"No buts 'Mione. It's the truth." Harry said.

"Just don't tell her." Hermione said in a pleading voice. "Let her believe it was he father breaking them up. I don't want her to hurt more."

No one responded, so I decided to go down, and talk with them. I sat next to Harry, and curled up in a ball, leaning on him.

"You alright?" He asked quietly, squeezing my shoulder.

"I'm fine. So how was everyone's holidays?" I asked, trying to make conversation. I didn't listen to their responses. Hate was boiling inside me, everything Harry said made perfect sense.

That was the explanation, he was just messing with me this whole time.

Well, then good riddens.

"So...who wants to eat?" Ron asked breaking out of my thoughts. Everyone shot him a glare telling him it wasn't the time, he turned

pink. "Sorry." "You just came back and your already hungry?" I nodded. "I wonder how you do not get fat." I said but not in my usual teasing tone but in a depressed, sad one. "I think it's because my matabl-" Hermione cut him short. "No offence, Ron but I don't think anyone cares." Ron huffed, and looked away.

Harry stared down at me, I felt his eyes on me, but I didn't look up, I couldn't stand knowing the look in his eyes. I knew he was hurting for me, I didn't want him to be sad for me. I felt stupid. I had actually believed Malfoy, after Harry had tried to talk me out of it.

I stared at the fire, a scowl was forming quickly on my face.

"Rose, how were your holiday's?" Hermione asked.

I put on a fake smile.

"It was great. I spent a lot of time with Harry. Couldn't ask for anything better." I said bitterly.

Everyone sensed that I had an edge in my voice, and didn't say anything more on the subject.

We sat in awkward silence none of us saying anything all that was heard was the crackling of the fire and our breathing. I stared blankly into the fire, my eyes reflecting his fiery red and orange flames. Harry's eyes were still on me, I could feel it. He probably was frowning down at me, feeling sorry for me. But I didn't need sympathy, I was strong enough, right? I shook my head but not a lot that everyone would notice. "course your strong enough." I muttered to myself, and closed my eyes. I felt Harry's hand on my shoulder giving it a comforting squeeze. I looked up at him. I smiled, it was a half smile.

"You don't have to convince me you're okay." He whispered in my ear.

"But I'm fine." I said, I was. It wasn't my fault he was a jackass, and I could fine someone better than him, if I needed to.

"Rose, you ar-"

"I'm fine." I said, not sure who was convincing, me or him.

"Alright." Harry said, finally giving up.

"I'm fine." I repeated quietly.

I leaned my head on Harry's shoulder and closed my eyes. I didn't know why I felt like something was missing, even though I was fine. Honestly, I was. "Maybe we should go to the Great Hall to eat." I finally said. "Alright, let's go." Ron said jumping out of his seat. Hermione giggled and stood up as well. Harry helped me up and led me to the Great Hall as I still kept my head on his shoulder.

I sat in between Harry and Fred, and ate slowly.

I couldn't help but glance behind me, just out of habit.

I saw the back of his head, he wasn't turned to face me. To me, it looked like he was messing around, carrying on with life.

So, it was all just a game?

Fine, if he can get over it so fast, well then so can I.

I laughed right along with everyone else. Not making sure I was the loudest, trying to catch his attention, just like I usually was.

I didn't care.

"Well you seem happy again." Harry said in my ear. I laughed. "Yeah, I can't let Malfoy stop me can I?" I said with a smirk. "I guess not." Harry said a bit confused as he turned back to Ron to talk about Quidditch stuff. Again, I thought. I laughed along with everyone else as people made jokes and teased each other. I was fine. He was a git, and a prat, and wanker, and a jackass, and every other vile name you can think of.

Everyone has a bad boyfriend once in their life, mine just happened to be my first boyfriend.

But I couldn't deny that I was hurt, I couldn't deny it to myself at least, maybe to everyone else, but not me.

He had used me, and it all made sense. I almost scowled, but I didn't.

I kept right along with the conversation.

"Ron, Hermione said you got a beautiful sweater for Christmas, why aren't you wearing it?" I asked.

"See your feeling better." He muttered, turning red.

"I read somewhere, that boys aren't worth your tears, and the one who is won't make you cry. Malfoy wasn't worth my tears. He doesn't deserve them. Now don't change the subject again, where is that beautiful sweater?"

He mumbled something.

"Pardon?"

"I'm wearing it." He said louder.

I looked down at his hideous sweater, and laughed. A deep maroon color, with an 'R' stitched to it.

"I thought you said it was beautiful." I said to Hermione.

"I was being sarcastic."

"Well it wasn't very good, you sounded dead serious, we need to work on that, darling." I smiled.

Hermione laughed and nodded. "Your brother got a sweater too." Ron said looking at Harry. I turned to him. "You did? Why aren't you wearing it?" I shrugged. "I-uh-left it in my room." He lied, he was a horrible liar. I shook my head. "You're a horrible liar. How is that possible?" Harry blushed and didn't answer, Ron laughed and Harry looked at him shutting him up.

"Well, I want to see it on. In the common room, tonight." I said, with a laugh.

"Hey, Potter!" I heard someone from a few feet behind me call. Me and Harry spun around. Blaise stood there, hands in pockets.

"Hey, Zabini." I said nervously.

"I heard about you and Malfoy, I'm sorry."

"I really don't care. He is a jackass, and it was a mistake to ever go out with him. You can tell him that from me." I said stiffly.

"You are an okay girl, Potter. Just because you and Malfoy broke doesn't mean I hate you."

I smiled "Thanks."

Blaise went back to his friends.

I felt instantly guilty, when I saw Draco slam his hands on the table, and talked angrily to Blaise, who walked back to me.

"Draco says you're a bitch you he never cared for, and that he could care less who you were fucking."

Harry's jaw clenched, and he curled his hands in fists.

"You can tell Malfoy that I'm not fucking anyone, because I'm not a slut like him."

Blaise looked shocked, I turned away and looked at everyone else's shocked faces.

"What?" I asked.

"We never knew you could talk like that." Hermione said completely and utterly shocked. I shrugged. "Now you do." Blaise soon came back. "Uh-Draco says that you can go fuck yourself and that your a dirty ho." The boys clenched their fists, their eyes blazing anger. Hermione gasped in shock. I smirked. "Well tell Draco to just come here and say those insults to my face instead of sending you here and being a little fucking cunt." Blaise's eyes widened and he nodded walking back in a hurry to the Slytherins. "When I get my hands on him-" Harry began. "Harry." I said shooting him a look.

"What?" He asked.



"I can take care of him myself."

"Obviously."

I rolled my eyes.

Draco strolled over, and stood with his arms crossed over his chest, anger blazing in his eyes.

"What do you want, bitch?" He asked.

"For you to know that if you want to insult me, why don't you say it to my face, and at least pretend that you're a man."

His face turned down in disgust at the very sight of me.

"You heard me."

"You disgust me."

"Don't be a liar, we all know your pants get tight at the very mention of my name." "Bitch." "Whore." "Fucker." "Wanker." "ALRIGHT!" Hermione shouted in an irritated voice. "Enough, already." She turned to Draco. "I think you should leave." "Like I care what you think, filthy Mudblood." He, Harry, and I stood up instantly. "What the hell did you just say?" "I called her a Mudblood." In a quick movement my fist contacted with his nose causing him to stumble backwards. "Watch what you say, Malfoy." He held his nose, and I turned away, my knuckles throbbing.

"I'm ready to go back to the common room." I said, and began to walk away, without waiting for anyone.

Hermione followed me, and Harry and Ron didn't wait.

Hermione caught up with me, sniffing.

"Don't listen to him. He isn't worth it." I said, putting my arm around her shoulder.

"I know, but-"

"But nothing. You are a great, talented witch no matter what the dick says."

"Thanks, Rose."

"Your welcome." "That was brilliant, Rose! Right in the nose!" Ron exclaimed patting me on the back. I smiled. "Thanks Ron." Harry patted my left shoulder. "Nice punch." He said smiling.

"Thanks." "Stop congratulating her. What she did was wrong, no matter how much of a jerk he really was."

"What she did was brilliant." Ron exclaimed.

I nodded and Ron with a smile.

"Listen, you bitch, you can go fuck all the guys you want, I don't give a shit, I never did. You're a queer, your brother is a queer, your parents were queers." Draco screamed, blood trickling down his face

"Don't you say a word against my parents." I growled, pulling out my wand. Draco wiped his nose, and laughed.

"I'm not scared of a slut, especially not you."

"Really, well you should be." I said, raising my wand.

"Miss Potter, Mr. Malfoy, in Professor Dumbledore's office, straight away." Professor McGonagall barked. Reluctantly, I lowered my wand, and shoved it in my pocket, glaring at Draco, praying the phrase 'If looks could kill' came true right about now.

In Dumbledore's office I slumped in my chair my arms crossed over my chest. Draco would turn and look at me occasionally. "Why are you two here?" The old man asked. "Because, sir he-Draco-is being a jerk, and is insulting me, my parents, brother, and friends" I said in a matter-of-fact like tone. "Professor! She punched me! Look I'm bleeding." Draco exclaimed, pointing to his nose. "Drama queen." I muttered under my breath. "I see, I see. You two must control your tempers or things will get out of hand." "It already has." I heard Draco mumble. "Make sure it doesn't happen again." Dumbledore said with a smile. "You are dismissed."

"Wait! Aren't you going to give him a detention, or something! He called me, and my family queer's, he called me a bitch a slut a-"

"Thank you Miss Potter, but-"

"Well you hit me in the face, if anyone deserves a detention, it's you!"

"Me? I was standing up for my friend, who you so rudely called a Mudblood."

"Because it's true."

"No it isn't. She is the most amazing witch of our grade and if-"

"Enough! The both of you, if this happens again you will both have more detentions than you can count. Off to bed, the both of you." Dumbledore snapped. We jumped, and I fled the room, and made my way to the Gryffindor common room.

I muttered the password to the portrait who wanted to have a sword fight with me but I refused and quickly stepped into the common room. Hermione, Ron, and Harry were sitting on the couch in silence probably waiting for me. "Rose!" Hermione squealed as she saw me come in. "Hi." I said with a small smile. "What happened?" Harry asked, curiously. "I didn't get detention." I said in a happy tone. "Good." Ron said. "Did Ma-""No." I told him shaking my head. "He didn't.""Why not!" Ron exclaimed. "I don't know. He gave us warning. But he is going to pay for this so that his nose isn't the only thing bleeding." I spat, sitting next to Harry.

"Rose, I think you should just let it be." Hermione said.

"Let it be?" I asked. "Let it be? No way in hell will I let it be. Insult me, sure go ahead, I can take that, insult my family and friends, you seriously need to fuck off, or you will get hurt."

Hermione looked down and pressed her lips together. Everyone was quiet then.

Stupid Malfoy, why did he have to go and get me pissed?

A/N: Ok, I got a request for more Harry/Rose, and I know this chapter didn't have as much as it could've, we're working on it, there is going to be much more to come. I am almost positive this is the longest chapter I have every written. You are welcome! Tell me what you think, and give a big thanks to missnothingx for helping me work on this! And again, to lazy to proofread, can you blame me? That's all we're doing in English right now!

The portrait door swung open soon and the twins walked in with grins on their faces. They walked over to me, placing one of their hands on one of my shoulders. "Nice punch, Rose-" Fred began. "-You really showed Malfoy." George finished. I smiled at them. "Thanks. I'm getting that a lot now." The twin grins grew wider. "Well of course." George said. "You punched him in the face like POW!" Fred said punching the air. I laughed. "Well, he deserved it, and if he keeps it up, there will be many, many more."

"Rose, you do realize you could've gotten a detention, maybe even worse."

"So what? You heard what he was calling you, and Harry, and my family, and my friends. He can't do that, know he knows to stay away."

"Yeah, she is like a giant, walking, talking caution sign. You can't miss her." Fred said with a laugh.

"Because that's what every girl wants to hear, that they are a giant sign that no one can miss." I said, with a smile.

Fred just laughed.

"He's a douche, anyway, like I care what he thinks."

"You liked him no more than three hours ago."

"Then he broke up with me for no reason, saying it was his father, his father my ass, he called me a bitch, a slut, a fucker, the said I could go fuck myself, he called me and my family queers, and he called you a Mudblood. He has earned the name douche."

"That is a good point." Ron said. I smirked and leaned back in my chair. Harry wrapped his arm around me and I leaned my head on his shoulder. "Next time I see him-" Ron began but Hermione shot him a glare. "Never mind then." he said. I stood up. "I'm going upstairs." she announced and walked up the stairs. "As I was saying," Ron said when Hermione was out of sight. "When I see him I'll give him a punch myself. Or curse him." "Yes, that went well last year." Harry said with a chuckle. "What happened last year?" I asked.

"Oh, Malfoy called Hermione a Mudblood, and Ron tried to curse him, and it backfired, and he cursed himself. He was throwing up slugs for hours."

"Well, my wand was messed up." Ron said, defensively.

I laughed.

"What?" Ron asked.

I laughed even harder "It sounds wrong!" I said, laughing harder, everyone else laughed along with me, except for Ron, who turned beet red.

"Alright, shut up now." Ron muttered. I laughed for a moment longer then it died down. "Merlin, did I need that laugh." I said pretending to wipe my eyes of tears. "Ha ha." Ron fake laughed. "Must you always pick on me?" He asked, frowning. "I'm sorry Ron. I'm just messing around with you." I said smiling and patting him on the shoulder. "You better be sorry." He muttered under his breath. I raised an eyebrow. "Pardon?" "Nothing." He said hurriedly.

I smiled, and leaned my head back on Harry's shoulder.

I sat there and listened to them talk about Quidditch, then Ron and Fred and George announced they were going to bed, and me and Harry sat there, alone.

"You act like you're okay, but are you really? I know you liked him, a lot."

I shrugged. "I did, but not anymore. I hate him. I actually, um, overheard you guys talking, about him breaking up with me."

Harry was quiet. "Really?" He asked.

"Yeah. It makes sense. I was stupid to fall for his trick, and if it was just a game to him, all those words that he said to me, telling me how much I meant to him, if they were all lies, then I really could care less what happens to him. I really do hate him, but mostly because he made me fall for him, and I couldn't help it. I don't want anything to do with him." I said, trying to suck back tears into my skull.

Harry patted my shoulder. "You going to be alright?" He asked. I nodded. "Of course." I said as it was obvious. "Good." Harry said quietly and kissed my head. "I love you, Rose." I smiled. "I love you too, Harry. You're the best brother I've ever had." "I'm your only brother." "I know. But you are the best." I said, with a smile.

Harry kissed my forehead again.

"We don't have to go back to classes for another two days, that's a good thing." Harry said.

"I guess, because we have almost every class with the Slytherins, the rest of the school year is going to suck." I said.

"Don't let him get to you."

"Oh, I won't, I just don't want him to cross the line, and me have to hit him again, at least on weekends I can dodge him."

Harry laughed. I smiled and looked at the fire. It always helped me in some way. "The fire helps you doesn't it?" Harry asked as if reading my thoughts. I nodded. "It does, how did you know?" "Because it helps me too." Harry said looking at the fire now as well. "I guess it's a thing we Potters have." I said with a small laugh.

"Kind of weird, huh?" I asked.

"Just a bit." Harry admitted.

I hugged him, and locked my arms around his middle.

"I'm glad I'm a Potter. I really am." I said with a smile.

"I'm glad you are a Potter, too."

"Promise me something Harry." I said quietly. "Anything, Rose." Harry told me. "Don't get yourself killed." I said with a small smile on my face. Harry chuckled. "I promise I won't get myself killed." He paused, "Promise me something?" Harry asked.

"Depends." I said with a smile.

"Don't get yourself expelled."

I laughed "I can't promise you that." I said shaking my head.

I felt Harry smile "Well, try your hardest not to." He begged.

"Since you are begging me, I will try my very hardest not to get expelled."

"You promise?"

I smiled. "I promise."

"Good girl." Harry said messing up my hair. I giggled, and fixed my hair back to normal by combing with my fingers. "I'm bored." I said nodded. "Me too," "Hmm." I said tapping my chin. "What can we do to make us un-bored." I said furrowing my shrugged. "I don't know." "You're no help." "I'm sorry." Harry said with a chuckle.

I started to hum to myself. Some Muggle song I had heard before. I really did love Muggle music, especially the fast songs you could dance to.

"What are you humming?" Harry asked.

"Not sure what's it is called, I heard I've heard it before, on the radio."

"How does it go?"

"I can't sing." I said, looking down.

"Who cares, it is only me."

"Fine." I said, and started to tap on my thigh. "Just gonna stand there and watch me burn, that's alright because I like the way it hurts. Just gonna stand there and hear me cry, that's alright because I love the way you lie." I sang quietly.

"You don't think you are good?"

"No, I suck!" I said with laugh.



"How does the rest go?"

"It's just fast talking, really."

"What do they say."

I rolled my eyes. "I'm not singing anymore. I refuse." I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Oh come on, please." Harry begged me. I shook my head. "No, I refuse to sing again." Harry poked my side causing me to squirm and giggle. "Please," He poked me repeatedly. "Or I'll keep poking you." "N-no." I said through a laugh. "Fine then." He began to tickle me and I started to laugh loudly. "Harry! Stop!" "No!" He said, I tried to push him off, unsuccessfully.

"Harry!" I squealed. Squirming definitely wasn't helping me.

"Shhh, you are going to wake everyone up." Harry said, laughing quietly.

"Well then stop!"

"Did I not just shush you?"

"I will be quiet when you stop!" I giggled, breathless.

"Never." He smiled devilishly.

"Harry!" I squealed with laughter. "I'll stop if you sing." He said tickling her still. "Alright, I'll sing! I give!" I yelled. Harry stopped tickling and I was breathing heavily as he smiled in victory. "Good." He my breathing had went back to normal. I took a few deep breaths, nerves taking over me. "Don't be nervous." Harry said. I looked at the stairs, and thought of my chances. They were okay, the worst that could happen is that he started tickling me again.

"Oh, I'm not nervous." I smirked, and pushed off the couch, running up the stairs as quick as I could.

"Cheater!" Harry called.

I just laughed, and blew him a kiss. "I love you Harry."

"Love you, Rose. Sleep well okay."

"Okay."

"Do you promise?"

I smiled, feeling my heart swell with love for him. "I promise."

When I woke up, I was starving. I sleepily slid out of my four-poster bed and walked out of the room and into the common room. Ron and Harry were in the common room playing Wizards the time I sat down the knight had gotten knocked out by Queen. I smiled. "Hermione would think this is barbaric." I said. "She did, in first year." Ron said, his eyes glued on the chess turned to me. "Other than eating, this is his favorite thing." I chuckled. "No wonder, his eyes are glued on that board. Blink, Ron. Blink!" I exclaimed. "Shhh, don't distract the master." Ron scolded.

I laughed loudly, throwing my head back. "The master?" I asked. "Is that your new nick name. You know how I am going to spend my morning. Coming up with ways to have that backfire on you."

Ron didn't even bother to turn red, he just kept staring at the board.

I laughed again.

"Just because your boyfriend broke up with you doesn't mean you have to be mean to Ron." Said an annoying voice, coming down the stairs. Lavender was walking down the stairs with Pavarti.

"I'm just joking. And for your information, I'm glad to be rid of the git. Now if I could only come up with a way to get you two out of the picture."

Pavarti and Lavender rolled their eyes almost at the same time. "Why don't you two just run along?" I said making little shooing gestures. "We can stay as long as we want, Potter." Pavarti said sharply. I shrugged. "Suite yourself." I turned back to the Wizard Chess game, which obviously Ron was was distracted by what me, Pavarti, and Lavender were saying that he was getting the crap beaten out of him in the game. "Come Harry, get your head in the game." I said trying to encourage him. "Rose, shhh. We need to

concentrate." Ron said holding a hand up to silence me. I laughed."BE QUIET!" Ron bellowed.

"Alright, fine." I said with a giggle, sitting next to Harry.

After Harry lost for a second time, he gave up, and turned to me.

"How did you sleep?" He asked.

"Good, just like I promised." I said with a wink. He wrapped me in a hug.

"What about you?" I asked.

"Stayed up to late worrying about you."

"But I am fine." I assured him. I really was, what made them think I wasn't? What part of I hate him, don't they understand?

"That's what you're saying, but I can't be sure."

"Then take my word for it." I said with a small nodded slowly. "Alright. I'll take your word for it." "Rose," said Ron. "want to go against the master?" He asked nodding his head in the direction of the board. I shook my head and giggled. "No thanks, 'master' " "Fine then suite yourself." "Why don't we go to the Great Hall? I'm starved." I suggested.

"We would, but we are waiting for Hermione and Fred and George." Answered Ron, putting away his board.

"They know their way to the Great Hall, they've been here for two and a half years."

"It's nice to wait for them, though."

"But, I'm hungry." I complained.

"We can go. See ya, Ron." Harry stand, standing up, then helping me up.

"See ya." Ron said giving us a wave. I linked arms with my brother and walked down the hall with him. As we walked down the halls, a

few kids that lounging around began to whisper and stared at me."Ignore them." Harry said to me. "I get it all the time."I nodded, but it still kind of bothered me to have people talk about me behind me back and stare. We walked into the loud Great Hall but once people saw me in the doorway the immediately silenced themselves. They went to whispering.I rolled my eyes. "Now I know how you feel.""It's just because you and Draco broke up."

"I don't know. I mean, how did everyone find out so fast?"

Harry laughed loudly.

"You should've heard yourselves last night! You were impossible not to hear! And may I remind you, you hit him in the nose!"

"Well, I thought it was in private." I defended.

"No, everyone heard you."

I looked down sheepishly. "Oh." I said quietly.

Harry laughed as he guided my to the Gryffindor table."Alright, stop laughing now." I said laughed for a few more moment then stopped. "Sorry, Rose. But that was funny." He said with a smile on his face.I rolled my eyes and sat down. "Of course it was." I said as I started to fill my goblet with pumpkin juice."Hello." Hermione said sitting down in front of me. "Why is everyone staring?" She asked glancing over her shoulder."Because of Rose." Harry said with a chuckle"I don't understand why." I said with a shrug, "I mean people break up almost everyday, and they don't get stared at."

"I don't think it was the fact you two broke up, I think it was how happened, there was quite a lot of yelling, and...er...blood." Hermione said.

"Yeah." Harry agreed.

"Has Ron found an opponent?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Yeah, Seamus took him on."

"Awwww, poor guy." I smiled.

Hermione chuckled.

I cracked a smile and began to eat my breakfast. I could feel eyes burning to my back and I knew they belonged to Draco. I fought against myself not to look back. "Draco is staring at you." Hermione said, pointing her fork behind me. I nodded. "No wonder I can feel my back burning." I giggled. "I feel like a third wheel with you two." Harry piped up. "That's because we're girls." I pointed out. "When Ron beats Seamus, and he comes down, you won't feel like the third wheel." Hermione reassured.

"Is he glaring?" I asked, sounding way more interested than I intended.

"Um...Not really. Just expressionless, really."

"Great." I said with a smile, and flipped my hair, pretending to be looking for someone. "What are you looking at, Malfoy? Miss me already?" I smirked.

"Not one bit." He said, with a grim expression. I rolled my eyes.

"You are a bad liar." I sighed, and turned back to Hermione.

"You shouldn't provoke him, just leave him alone."

"No, thanks, messing with him is too much fun."

"Hermione's right, Rose." Harry said. "You don't want to get detention, trust me. I've had a bunch of those and they're horrible." "But Peeves got you out of some." Hermione pointed shrugged then turned back to me. "Just don't provoke him." "It's fun though." I said with a smirk. "Just don't, Rose. Or you'll end up kicking him in some place or punching him again or cursing him. Then you'll get in big trouble, remember what Dumbledore said." I rolled my eyes. "Alright, alright." Ron walked up to us slowly, his face showing obvious disappointment.

"Ron, what's wrong?" I asked, a smirk playing on my lips.

"Seamus...He-he beat me. How could a bloke like Seamus beat me? The master." Ron mumbled.

I laughed loudly. "I don't know how he did it." I said, through bits of laughs. Seeing Ron's face you would've thought someone died.

"I-I don't know who I am anymore." Ron said, shaking his head.

"Eat some breakfast, and you'll feel back to normal." I assured him.

"No. I'm not hungry."

I gasped. "Ron Weasley, not hungry? Who ever heard such a thing?

Hermione even looked shocked. "Ron come on. You've only lost once, I mean you're still the master of Wizard Chess to me." She said blushed. "Uh-thanks Hermione." He said. I looked at Harry with a smile. He was smiling as well. Why couldn't they just date, I thought, they'd do be so cute. I pushed some food towards Ron. "Alright, now. Eat." I sighed and started to fill his plate with more stuff than Harry, Hermione, and I combined. I chuckled. "There's the Ron Weasley I know." Ron smiled a little. "Thanks guys." He said, "I'm guessing the break up is the reason everyone is staring." Ron said, laughing at me.

"Shut it. It is only because he got his ass whooped by girl, and everyone else is sizing me up." I smiled.

"No one would ever take a chance on you." Harry said.

"That's right." I said with a nod.

"I'm surprised Malfoy thought he could take you."

"Oh, he is just an arrogant, son of a bitch, who thinks he is some sort of sex God. Of course he thought he could take me."

"What?" I heard someone ask from behind me.

"You seriously need to stop listening in on my conversation's Malfoy."

"I know I could take you." Malfoy muttered under his breath. I clenched my fists. "Seriously? You know? You want me to punch you again?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. "Rose..." Hermione warned. "Stop." She said, putting one of her hands on mine. I shook her hand

off. "Well Malfoy? Do you?" I asked again. "I wouldn't want to embarrass you. And I don't think I can hit a girl." He said rather loudly. "Well now that I think about it, neither could I. So I guess the fight is off." I said, spinning around. "You vile girl." Draco spat. "Maybe I can hit you." He said standing up.

"Draco." Blaise warned, his arm extended toward his friend, he grabbed his elbow to pull him back to his seat.

"Don't touch me." Draco said menacingly. He walked towards me, I sat with a smirk on my face. I raised an eyebrow, when he was standing over me.

"Are you really going to hit me, Draco?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

He slowly lowered his hand. "I hope you now how much I hate you." He said, glaring down at me.

I laughed once without humor. "Believe me, the feeling is mutual." I scoffed. I turned to Hermione, not caring where Draco went.

"You didn't see the look in his eyes when he lowered his hand did you?" Hermione asked.

"Why would I be paying attention to his eyes?" I asked, taking a sausage link from Harry's plate, and biting down on it.

"You could see it in his eyes, he misses you."

I was taken back, like, really taken back. All the breath left my body. Draco, he missed me. What did I think about that?

I shrugged. "Let him miss me, if he misses me, he shouldn't have broken up with me." I said, while my heart was protesting wildly in my chest.

A/N: Thanks for all the reviews! I am so thankful, and I feel really special hearing that so many people like this story. A BIG thanks to Missnothingx without whom, this story would not have been updated. Review? Sorry for the shorter chapter, and the bad grammar.

I took a bite out of sausage thinking about what Hermione had said. Did he really miss me? Or did she just misread him? I shook my head mentally, stop that, I thought. "You can really piss him off." Ron said with a smirk. I smiled. "That's the point." I said, looking over my shoulder to see Draco glaring at me. I cocked my head to the right and smiled innocently then turned back towards Ron. "Yet he doesn't piss you off." Harry said, looking at me. "Oh he does. I just don't show it." I said, taking another bite. "I don't approve of this you know." Hermione said, biting her lip. "I know you don't, but-"

"But nothing, you're both being immature."

"But he started it!" I shot back in a loud voice.

"I did not." Draco said, glaring down at me again.

"Malfoy, I swear, you enter my conversation uninvited one more time I will punch you in the nose again, and if I'm lucky, I might even break it." I threatened.

"Don't be a bitch."

I laughed. "Maybe I wouldn't be so bitchy if you weren't such a douche bag."

Draco glared at me with such hatred and anger it was hard to think Hermione saw the look of him missing me in his eyes. I laughed. "Stop glaring, hate makes you ugly." I paused for a moment. "Wait, you already are." A couple of his Slytherin friends chuckled and Draco turned around to look at them, they silenced themselves instantly. "Rose, seriously now. Stop it." Hermione said, acting like my voice of reason.

I rolled my eyes and turned around. "Alright, I'm stopping." I muttered. "Good." She said. Merlin, she acted as if she was my sat down. "She must've got him from her mother." He scoffed.

"Draco." Blaise said, shocked. I was guessing Blaise was Draco's voice of reason.

"What did you say?" I snapped, standing up.

"Merlin." Hermione muttered. "Rose, sit down now."



"No, Hermione, did you hear what he said."

"And I meant it to." Draco said, standing up as well.

"You listen Malfoy, and you listen good because I'm only saying this once. You are by far the most vile, full of crap git I have ever met. Yes, I am bitchy, I accept that. You say anything against my family or my friends, you will regret it. That's a promise."

Draco looked at me for a long time, not responding or his lips didn't twitch into a smirk. He knew I was dead serious, and I was. I sat back down into my seat, crossing my arms over my chest. "Maybe we should go back to the common room." Harry nodded and the four of us walked back to the common room in silence, not speaking to one another the whole way. We slipped into the common room, soundlessly and sat down. "Bloody prick." I muttered under my breath. I glared at the fire which was not helping me at the moment unlike it usually did. "He's just trying to get to you." Ron said, his voice shaking a bit. "Ignore him. He's a bloke, like Seamus who beat me in chess."

I rolled my eyes. "Really?" I asked, finding it funny he was still upset about this, but it couldn't take back what Draco said.

"I hate him. I can't believe I actually went out with him." I said.

"Neither can we. The way you two talk is like you've always hated each other, instead of just broken up yesterday." Harry said.

"It's felt like it has been so long since we broke up." I said, "My life has been so much better."

Harry and Ron smiled, Hermione gave me a look, saying she would take to me later.

Might as well get it over with.

"I'm going upstairs." I announced. Hermione followed wordlessly.

We sat on her bed.

"You miss him. I can see it."

"Miss him? You're funny Hermione. I hate him with a bloody passion." "You don't." Hermione pointed out. "You miss him and he misses you. I can see it in both of your eyes when you look at each other." "That's absurd." "It's the truth." I stayed silent. Was Hermione right? Did I miss him? I mentally shook myself, no of course not, I thought. "It's alright to miss him, you know." Hermione said breaking me out of my thoughts. "But I don't." I said, running a hand through my hair. "Of course.." Hermione said rolling her eyes. "No, really. I'm glad to be rid of the git. He doesn't respect me, or my family, or my friends, so screw him."

"You don't mean that." Hermione said, shaking her head.

"Oh, but I do. If you ever went out with him, which I hope to Merlin you don't, you will understand why I'm so happy me and him are no longer and... Item, as some would put it."

"But you want to be with him again, no matter how much he gets on your nerves."

"No. I would never, in a million years want to go out with a guy like him again. Harry was right, and don't tell him I told you that because then he will get to used to hearing it."

"Rose, you don't need to lie to me."

"Drop it, 'Mione, I hate him, he hates me. We are over, and we will stay that way. End. Of. Story."

Hermione let out a sigh, and nodded. "Alright.." "Alright." I repeated her words and stood up from my bed. I walked over to the door and looked over my shoulder. "I'm going back downstairs do you want to come?" She nodded. "In a minute." She said. "OK." I said then left the room, and walked down the stairs at a rather fast pace. I walked back over to Harry and Ron and sat myself on the ground next to Harry's legs. "You alright?" He asked. "I'm fine." I said, smiling up at him.

"What did you and Hermione talk about?" Harry asked.

"Oh...just girl stuff. Bras and clothes and stuff." I said, laughing as Ron made a face.

"Guys don't talk about stuff like that." Ron said

"Yeah you talk about-"

"Rose, don't even go there." Harry warned.

I just laughed.

I raised my hands up in surrender. "OK, I won't." I said with a grin on my face. Hermione soon came back and joined us, taking a seat next to Harry on the couch. She gave me a look as she looked at me, making my insides feel weird. I quickly looked away from her. "What did I miss?" She asked, leaning back. "Nothing really. Me and Harry were just talking about Quidditch and stuff." Ron answered. She nodded. "Is that all you guys talk about?" I asked. "Quidditch." They shook their heads. "No, we talk about other stuff." "I know what else you talk about, but you won't let me guess." I said, shooting a look at Harry.

He just laughed. "We all know what your guess is."

"Fine." I huffed. "What are our plans for today?"

"I'm going to go the library today." Hermione said.

"I'll go with you." I said, smiling at her. She shook her head.

"I'm going alone."

"Fine, be that way."

"Alright, I will." She said a small smirk playing on her lips. "Maybe I'll go now." She said standing up. She waved us good-byes us doing the same and walked out of the common room. "Why does she always go to the library." I wondered aloud. "Because," said Ron. "She's Hermione Granger. The Brightest Witch of Our Age." He said with a small smile. "And your soon to be girlfriend." I muttered under my breath, luckily Ron didn't hear me. But I guess Harry did because he chuckled. "What?" Ron asked. We didn't answer, just laughed harder.

"Tell me!" Ron complained.

"It's a twin thing, we don't expect you to understand."

"I understand! I would just tell me!"

"Why do you want to know so bad?"

"Because I don't want to feel like a third wheel."

"But, Ron, you are a third wheel." I smirked. "When Hermione comes back you won't be." I muttered under my breath, Harry didn't hear me this time.

"Harry!" Ron yelled.

"I'm going to see what Hermione's up to. Harry, can I borrow your invisibility cloak?" I asked, Harry nodded, and dashed upstairs, and was back less than a minute later.

"Thanks!" I said, and slipped it over my head.

~~ At Library

I tried to hide around bookshelves, then remembered I was invisible.

Then I found her, sitting with none other than Blaise Zabini.

I gasped, and hurried to hear their conversation.

"-you just can't deny it, when it's meant to be, it's meant to be. And this is meant to be, no matter what anyone says." I heard Hermione whisper.

"Okay, I'm usually not into this kind of stuff, I think it's shit, but I can't help but agree with you." Blaise replied.

"So it's a deal, you aren't going to back out on me, are you?" Hermione gave him a quizzical look.

"No, I wouldn't have the heart to do that, but it's better that no one knows. Especially not our friends, they wouldn't understand."

Hermione nodded "And knowing Rose, she would get involved, and ruin it."

My face turned down, well of course I would ruin it! She belongs with Ron, not Blaise! No, no, no!

"Thanks Blaise." Hermione said with a smile. "No problem, Hermione." He said giving her a smile opened her arms for a hug and Blaise nodded accepting it. He bent down and wrapped his arms around Hermione, enveloping her in a hug. My eyes were wide and my mouth was dropped. They couldn't be together! Hermione and Ron, they were meant to be. I shook my head in disbelief as I watched the two pull away from the hug. They waved to one another then walked off in the opposite directions. In a state of complete shock I managed to walk back to the common room. I took off Harry's invisibility cloak before mumbling the password in shock.

"Hey, Rose." Hermione said, smiling.

"Hi." I said.

"You are as white as a sheet, are you okay?" Hermione asked, concerned.

"Fine." I mumbled. "Harry, you want to go for a walk with me?" I asked.

Harry nodded, and came with me.

"Oh my God, Harry!" I yelled, grabbing his arm as soon as the portrait closed.

"What?" Harry asked, his eyebrows knitting together.

"Hermione and Blaise! We have to split them up!"

Harry looked at me completely confused. "What?" He said furrowing his brow. I sighed. "Hermione and Blaise...they're together. As in dating. Meaning we have to split them up because Hermione belongs with Ron." Harry went wide-eyed. "No-Hermione and Blaise, no way. They couldn't be." He said shocked. "I heard them Harry. And they hugged for a really long time. They're dating." I said biting my lip. "That's why we need to break them up!" I exclaimed. "Before

Ron finds out, he'll loose it." I said. "Do you think that's right though?" Harry asked avoiding my eyes. "Dating a Slytherin, I have found, is one of the biggest mistakes anyone can make!" I said, throwing my hands out, showing Harry how big a mistake it was.

"Well, if they like each other..."

"If they like each other my arse. Ron finds out, there won't be a Blaise to like!"

"Rose, I don't think you should be getting involved."

"That's what Hermione said." I said sourly, crossing my arms over my chest.

"If Hermione said it, then it's true!"

"So what! If this is wrong, well, then we'll figure out, but right now, I would like Ron to stay sane, and out of Azkaban!"

"Are you sure you even heard them right?" Harry asked, scratching the back of his neck. I nodded. "Of course I heard them right." I yelled. "Shhh," Harry said. "be quiet. Someone might hear us. Maybe you misunderstood Hermione and Blaise." "I didn't. I know what I heard and saw, they are definitely an item, they're dating, Harry. And I want them to end it, because Ron will go mad and dating Blaise is almost like dating Dr-Malfoy." I said. Harry sighed. "Do whatever you want. I'm not apart of it." he said. I nodded. "Fine." Harry slung his arms around my shoulders.

"You are pretty good at getting your nose where it doesn't belong." Harry said with a chuckle.

"I've been trained for years in the ancient art of eavesdropping." I smiled.

"Of course you have." Harry said, with a roll of his eyes.

"Don't judge!" I said, smacking his shoulder.

"Ow!"

"Oh, don't be such a sissy. It didn't hurt."

"Yes it did." He said as he rubbed his shoulder. "You're supposed to be on the Quidditch team and you're acting like a sissy." I said with a small laugh for a moment. "You should really join the Quidditch team." Harry said. I shook my head. "I can't play and can't fly." I said with a fake gasp causing me to giggle. "You are a Potter and you can't fly or play Quidditch. Shame, Rose, shame." He said teasingly. I rolled my eyes and laughed. "I guess I never picked up the Seeker gene from Dad." "No one ever said you had to be a Seeker." Harry said.

"No, I'm fine with my role of obsessed-fan-in-the-stands-giving-BS-to-the-other-team." I laughed.

"I'll bet you're good at that."

"Oh, you have no idea!" I said.

"I'm not getting involved or anything, but what do you have planned to break-up Hermione and Zabini?"

"I don't know, get them to fight, get in the middle of them. I still need to figure it out." I shrugged.

"Do you think Malfoy is going to approve?"

"They weren't going to tell anyone."

"Oh," Harry said. I nodded. "They said it's best to keep it a secret. And what's meant to be is meant to be." My eyes widened. "Meant to be?" He asked. I nodded. "Yes, that's what Hermione said. And Blaise agreed with her." I told him, leaning my head on his shoulder. "But Ron-" "-I know. That's what I'm trying to say. Ron's going to be heartbroken and all. And they're meant to be not Blaise and 'Mione."

"This is mostly girl stuff, I'm sorry. I just had to tell someone."

"It's okay."

I smiled, and turned us so that we were walking back to the common room.

"You know, you are actually a pretty good friend, in a twisted sort of way." Harry said.

"I'm doing good for both of them, trust me. Hermione doesn't want a Slytherin douche bag, and Ron doesn't want to have to kill one."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

"Harry, bit of advice for you, if you are going to tell a girl they are right, don't put, I guess in front of it. It's a turn off."

"Right, thanks." He said as we made it to the portrait hole. "Cherry Bombs." He said to the painting and the door swung stepped inside to see Hermione and Ron laughing, then stop as we walked into the common room. Hermione smiled at us. "Hi!" She said happily. "Looks like someone is happy." I muttered just loud enough for Harry to nodded in agreement. "So, how was your trip to the library?" I asked casually.

Hermione blushed "Oh, fine."

"Find any good books?"

"I was returning books, actually."

"And you didn't check anymore out?"

"No, I still have loads upstairs."

I nodded my head. "Oh, alright." "Hermione you told me you got a few books" Ron said, confused 's eyes widened. "Oh, my bad Ron I meant I returned a few books. I'm so used to getting books I guess I forgot that you can return." She gave a fake laugh, "Mmmhmm." I said, thinking that Hermione was a horrible liar. And it was true, she was horrible at lying. "Anyways, what did you guys talk about while we were gone?" I asked "Nothing really." "You wouldn't understand." Ron said, quoting me from earlier.

"Oh drop it Ron, you wouldn't have liked what you heard anyway."

"So, you guys were talking about me?"



"No. I swear, and if the subject of Ronald Weasley did come up, it was in the nicest way possible. I swear."

"I don't believe you."

"Well, Harry, were we talking mean about one of our best mates."

"No, we would never do that." Harry said, nodding in agreement with me.

I smirked. "See, I told you we weren't." "OK..." Ron said slowly, obviously not convinced. "Anyways," Hermione said, a bit awkwardly. "I think I'm going upstairs. Bye." She said and in a hurry then quickly left, her footsteps going up in a hurry. "Why did she leave in such a hurry?" Ron asked knitting his eyebrows together in confusion. "I don't know." I said shaking my head. "I'm going to go up, and see what she is up to." I said.

"Rose, I don't thi-" Harry started.

"Hush, Harry." I hissed. "I'm trying to be sneaky, don't ruin in."

I tiptoed up the steps, and crept into the dormitory. She was writing on a piece of parchment, and the window was open, an owl was perched on the ledge.

I knitted my brows together in confusion, and walked over quietly.

I was about two feet from her when she spun around.

"Rose!" She yelled, making sure the paper was covered.

"Hi." I said with a smile, I looked at the parchment she was covering. I nudged my head in its direction. "What's that?" I asked. "Nothing." Hermione said blushing. "Hermione," I said with a sigh. "you're a horrible liar, you know? Who's the letter for?" I asked. "How do you know it's a letter?" Hermione said, her face turning more red. "The window is open and an owl is right there." I said pointing towards the brown owl on the ledge, blinking at us with its big eyes. "Oh, right. It's a letter to my parents." "Awww, that's sweet, can I read it?" I asked.

"No!" Hermione shot, too quickly. "It's private." She murmured.

"Okay." I said quietly. "Hermione have you ever heard the phrase 'opposites attract'?" I asked.

"Well, yeah. What about it?"

"Well, that doesn't necessarily mean Slytherin and Gryffindor, it means personality, and such."

"Okay, I don't see what this has to do with me."

"I wasn't talking about you. I was talking about me and Draco, you seem like you really want to get us back together. And also, if a Slytherin ever appealed to you, there are other people to go out with."

"Okay, thanks for the advice." Hermione nodded.

I nodded my head. "Let's say you were attracted to, i don't know, Blaise." Hermione looked at me with complete confusion. "You shouldn't date him. Why? Because Hermione, Gryffindors and Slytherins don't go together very well at all." Hermione nodded her head, a confused look in her eyes. "OK," She said slowly. "Thanks for the advice, Rose." She repeated. "No Problem." I said with a small smile. I stood up and left the room, closing the door quietly then frantically ran down the stairs.

"Rose?" Ron asked. "What's wrong?" "Harry, I need to tell you something." I said, Ron slumped back. "Yeah, what?" I walked over to him and whispered in his ear. "Hermione is writing Blaise a letter upstairs." I said, noticing Ron leaning forward a bit to listen. I smacked him away. "What?" Harry gasped. "What's wrong?" Ron demanded. "Nothing, it doesn't concern you." I said, turning back to Harry. "It's true, she said it was for her parents." I whispered.

"Maybe it is." Harry suggested.

"No, you don't understand, she was clearly lying." I said, getting annoyed.

"If it involved Hermione it's my business, she is one of my best friends too." Ron said, really wanting to know.

"See, they belong together." I said to Harry.

"Who? I heard belong together? What's going on?"

"Nothing, drop-it, Ron."

"No!"

"I can't tell you!" I said, getting louder.

"Just tell me."

"You will lose it, I'm not going to tell you!"

Ron turned to my brother. "Harry! Tell her to tell me!" He said, obviously hoping that Harry would help him out. "Sorry, mate. I can't, like Rose said you'd lose it if we told you what was going on." Harry said with an apologetic look at us, anger blazing in his brown eyes. "What's wrong with Hermione? Is she sick?" He asked. I rolled my eyes. "I said drop it Ron." Ron shook his head. "No, now tell me." He said stubbornly. "You really want to know?" I asked/exclaimed. Ron nodded. Harry grabbed my arm. "What are you doing?" He asked in my ear. "I'm going to tell him," I said. "Ron, Hermione's grandmother died. She's very upset." I lied gasped. "She never told me. How did you find out?" "She told me when I was up there. Don't say anything about it, though, it'll hurt her even more. Just give her a hug, it'll make her feel better, trust me." I said, giving a sideways glance at Harry. He winked.

"Alright." Ron said. "She's okay, though, right?"

"She'll be fine if you don't mention it." I emphasized.

"Well, I think accepting it, is the first step to healing." Ron said.

"One, that sounded weird coming from you, and two I don't think that's best idea right now. Maybe later."

"Rose, I think the faster she faces it, the faster she'll be back to normal."

"Oh, Ron. You never get over losing someone you love." I said, starting to panic.

"She needs-"

"No, I think I know what she needs."

Then Hermione walked down the stairs, because God was probably disappointed in me for lying.

"Hermione. I'm sorry." Ron said, rushing to her.

"About you?" Hermione asked confused.

"You need to accept it. I know it's hard, but accepting it is the first step to healing."

"But I'm not hurt Ron."

"She was your grandmum!"

"What?" Hermione asked furrowing her brows together.

"It's worse than I thought!" Exclaimed Ron. "She is dead Hermione, you need to accept it."

"Way to be sensitive, Ron." I snapped, and quickly walked to Hermione, linking our arms together. "Walk with me, honey." I said, walking outside of the portrait hole.

"Alright, what did you do?" She demanded.

"Just play along, if you don't Ron might murder someone, trust me on this."

"Tell me what's going on first." Hermione said. I shook my head. "Later. Come on." I said, muttering the password then walking back into the common room. Ron rushed over and enclosed Hermione in a hug. Hermione hesitantly hugged him back. "You going to be ok, 'Mione? I mean your grandmum, dead!" He said pulling away from the hug, his hands on her shoulders. Hermione looked at me, then to Ron. "I think I'll be just fine Ron." Hermione said in her best sad voice.

"You sure?" Ron asked.

"Yeah, thanks Ron." Hermione said, looking over at me with a quizzical look.

I nodded sneakily and gave her a thumbs up.

"You want to go to lunch now? It'll make you feel better." Ron suggested.

"It'll make you feel better." I laughed.

We walked to the Great Hall, there weren't many people there.

Then Malfoy and his gang walked in. I glanced at them, and saw Blaise nod at Hermione.

Well, crap...

I looked at Harry giving him a 'did-you-see-that' look. He nodded. "I told you.." I singsong-ed in a whisper. "Alright, you're right." He muttered to me, I smirked. "I can't believe you didn't tell me 'bout your grandmum." Ron said grabbing a piece of chicken. "Sorry," Hermione said, her eyes on the Slytherin table. "I didn't want to talk about it at the moment." She said in a dreamy voice. "Ok..?" Ron said confused. "Who are you look at?" He asked, watching Hermione's eyes. "The Slytherin table?" Fuck...

Hermione was trying to cover it up with stutters, but it didn't work.

"Who are you staring at?" Ron insisted.

"No one." Hermione tried.

"Bull shit!" I yelled. "Hermione, we talked about this."

"But it doesn't apply to me."

"Of course it does, that's why I said it!"

"But I'm not, or do I have intentions of dating a Slytherin."

"Lies." I spat. "You are going out with Blaise, I heard you two in the Library taking about being meant to be!"

A look of realization crossed Hermione's face. "We weren't talking about us."

"Oh really?" I asked.

"Yeah. We were talking about you and Draco."

"That's crap!" I yelled. "We sure as hell aren't meant to be, he is a sick bastard. I hate him!"

"Wait, what?" Ron said, confused now. "Hermione what's going on?" He asked, turning towards sighed. "You see, Blaise and I we met up today at the library because we were going to talk about Malfoy and Rose. We think they should get back together because they're meant to be and we see it." I rolled my eyes. "You guys should really drop this, you know?" I said rather calmly. "I mean, me and him are over Hermione. Alright? We're not going to get back together." "So Hermione's grandmother isn't dead?" Ron asked. I nodded. "She's not." "So I gave you a hug for nothing?" Ron exclaimed.

"It wasn't for nothing, you did it because you thought my grandmother was dead, you were caring for me, Ron. Thank you." Hermione smiled. I leaned over and whispered in Harry's ear: "Speaking of meant to be."

Harry cracked a smile, and nodded.

"Do you mean it?" I heard someone ask from behind me, his usually hard voice, soft and questioning. I pushed my eyebrows together in confusion.

"Mean what?" I asked, spinning around. I looked at his miserable face, and almost missed him. His grey eyes were empty, but sad at the same time.

"Blaise said that Granger said that you said you wanted me back."

I thought for a moment, seeing his face now almost made me want him back, then I came back to reality, where not even his smolder, no matter how it melted me, could cover up what he said.

"I don't miss you, and I don't want you back. You were a jerk, you paid for it." I scolded.

A/N: ANOTHER CHAPTER! WHOOT WHOOT! Tell me your thoughts, and I am totally grateful for all the reviews, and Missnothingx who just might be the awesome person of fan fiction right now. No joke.

Draco's eyes filled with disappointment and sadness. He nodded his head. "Oh, well I just thought-" "You thought wrong." I said in a cold voice. "Yeah, I did." He said then turned around. I turned around as well, Hermione, Harry, and Ron's eyes on me as I picked at some of my food. "He misses you." Hermione said. "It was all in his eyes." I shrugged. "I don't care." I said. "You do care, Rose." Ron piped up and said. "No, I don't." I shot.

"C'mon, Rose, we can suck it up, be with him, if you must." Harry sighed

"But I don't want to." I insisted.

"Why don't you agree to give him a second chance, then see if you really don't want to."

I opened my mouth to protest, but caught the look in Hermione's face.

"A second chance?" I asked. She nodded.

"Fine, I end up in detention for breaking his arm, or another part of him, it's your fault."

"Ok."

I sighed, and pushed off the bench, and walked to Draco. I tapped him on the shoulder. He turned to me, his eyes lighting up slightly when he saw me, my heart fluttered. Ok, maybe a second chance wasn't so bad.

"Draco, I'd like to give you... us a second chance, if that's okay with you."

Draco smiled a bit. "Alright, a second chance at...us." I nodded. "Ok, good." I paused. "So, I'm just gonna go now before this gets awkward." I said slowly backing away, giving a small smile to Draco before turning around and sitting back down at the Gryffindor was beaming at me. "Stop that." I said, staring at her. "Sorry, it's just that-" "Don't finish that sentence, please." I said, smiling on the inside as I picked at my food. Me and Draco were back together. Fantastic. I guess I had missed him. A lot more than I realized.



Draco was mine again.

I liked that more than I originally thought I would. I guess you didn't realize what you had until it was gone, and then it felt so good when you had it back.

"Now, Harry, Ron, I don't want to hear any complaining from you two, you urged me to do it as well."

"No complaining, like, at all?" Ron groaned.

"What if-"

"What if nothing." I said stiffly.

Ron's face fell. "Alright." He groaned. I smirked then looked at Harry. "Don't look like that. You told me to go and give me a shot." I pointed out. "I know I did." He said. "It just feels weird, again" I chuckled. "How?" Harry shrugged. "I don't know. It just seems weird, you being with Malfoy again." He said awkwardly. "Harry!" Hermione said. "How can it be weird, you dealt with it before." "I know, but I'm her brother and you know." "No I wouldn't know. I'm an only child." Hermione said. I chuckled, and grabbed Harry's hand.

"You'll be fine. It's not like he is going to murder you." I assured him, lovingly.

"Well now I'm scared you guys are going to plot against us!" Ron shrieked out.

"I wouldn't do that...willingly." I said defensively.

Ron laughed.

"So what's on the agenda for today?" I asked, knowing that part of my day was going to be spent with Draco...

Merlin it felt good to call him that again.

"Well," Harry said. "I have Quidditch practice, you can come if you want." I nodded. "Sure, I've heard a lot about you being a great Seeker." I said with a smile. "Great?" Ron said. "He's the best Seeker we've had at Hogwarts in a century!" He laughed along with

me. "Well, it's true." Ron said with taking another piece of chicken and taking a large bite you of it. "What time is practice, Harry?" I asked. "Um, I think 6." said Harry.

"Ok, I'll be there." I said with a nod.

"Bundle up, though, it gets cold." Harry warned.

"Okay." I nodded, remembering how cold it got at the Slytherin Quidditch practice, and that was in November, it was December now, and sure to be freezing.

"You want me to come, too?" Hermione asked, mainly to me.

"If you want to, you can." I said. "I might get lonely, and when it gets dark, I'll get bored, because I can't see them."

"Ok, I'll go then." Hermione smiled.

"Great!" I exclaimed with a huge grin. ~ At Quidditch and I really enjoyed ourselves and Harry and the whole team were bloody brilliant might I say. They were even faster than the Slytherins, not even to goof off once. Well, except Fred and George. Hermione cheered along with me as they got goals and Harry practiced with the Snitch. "They're amazing!" I said, clapping my hands. "Your brother is the best Seeker Hogwarts has ever seen, Rose. He broke the no first-years as Quidditch team members rule!" She said as she watched Harry zip around the field. "Really?" I asked, taken nodded."He is simply amazing!" I exclaimed.

Harry came up to us about ten minutes later, sweaty, and smelling God-awful.

"You need a ride down?" He asked.

"Does that mean get on the same broom as you? No thanks, I can walk down." I laughed.

"C'mon Rose, I'm trying to be a good big brother now, get on my broom."

"No thank you. I have two legs that aren't broken." I smiled, and ran to the stairs as his dripping arms tried to grab me, and put me on his

broom forcefully. I ran down the stairs, trying to escape him. And doing so successfully, considering I reached the bottom without a broom.

I did a little happy dance, as Hermione came down to join me and Harry swooped down to us on his broom. "Come on, Rose." Harry said holding his broom in one hand. "Let's go for a fly." I shook my head. "I'm alright, Harry." "Please. I'm going trying to be a good brother and let you try out a good ol' broom." Harry said patting his broom. I smiled. "No, I'm not the type of flying person." Harry looked at Hermione then back at me. "Come on, Hermione will go too." "I will?" She squeaked. "Can a broom even hold three people?" I asked, my brows pushing together.

"We can always find out." Harry said with a laugh.

"How about when you are clean and it isn't fifty below." I suggested.

"You're no fun." Harry said, jumping off his broom.

"Me? No fun? Surely you don't mean that." I pouted.

"Oh but I do." Harry smirked.

"Fine, I'll get on the back of your blasted broom, if that makes me fun." I said. Harry nodded, and helped me on the broom.

I held onto my brother's waist as he mounted onto the broom himself. I could feel my legs shaking. "Don't be scared." Harry said to me with a small laugh. "Yes, I wouldn't be scared by being i don't know how many feet in the air." I said biting my laughed and I shut my eyes closed as I felt my feet leave the air. My grip around Harry's waist tightened. "It's alright," He said. "Your fine." I opened one eye to see I was in the air, Hermione waving at us, she looked like a little ant from where I was. I laughed to myself about how high I was. "See," said Harry. "Nothing to worry about." "Except them." I said, motioning towards Fred and George, who were on their brooms flying toward us.

"Yeah, except them. Hold on. I'm warning you." Harry said, and flew upward.

"Holy Crap!" I screamed as we went fast through the cold air. The wind biting my face.

"Harry!" I heard Fred call. "Pass her over here!"

Harry laughed.

"No!" I squealed, scared.

Fred stopped his broom and grabbed me off of Harry's broom.

I squirmed around in his arms.

"You keep wiggling you fall to your death." Fred warned.

My arms latched around his waist.

"Give her back!" Harry hissed with a laugh.

"No, she's mine." Fred said playfully.

"No! She's mine." George said, grabbing me from behind.

"No! No, I belong on the ground, let's go there, shall we?"

They all laughed. George carefully handed me to Harry and him and Fred went down to change.

"You know, if Malfoy breaks your heart again, he's dead." Harry said, as we slowly floated down to the ground.

"I can take care of myself, when it comes to him."

"Then I don't feel like I'm doing a good job, you are my sister."

"You are doing just fine." I assured, and my feet touched the ground once again.

"Finally, the ground!" I exclaimed, as Hermione came running towards us, crashing into me with a hug. "Hey Hermione." I said with a laugh, hugging her back. "Hermione," Harry said. "You wanna go for a ride too?" He asked with a 's eyes widened and shook her head. "You know I'm no good on brooms Harry." She said, her

cheeks turning red."Neither is Rose, but she went." Harry pointed out,"Yes, but I'll pass." Hermione said. "We should get going, it's getting late and all." She said looking up at the sky. I nodded. "Yeah, let's go."We walked through the corridors. Me and Hermione walked behind the boys, talking of things the boys would hate listening to.

"You are happy you and Draco are back together." She observed.

"Yeah, but I don't think it'll last."

"You'll ruin it by saying that." Hermione scolded.

"Maybe it will, I don't know. I just thought I'd tell." I shrugged.

"Rose, you and Draco are so perfect for each other that it scares the both of you, that's why you two broke up, you are scared of feeling what you are."

"Hermione, we're are thirteen."

"Age is just a number." Hermione sniffed.

I rolled my eyes. "What about you and Ron, eh?" I said raising an eyebrow."What about me and Ron?" Hermione asked, blushing ever so slightly."Oh come off it, Hermione. You two both like each other, everyone can see it. I don't see why you both won't date already. You're perfect." I told her causing her to turn a deep smiled to herself. "Rose, me and Ronald-""-You and Ronald what? What excuse are you going to use Hermione?" I asked, turning my head towards her now."Me and Ron we're not perfect. We're just friends." She said and I scoffed.

"Yeah." I sighed. "And I don't have a nose. Everyone knows you guys are meant to be! Well everyone, except you two!" I exclaimed, throwing my hands in the air.

"Calm down." I heard a voice whisper in my ear, a hand finding it's way around my waist.

"Sorry." I muttered, turning pink, and turned to look at him. His grey eyes, looking down into my green ones. His platinum blonde hair hanging around his face, while my blazing red hair was tied back in a ponytail.

"I did miss you." He said sincerely.

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes, and to show how much I missed you, I was a-"

"You don't have to explain." I said, kissing him on the cheek.

Draco smiled at me and embraced me in a long hug. I buried my head into his shoulder and hugged him back. I could practically hear Ron making gagging noises at this and Hermione smiling. "I'm sorry I said those things to you." He muttered into my ear, causing me to shiver a bit. "It's alright, I'm sorry I punched you in the nose." I said feeling a smile creep onto my face. "It's alright," said Draco. "You can punch pretty well you know." He said pulling away from the hug and staring into my emerald green eyes that were just like my mum's and brother's. "I missed you, a lot." Draco said, taking one of my hands. I smiled. "I missed you too." "But, let's not talk about, now." I said.

"We don't have to talk about it ever again." Draco assured.

I smiled, and my cheeks turned slightly pink.

I looked behind me, and Harry, Fred, George, and Ron looked at me expectantly, Hermione was smiling at us.

"I'll see you tomorrow, hopefully without an audience." I said, and kissed him on the cheek.

"I'll see you tomorrow then." He said, and winked before walking away.

My heart protested angrily in my chest, screaming for him to come back, but I quieted it.

I smiled, and walked towards everyone else.

Hermione was smiling at me and I knew what she was going to say. I shook my head at her, with a small smile on my face. "Don't say it, Hermione." I warned. "What?" She said smiling. "I wasn't going to do or say anything." Ron scoffed. "Yeah, right did you see the look on your face?" I laughed as Hermione shot him a glare. "Well it was

adorable." She said her smile returning. "Course it was," Ron said with a roll of his eyes. "Anything couple-y is cute to you." Hermione blushed, but she soon regained her natural color. "Well ever couple-y thing is disgusting to you." She shot back. I sighed and walked ahead as they began to bicker. "They are bickering about couple-y things. We need to get the two of them together." I sighed, as Fred lay his arm around my shoulder.

"Well, Rose darling, we are not the people to talk to about this crap. In fact we could care less about it." Fred drawled. I laughed.

"Who else am I going to talk to, then?" I asked.

"I don't know, what about those foul girls who share your dorm?" George suggested.

"Those bitches? No thanks." I said, my nose turned up in disgust.

"Language, my pet." Fred said.

"What are you two on?" I asked.

"The usual stuff boys talk about." George said coming up from behind me. "Which is?" I asked. "I'm not a guy, you know." I said. "Girls, Quidditch, etc." Fred said with an identical grin that his twin wore. "That's the usual, my pet." he said as George patted my head. I laughed. "What kind of girls?" I asked raising an eyebrow. "Just girls in general or sometimes specific ones like...Angelina Johnson." George said now walking right beside me. I nodded my head, acting as if I cared.

"I see," I said. "Angelina Johnson, she your type?" I asked nodded. "Oh yeah, totally." "You know? I have a hard time believing anyone is really your type." I said with a chuckle.

"O, shut it, Rose. Your a third year and you've found love, why can't we?" Fred complained

"Because everyone thinks your weird." I suggested.

"Not weird, just better." George corrected.

"Better." I scoffed. "Now your sounding like a Slytherin."

"Aren't you dating a Slytherin?" Fred asked, with eyebrows raised

"Yes, and all his Slytherin friends are arrogant."

"Well, Rose hun." Fred began. "-that's because they're Slytherins." George finished, emphasizing the word Slytherin and ending with smile. I giggled. It was true, I suppose. I let the twins put both of their long arms around my shoulders and guide me to the common room, Harry, Hermione, and Ron not too far behind us. Once in the common room, I sat down in front of the fireplace which always calmed me the best. I threw my head back to see Harry smiling at me from the couch. "Hiya." I said with a smile that matched my brother's. "Hi." He said as Hermione and Ron sat down on either side of him, Scabbers and Crookshanks in their hands. I looked at Crookshanks who was a seriously ugly cat. Its face was all squished together, I couldn't see how Hermione loved that face turned down in disgust, my cat was beautiful, and quiet, and perfectly obedient, and didn't have a taste for anything except her food, and had never once had catnip, because when I was little, I had a serious talk with her about that, and how it was unhealthy. No joke.

"Rose, what's up with your face?" Ron asked.

"What's wrong with yours?" I shot back.

Ron blushed, and chuckled a little. "She's back."

"I never left." I smiled devilishly.

"I seriously wonder why you aren't in Slytherin." Harry laughed.

"Do you want me to be in Slytherin?" I asked, eyebrows.

"No!" Harry said quickly.

"Exactly, you couldn't live without me."

"I did, thought, for thirteen years." Harry pointed out.

"Only because you didn't know I existed."



Harry shrugged.

"But now you do," I continued. "And now you can't live without me." I said with a chuckle. "I suppose your right." He said. "Suppose?" I said, raising my eyebrow higher. "Alright then, you're right if that makes you happy." "It does." I said with a wide grin. "Thank you for agreeing with me." Harry smiled back at me. "You know what I want to know though." I said, Harry, Hermione, and Ron gave me confused looks. "Who was born first, me or Harry." "Good question." Ron said. "Well, now we have a new mystery." I said in a voice that showed I was thinking.

Harry smiled. "I feel older than you." Harry said.

"Just because you are my brother, which makes you a boy, which makes you feel superior."

Harry rolled his eyes.

"You could always ask someone." Hermione suggested.

"But who?"

"Dumbledore, McGonagall, Lupin-"

"Yeah, Lupin said he knew our mum! Maybe he would know." Harry said.

"We'll ask him tomorrow."

Harry nodded. "I bet I was born first," He said with a smirk. "No, I think Rose was born first, actually." Hermione interjected, smiling at me. "Thank you Hermione," I said. "What do you think Ron?" I asked, turning towards him. He shrugged. "I don't know, but I know that I'm hungry." He stood up. "Want to come with me to get some food?" He asked, looking around. "Why do you always eat Ron?" I asked, titling my head to the side. "Because I get hungry, duh." He said as if it was obvious. "But if I had to choose which one of you guys were born first, it was Harry." "Why?" I asked, offended.

"Because he is my best friend." He turned to Hermione. "Why do you think Rose was born first?"

"She just seems to have more control." Hermione shrugged, I smiled at her.

"No, everyone just treats her like a princess, that proves she is younger. That's the way it is with Ginny." Ron contradicted.

"But she is the only daughter." I pointed out. "I'm older."

"Your proof?"

"I don't have any, I just am older."

"Well, we'll ask Lupin in the morning." Harry said.

I nodded. "Yeah, in the morning." I said. "Now if you guys excuse me-" Ron began before I cut him off. "You're excused." I said with a rolled his eyes. "I'm going to go eat." He said leaving the common room. "I think he has ecto-metabolism." I said watching as Ron left the room. "What?" said Harry, biting his lip, confused. I was about to answer but Hermione instead explained, "Ecto-metabolism is when your metabolism is faster than usual, meaning that you can stay skinny and not get fat...like Ron." Harry nodded his head in understanding. "I see." "What time is it?" I asked.

"It's only seven thirty." Harry said.

"Really? It felt later than that. Come to think of it, I'm pretty hungry, too. Let's go." I said.

We got up and walked down to the Great Hall. Very few people were left there. The Gryffindor Quidditch team was still eating, as was Ron, and soon to be me, Harry and Hermione. There was no one else from other tables.

"Hopefully Ron hasn't eaten everything." I said with a roll of my eyes. Everyone laughed.

We sat down, and started serving our plates. I didn't get much, but enough to satisfy.

"I hope we aren't too late." Hermione said, as she ate.

"Will they kick us out if we are?" I asked.

"I dunno, maybe." Harry said with shrug.

"They'd probably just deduct points from our House." Hermione interjected. "Or that." Harry said, nodding his head in agreement with Hermione. "Should we go soon?" He and I nodded, while Ron munched, chewed, and swallowed his worries away. We all finished before Ron like usual, and once he was done we left the Great Hall and we were now climbing up the moving staircases. "Which one is the vanishing step again?" I asked, looking down at where I placed my feet. "Don't remember." Ron said. "Just be careful." "Ok, I wi-" I started, before falling. Ron laughed.

"That wasn't careful." He said in a singsong-y voice.

"Oh shut it." I grumbled, and we walked the rest of the way up to the common room.

I mumbled the password and walked in. I sat myself on one of the couches between Fred and George.

"Hullo, love." They said in unison, putting their arms around my shoulders.

"Hello." I smiled at them. "You know, Angelina Johnson is never going to go out with you if you start calling me love, and pet and things of that nature." I said, with a laugh.

"Well only one of us can go out with Angelina, so who ever she doesn't go out with, will keep messing with you." Fred said.

"Are you so sure that she is even going to go out with one of you? She might go out with your best mate, Lee Jordan."

"Lee, well he doesn't have the Weasley charm that we possess." George said.

"Charm? Yeah that's it." I snorted.

"Well," Fred said. "We have more charm than little Ronnie boy over there." He said nodding his chin in his younger brother's direction. "I have charm!" Ron shot back. "Course you do little bro." George said with a grin. "But we have more than you." Ron glared at his brothers

then turned away to talk to Hermione and Harry, I laughed. "Maybe one of you guys should ask her out." I suggested. "That's a good idea." "I tend to have a few of those every once and a while." I shrugged.

Fred and George rolled their eyes and turned to each other.

"I get her!" Fred yelled.

"No, I do! You are better at teasing Rose!"

"I pointed her out to you in first year."

"That doesn't count! That was-" George started to count on his fingers. "4 and a half years ago!"

"Well I'm smarter, I could've figured that out without using my fingers."

"I'm sorry, I didn't inherit Percy's IQ! I'm happy I don't have a part of Percy in me."

"That sounds wrong!" Fred yelled.

"I wouldn't have thought of that, you have a more perverted mind than I do, and you won't be a good influence on her!"

"No, I just have a sense of humor!" Fred shot.

"So I have no sense of humor?" George asked offended.

"No you do, just not as good as mine. And don't look at me like that, it makes you look gay!"

George's mouth dropped open.

"Boys!" I scolded. "Alright, when I said talk it out, I meant civilly. Now you need to shut it. That went a little too far."

"You're one to talk. What were all those names you called Malfoy?"

"That's different, he isn't my brother."

"I've never seen them fight like this." I heard Hermione mutter to Harry and Ron. They both nodded. "Now," I said. "be nice both of you. You're best friends and brothers." I pointed out. "Now apologize the both of you." George glared at his twin. "Why should I, Fred started it." He said angrily. "I started it?" Fred said, raising an eyebrow. "You started it!" He eyes widened. As both of them were screaming right in my ears. I bit my lip, to look at my brother, Hermione, and Ron for assistance. Hermione nodded her head at me, knowing I needed help."Boys," Hermione said in a calm voice."What?" They said in unison, turning angrily towards her."Your fighting over a girl? You've never done this before." I said, irritated.

"But-" George started.

"But nothing. There are plenty of other fish in the sea. No shut up."

"You know we were just kidding with you right? We would never fight over a girl, that's stupid."

I stood before them, opened mouthed.

"I hate you guys." I yelled.

"No you don't, you're just frustrated, it'll pass. You can't stay made at us." Fred laughed.

"Oh, yes I will."

"Don't be so stubborn, puss."

"Don't call me that, it makes me sound like a cat."

They laughed.

"You guys are such tossers." She said, glaring at fake gasped. "We are not tossers." George said as Fred nodded in agreement. I laughed. "Of course you guys aren't." I said with a smile. Harry and Ron laughed behind me, I then heard a smack and Ron and Harry yelp. "Shush up." Hermione whispered in a harsh voice, which caused me to giggle. "We're sorry we tricked you, love." Fred said with a grin."You better be sorry." I said. "I thought you two were for real with all of this,"

"We would never fight." Fred said.

"Yeah, especially not over a girl, how stupid is that?" George agreed

"I'm a girl." I pointed out.

"Yeah but we weren't fighting over you." George pointing out.

"Say you were fighting over me? Would it be stupid?" I asked, with a laugh.

"You are a tease, and a flirt, and I refuse to answer that question." Fred laughed.

"I wasn't flirting." I said innocently. "It was an honest enough question."

"You were flirting, darling, stop trying to deny it, we won't tell your boyfriend." George smirked.

"Hermione wasn't it an honest question?" I asked over my shoulder.

"Whatever you say, Rose." Hermione laughed.

"Is this the girl who was gushing about how good a couple me and Draco made, admitting to me flirting with other guys."

"I was kidding, Rose. Fred, George, get over yourselves, she wasn't flirting."

I smiled at her with appreciation. "Thank you, 'Mione." I said to her then turned back to the twins. "OK, new question. What if you were fighting over Hermione, would it be stupid?" I asked. I heard Ron and Hermione gasp from behind me. "Rose!" They shouted, causing me to smile. "Would we fight over Hermione George?" Fred asked, pretending to stroke a beard. "No, I don't think so Fred." said George. "I mean Ronnie pie would kill us if we did because she's all his." I laughed and turned to see Ron's reaction. He was red as a beet, that it was hilarious. Hermione smiling to herself, trying to hide her face with her bushy brown hair. "So Ron, you like Hermione?" I asked, laughing as if I didn't know.

"Shut it, Rose."

"It was just an innocent question." I said.

"I like her as a friend, there, you happy."

"No." I grumbled.

"To bad." Ron said, hiding his face with his hands.

"It is to bad that you can't admit your love for her." I said dramatically.

"Rose." Hermione said warningly, she obviously thought I was going to far. I rolled my eyes, and shrugged it off.

"I know you have dreams about her becoming Mrs. Hermione Weasley. I know it."

"Rose!" Ron and Hermione said in unison.

"Yes?" I asked.

"I think you should go hang out with Fred and George now." Ron suggested.

"That's what I was doing, but if you insist."

I smiled at them as they gave me glares and walked over back to Fred and George, plopping onto the couch in between them again. They laughed and ruffled my red hair. "Nice one, our pet." They said in unison. I giggled and shrugged. "Thanks, I guess." I said leaning back into the soft red couch. "Did you see their faces?" George said. "Priceless." Fred said nodding. "We're right here!" Ron exclaimed, waving his arms around making his presence noticeable to his older brothers. But the twins ignored him and kept rambling on, Ron glared at them then looked into the fire. "Oh, don't be mad because we revealed your secret passion for Hermione." I laughed.

"Alright, I'm going to bed." Ron said, pushing off the chair.

"Don't deny the truth!" I yelled after him.

"Yeah, whatever." He said, waving his arms.

"I'm doing you a favor." I called.

"Sure!" He yelled.

"Harry." I said, after Ron was gone. Harry leaned in to hear me. "I'm going to get these two together if it kills me. So, in being my twin brother, you should help me." I said.

"Depends on what you are asking me to do."

"Talk some sense into Ron." I said, smiling.

A/N: Another chapter up, I got a lot of reviews saying how much they loved Rose/Draco together, please don't get used to it, I like challenging the characters, and the readers, it makes it interesting, you have been warned.



"Alright." Harry whispered back to her. "And I'll talk some sense into Hermione, yeah?" I nodded. "Yup. Do I talk sense into him now?" He asked. I nodded. "The sooner the better." I told him smiling from ear to ear. "OK." Harry stood up. "Well," He said aloud. "I'm going to go upstairs. Night everyone." He said waving everyone goodbye before climbing up the it was only Hermione, Fred, George and I left in the common room. "Let's play truth or dare!" I said. Fred and George nodded. We turned to Hermione. "Come on Hermione, let's play truth or dare. Just for fun." The twins said with pleading eyes. "Fine, but not for very long." Hermione reluctantly agreed.

"Alright, I'll go first." I volunteered, as we formed a circle. "Hermione, truth or dare?" I asked. Hermione, who was really smart when it came to me and my schemes.

"Dare." She said, smirking at me.

I rolled my eyes, and looked at the ceiling, trying to think of something. I was going to play dirty.

"I dare you to kiss Ron." I smirked. Hermione turned red.

"He's not even down here." She muttered.

"That'll change." I smiled.

"RONALD WEASLEY, GET DOWN HERE BEFORE I COME UP THERE AND SKIN YOU ALIVE!" I yelled at the top of my lungs, Ron came out quickly, and stumbled down the stairs.

"What?" He asked, irritated.

"Hermione has something she would like to say to you." I said, smirking at them both.

Hermione gulped, and pressed her lips to his quickly, before pulling away.

"Hermione." Ron said. "What the hell was that for?" He asked angrily.

"Oh my God, Ron, that is the least romantic thing to say after a girl kisses you." I groaned.

"No, the worst thing he could've said was 'Ewww'." George said.

"Don't give him ideas."

Ron ignored what we said. He looked at Hermione, who was looking down at her feet. "Why'd you kiss me Hermione?" He asked again. "It was a dare alright!" She exclaimed, her head snapping up. She didn't wait for Ron to respond she pushed past him and walked up the stairs quickly. I shook my head at Ron. "What?" He said. "Are you mentally deficient?" I asked, raising an eyebrow at him. "No. I'm perfectly deficient." Ron said. "Why'd you are her to kiss me?" He asked. "Because you both needed it!" I exclaimed.

"No, we didn't. Rose, I don't like her like that." Ron insisted.

"You're lying." I accused coldly.

"So what if I am? Even if I was lying, which I'm not, then I could take matters into my own hands."

"No you couldn't have. You are to nervous." I countered.

"Rose, can't you keep your nose out of others peoples business?" Ron said quietly, and walked slowly upstairs.

"Ron." Harry groaned and followed him. I sat there, looking blankly at the floor.

"Rose-" George started.

"I'm going upstairs." I muttered quietly, and went upstairs. "G'night." I said, doubting they heard me.

"Rose." Fred called as I walked up the stairs, but I didn't answer. I walked to the door of my room to hear crying. I opened the door slightly and looked inside. Hermione's face was buried into her pillow and she was crying. "Stupid, Ron.." She said through her tears as she wiped them away but they kept coming. My face fell, one of my best friends were hurting. I watched as she cried into her hands, until I couldn't bear it. I walked into the room, rushing over and hugging her. "Rose?" Hermione said, sniffing.

"Yes?" I asked nervously, fearing I was going to get yelled at.

"Thank you. I needed that." She said, hugging me back.

"I ruined it." I said sourly.

"No, it opened my eyes, thank you."

"Well, then you're welcome."

Hermione wiped her face. "Ron's just a jerk."

"I bet he wants you to kiss him again." I smirked.

"I wouldn't be so sure. Did you see his face? He hated it."

"He was just in shock, he is probably squealing like a girl to Harry right now, trust me."

Hermione smiled, then soon faded. "I doubt it." She said sadly. "I really like him, Rose." She said, looking down. I smiled a bit. "You finally admit it." I said. "He likes you, Hermione. He's just being a thirteen year old boy, he probably thinks you kissing him gave him germs." I jokingly said to let out a small chuckle. "You know your the best right?" She said looking my way. I nodded. "I've been told. I bet right now is like 'Bloody hell, mate! Hermione just kissed me! Oh my wizarding god!'" I said in my best Ron laughed. "I'll talk to Harry tomorrow about it." I promised.

"What did Ron say to you? You seemed upset when you came upstairs."

"He said I should keep my nose out of other peoples business." I snorted.

"He shouldn't have said that."

"Yeah, well, he did, and it is over and done with now."

"But he still shouldn't have said it-"

"No matter how much it is true." I smirked.

"I wasn't going to say that."

"You were thinking it, well you're thankful that I'm alive, and as much as he hates to admit it, so does Ron. My work here is nearly complete."

Hermione smiled. "Of course it is, Rose." She said. "And when I'm done, Hogwarts will be a happy place...almost." I assured her. "How so?" Hermione asked, furrowing her brow. "You have to wait and see, Granger." I smirked at her. I stood up from her bed and walked over to my own, slipping under the covers. "But for now. I need sleep." "Good night, Rose." Hermione said. "Goodnight Hermione." I replied as I closed my eyes and almost instantly I fell into a sleep.~~

I woke up the next morning, and got dressed, this was the last day of the long weekend we had.

I trotted downstairs with Hermione. George, Fred, Lee, Ron, Harry, Seamus and Neville were already up, and talking.

"Morning boys." I sang.

"Morning Rose." They chorused back. I smiled at them.

"Hullo, love." George and Fred smiled at me.

"You need to stop that, I have a boyfriend, you know."

"We know, it's just fun to call you love."

"Of course it is." I mumbled. "Harry, can I talk to you?" I asked, Ron groaned, but let him up.

"Hermione admitted she likes him." I reported in a whispered voice.

"I tried to get something out of him, and he said there was no way in hell he didn't like her, but he didn't want to ask her out."

"Well why?" I asked.

"He said that it had something to do with not ruining their friendship."

"Oh my God." I groaned. "Ronald, get your butt over here." I growled.

Ron walked over nervously.

"I'm going to tell you something, Hermione wouldn't object if you asked her out, and it will not ruin your friendship, because it will last forever." I promised.

"Maybe I just don't want a girlfriend." Ron said.

"Just like you don't want food every two hours." I said sarcastically.

Ron opened his mouth to protest, but I didn't let him.

"How did you like that kiss last night?" I smirked.

"It was...nice."

I patted his shoulder. "You're welcome."

Ron blinked at me in surprise, his mouth hanging. "Y-you made her kiss me?" He asked. "No duh." I said in a 'wasn't-it-obvious' closed his mouth and shook his head at me. "You're officially insane, Rose!" He exclaimed. I smiled widely at him. "Thanks, Ron." Harry chuckled from beside me. "Can I go now?" Ron asked, crossing his arms over his chest. "No." I said. "And why not?" He asked, raising an eyebrow at me.

"You should ask out Hermione." I said.

"Uh-"

"She would be so happy, you have no idea. You guys are-"

"Perfect for each other, yeah, yeah, yeah."

"So you'll do it?" I asked excitedly.

"Maybe."

I smiled widely, and clapped. "This will make Hermione so happy!"

"Ok, now hush, I'd rather Fred and George not find out."

"Why?"

"They'd tease me about it, just wait a little bit, be patient, Rose, if you can manage it."

I rolled my eyes, and stuck my tongue out at him.

"And don't tell Hermione."

"No worries there."

I smiled as Ron walked back over to the others. I turned to Harry. "Success!" I said, happily. "Not quite, he still hasn't asked her out yet." Harry pointed out. "Yes but he will soon. Just you wait little brother." I told him, turning towards the others who were gathered around the fireplace. "I'm not your little brother." Harry's voice said from behind me. "We'll see about that once we ask Lupin." I said then walked over to my group of friends. I sat down in between Fred and George as usual. "Hullo, love. Glad you could join us." Fred greeted as he and George draped their arms over my shoulders. "Hullo sweetens." I laughed.

"Finally decided to play along, have you." George smirked.

"Better than fighting back." I shrugged.

"What's going on with our Ronnie Pooh?" Fred asked.

"I don't believe that is any of your beeswax." I sniffed.

"Oh, but don't worry, pet, it will be." George said in my ear.

"Not likely, you aren't going to get anything out of me."

"All in due time, love." Fred smiled.

"We'll see about that." I said with a smirk. "Why yes. Yes we will." George said with a laugh. "So, Neville. I hear you're going really well in Herbology." Hermione said with a smile towards the awkward, unlucky nodded and smiled. "Yeah, I am." He said proudly. "That's good." Ron said, he was sitting on the left side of Neville, Hermione on the other. "Rose," Fred said. "When is Ronnie Cakes going to

ask our little Miss Granger?" I shrugged and smiled. "How am I supposed to know?"

"You were just talking to Ron." George pointed out.

"He didn't say anything about it. Though I hope it is soon, she deserves it." I nodded.

"She deserves so much better than Ron." Fred laughed.

I laughed too. "Well, it's her choice."

"Who would've you chosen for her?" George asked.

"Ron, they are perfect for each other. Opposites attract. That's why I could never go out with either of you." I laughed.

"We talk offense to that." Fred nodded.

"Why?" I asked. "It means we are both clever, funny, sarcastic people."

"Well still. I think we would make a couple."

"Don't go there with me Fred Weasley." I laughed, knowing he was kidding. "And besides, it would be hell for the rest of the school."

"What about me?" George asked. "Same goes for you too, George." I said with a laugh, I looked at Ron and Hermione who were smiling at each other then turned away in a blink of an eye. I smiled at that sight. "Well what about you and Mal-" Fred began but I cut him short, "Don't go there." I said with a small smile, tugging at the ends of my lips. "Why not?" George asked, raising an eyebrow. "Cause I said so." "Bossy." Grumbled George.

"Yeah, you act like a queen." Fred said.

"Because, Freddie boy, I am the queen." I smiled, pinching his cheek.

"I'm not five. Don't do that." Fred said swatting her hand away.

I turned the other boys who were goofing around.

"Hey!" I yelled, they all turned. "I want to see Seamus beat Ron at Wizards chess." I smiled.

"Shut up, Rose." Ron grumbled.

"Oh c'mon Ron, be a good sport." Teased Seamus.

"No thanks, I'll pass." Ron said.

"Why?" Seamus said, raising an eyebrow. "Don't want to get beat again?" "You just got lucky." Ron said. "Or maybe I have more skill than you." Seamus said moving his eyebrow up and down suggestively. "I don't think so. It was pure luck, I'm the king of Wizard's Chess and I have been ever since first year." Ron pointed out. "You just don't want to be a sore loser, again." I rolled his eyes. "I'm just not in the mood to play alright? Maybe next time or later." "Like you'll say yes next time." I snorted. "Hey, Rose, I'm going to breakfast." Hermione said to me softly. I nodded at her.

Ron's eye followed her. "I'm going to breakfast." Ron said, following her like a lost puppy. He winked at me, and I gave him a thumbs up.

As soon as the Portrait door closed, I squealed.

"He's going to ask her out!"

"How do you know?" Harry asked.

"How do you not know?" I asked, rolling my eyes.

"Sorry." Harry said.

"Well before breakfast me and you need to go to Lupin and ask him about who is older." I said.

"If he knows." Harry nodded.

"If he doesn't, we'll ask Dumbledore." I said.

"Come on, let's go then." I said standing up. "Bye guys." I said waving at the guys then leaving the common room with Harry. I walked beside Harry, the halls were filled with students as me and



Harry made our way to the Defense Against the Dark Arts class room. When Harry and I got there, he slowly knocked on the door. "Professor Lupin?" Harry called into the Lupin appeared from the side, looking awfully pale and wrinkled. He gave us both warm smiles. "Ah, the Potters. How nice of you to come and see me." He said cheerfully. "What can I do for you both?" He asked. "You knew our mum and dad right, Professor?" I asked nervously. "Yes. Why?" "We were wondering which one of us was older. Me or Rose." said HarryLupin chuckled. "I thought I would be hearing that question soon."

"You do know, don't you?" Rose asked.

"Of course. Harry is older by three hours, ten minutes and 54 seconds."

"I told you!" Harry yelled.

"That's pretty exact." I observed.

"Of course, your dad would always remind me and your mother that his boy was older than his little princess."

"Is that what he called me?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm pretty sure he forgot he forgot your real name." Lupin replied.

I smiled. "I was his princess." I said smugly to Harry.

"Thank you Professor." Harry said. "No problem, I suppose you should get going to the Great Hall now." We both nodded. "Thank you again." I said as we left the room and walked down the halls. Harry smiling at me widely. "Wipe that grin off your face." I said as I picked up the pace in my walk. "I'm older by exactly three hours ten minutes and fifty-four seconds." He said smugly. "Yes. I remember Lu-Professor Lupin telling us just moment ago, Harry." I said rolling my eyes. "You were wrong." "I know. It's unbelievable." "So this is what it feels like to be right." Harry smiled.

"Yeah, don't get used to it." I said. "I was the princess though." I said.

"Yeah, but I was his little man."

"Well a little man doesn't get rescued by a prince." I said to him.

"A little man can get rescued by a prince."

"That's gay!" I yelled. He laughed.

"Only you."

"I didn't say it, I mean seriously Harry, you don't even try."

"It just comes out."

"And I twist it to sound wrong."

"I noticed." Harry grumbled. I smirked as we walked into the Great Hall, taking a seat with our friends. "So who's older?" Hermione asked as we joined them. "I am." Harry said proudly. "By three hours ten minute and fifty-four seconds." "I knew he was older!" Ron exclaimed his mouth full. "You know it exactly?" Fred asked, raising an eyebrow at Harry. "Professor Lupin told us now he won't stop repeating it. Just like our father did." I said with a roll of my eyes. "Old habits die hard, darling." George said, sitting me down.

I smirked. "But I was my dads little princess."

"And why doesn't that surprise me?" George asked.

"Old habits die hard." I quoted. He chuckled.

Then Draco and his group of friends walked in. I got up off my seat, and hopped towards them.

"Good Morning." I said sweetly, falling in step with Draco, and grabbing his hand.

"Morning." Draco said, kissing my head.

"How was your night?" I asked.

"Rather boring, yours?"

"Well, I am up to my match making."

"Heaven help us all." Draco smirked.

I rolled my eyes. "Ha. Ha." I said. "Well, who are you putting together?" He asked as we began walking down the Great Hall to the Slytherin Table. "Hermione and Ron." I said happily. "Really." Draco said, he then nodded his head. "I guess they'd be good together." "Draco they're perfect for each other." I corrected him, giving him a pat on the shoulder. "I suppose." He said. I rolled my eyes again.

"Boys." I scoffed.

Draco spun me around so that I was facing him, and looking down at me with smoldering eyes.

"Us boys, we aren't so bad you see." Draco said with a smirk, tracing my jawline with a soft finger.

"People are staring." I said, not taking my eyes off him to check if this statement was actually true.

"And?"

"And nothing. I'm just stating a fact."

"Thank you, you are a life saver."

"Hey watch it." I warned. "I'm sarcastic one."

"Whatever you say, love." Draco whispered, and kissed my cheek before walking to his table. I spun around, and sat next to Harry in a daze.

"Someone's happy." George said with his usual grin. I rolled my eyes and blushed a bit. "It's alright, our pet. You don't have to hide your happiness." "Who says I was?" I asked. "She has a point, Gred." "Because she's a clever one Forge." I looked to Harry, Ron, and Hermione to help understand the twins. "They do that sometimes," said Ron. "Mashed up their names together and call each other that instead." "Oh," I said nodding my head in understanding. "It's true-" Fred began. "-We do." George finished.

I smiled, and rolled my eyes.

"You are weird." I laughed.

"Well we would much rather be weird than normal." Fred said.

"Yeah, normal is boring."

"Well there is normal, which is boring, but there is a neutral area where you are a little of both. Neither of you qualify for that category."

"You're mean!" George accused.

"Take it like a man." I said, jokingly.

"How can I when it hurts to much. You really hurt my feelings, Rose." "I'm so sorry, I hurt your feelings." I said sarcastically. "The least you could do is say it like you mean it." Fred exclaimed, putting on a hurt face. I rolled my eyes. "I'm so sorry." I said in a meaningful voice. "You are forgiven." The twins said in unison. I rolled my eyes and chuckled. I looked at Ron and Hermione, to see if Ron had asked her out yet, cause they'd be smiling at each other, but no. Ron was staring at Hermione while she as eating, kind of creepy. Harry saw me staring and chuckled. "Don't stare," He whispered in my ear. "It's impolite."

"Well, how else am I going to find out if he had asked her our yet." I hissed back.

"I dunno, asking." Harry suggested.

I looked at him with an you've-got-to-be-kidding-me look.

"Are all boys stupid?" I asked with a laugh.

"What did I say?"

"You can't just ask someone if they've asked another person out yet when that other person is sitting right next to the someone they are going to be asked out by."

"Well...Wait, what?"

I rolled my eyes. "You supposed to be the oldest, yet you have no clue about what I just said. Older people are supposed to be smarter, Harry." I said. "Fred and George are right, your mean." He whined. I smirked. "But you can't help but love me can you?" I shook his head and sighed. "I'm supposed to love you because you're my sister." He said. "Still counts." "Course it does, Rose."

"Nobody can really not love me." I shrugged.

"Pavarti and Lavender don't." Harry pointed out.

"You are the best big brother in the world." I said, smacking him lightly on the shoulder.

"I know." Harry smirked.

I glanced back over to Ron and Hermione, Ron was talking quietly in her ear, and she steadily got more red, before nodding.

"Ron just asked her out." I said to Harry, smiling triumphantly.

"How do you know?" He asked.

"I just know." I smiled. "He just whispered in her ear, and she blushed, and nodded."

"That could mean other things." Harry said. "No it wouldn't. It means he asked her out and she said yes and now they're a couple. My work is complete now." I said, smiling still. "I guess it is. Now I'm the third, of our group. Everyone is dating except me." Harry said. "Why not date Ginny?" I suggested. "No. No thank you." Harry said quickly, his eye wide. "Why not?" "You wouldn't want to know." "One, she was obsessed with me last year, she also got possessed by Tom Riddle's diary, and Ron would skin me alive if I did. Mostly because of the last one."

"Oh, don't let Ron worry you, I don't think he could hurt a fly."

"When it comes to his only little sister, he could commit a murder, as could I." Said Harry.

I chuckled. "But you haven't." I pointed out.

"True, but it has been with a struggle."

"I'm sure, watching your younger sister date someone or be charged or murder. Decisions, Decisions."

"If you were in my position you would've contemplated causing harm to him."

"I took care of that for you though, didn't I?"

"I suppose you did, but I don't think it'll happen again."

"Speaking of Ginny," I said, with a grin. "The twins told me she wrote you a poem last year." I turned to Fred and George. "How'd it go again?" I asked. "His eyes are like fresh pickled toads." Fred recited. "His hair as black as a blackboard." George continued. "I wish he was mine, He's really divine." said Fred. "The one who conquered the Dark Lord." They ended in unison. I burst into a fit of laughter and Harry turned red. Good, thing Ginny wasn't at the table. "That...was...a...nice...poem." I said through my laughs. "Alright shut up." Harry said. "Harry, it's cute." I said with a giggle.

"No it isn't." Said Fred.

"Yeah, it's creepy." Said George.

"Besides, you really think we want her dating?" Fred asked.

"No, I guess not." I shrugged. "Well there is always..." I trailed off, looking around. "Well, you'll find someone."

"I'm sure, thanks Rose."

"Not a problem, Harry." I smiled.

"I'm just thankful our sister isn't the biggest flirt in Hogwarts." Fred laughed at me.

"No, that Slytherin girl who hangs on Draco, she flirts." George pointed out.

"Let me rephrase that, she is the biggest good flirt at Hogwarts."

"I am not a flirt." I shot back.

"Yes you are, and you know it." George said.

"It's true, Rose, you are the Scarlett O'Hara of Hogwarts, except you are successful getting the man you love." Hermione said, I knew what she meant, and blushed.

"I-"

"Rose, stop denying it."

I blushed and just began to eat my food. "Aw, Harry your sister is in love." Fred and George cooed. I threw a couple of pieces of my toast at them but Harry didn't reply, he just shrugged. "Your brother's in love." I murmured to myself, looking quickly at Ron and Hermione then back to my food. "What did you say Rose?" Fred asked. I shook my head. "Nothing, just saying how Ron is in love." I said, smirking to choked on his pumpkin juice. "I-what?" He said, wide-eyed. "Don't deny it Ron." I said with a smile.

Ron blushed, and didn't respond.

The rest of the breakfast was spent in an awkward silence.

I was outside in the snow with Draco, Blaise, Theodore, and Marcus.

We were throwing snow at each other, the target:

Me.

"Stop! Stop!" I yelled, laughing.

"You have to sound convincing." Draco teased.

"Please stop." I said, trying to stop laughing.

"No." Draco laughed.

"Please!" I said as one snowball hit me on the shoulder. "No we're good." Blaise said as he threw another snowball at me. I managed to dodge a few of the snowballs they just threw. I looked at them

pleadingly "Please, I surrender." I said putting my hands up. "Alright, guys stop." Draco said laughing still."OK." The boys chorused. "Thank you." I said, smiling as I was soaking wet with melted snow. "You alright?" Draco asked, walking towards me."Yeah, just soaking wet, and about to freeze to death."

"Don't overexaggerate." Draco laughed, and kissed my cheek.

"Merlin, you are cold." He said.

"No sht sherlock." I laughed.

"Don't be mean." He scolded.

"Yes, dad." I rolled my eyes.

"Don't call me that, it makes me feel old, and it would be weird if I were you're dad and we were dating."

"That would be weird." I nodded, kissing his red nose.

"Get a room!" Blaise called.

I rolled my eyes, I knelt down and picked up a handful of snow which was cold against my bare skin. I packed it into a snowball and threw it at Blaise, hitting him in the boys roared with laughter, pointing at Blaise. "Ow!" Blaise exclaimed as he wiped off the snow, his face red and wet. "That hurt." "It hurt when you guys hit me." "Well we're sorry." Draco said. "Mmm-hmm. You better be," I said, crossing my arms over my chest which was also wet with snow. "It really hurts, maybe you should get a snowball in the face too Draco." I said with a smile. "YES!" Theodore exclaimed, Draco shot him a glare. I picked up more snow, and Draco dove at me, so I landed, under him, in the snow.

"You suck!" I yelled, as he shoveled more snow on me.

"Stop!" I screeched.

"Are you going to throw snow at me?" He asked teasingly.

"No." I sighed. "Though I want to."



"Yeah, that'll make me stop." Draco rolled his eyes.

"Please." I said with pleading eyes. "My brother will murder me if I freeze to death."

"You won't, I won't let you."

"Course you won't." I said with a smirk. "Yup because I love you too much to let you die." My jaw dropped. He just said the 'L' word. He said he loved me, oh my wizarding god. "You just said you loved me, Draco." I said shocked kissed me. "I know." He said with a smile. ~~I ran up to my dorm room, bursting through the door to see Hermione doing her homework. "Rose what in the world?" She said, forgetting her homework. "Your soaking wet!" "I know but Draco he told me he loved me Hermione!" "Oh my god!" She squealed, smiling from ear to ear. "I know." I said, pacing excitedly, and nervously.

"Did you tell him you loved him too?" Hermione asked.

"No!" I said, sitting on the bed.

"Why not?" She asked.

"Because. I don't know! I don't know if I do love him! I like him a lot, but I'm not sure about love."

"Rose, you probably made him feel stupid." Hermione scolded.

"What was I supposed to say? I was so confused, I was so happy, but so unsure about what to say!"

"I'm not telling you to tell him you love him when you aren't sure."

"I know Hermione, I know. Don't tell anyone. Harry will lose it!"

Hermione nodded. "Of course. I promise I won't tell anyone especially Harry." She said smiling. "Thank you." I said walking over to her and giving her a hug. "How are things with you and Ron?" I asked. Hermione blushed. "We're fine. He uh asked me out in the Great Hall." "And you said?" "Yes." I squealed happily and hugged her tighter. "Yay! That's so awesome. My work is finally complete." I said laughed. "Thank you Rose. For helping me with Ron." She said

to me. I nodded. "Really, it was my pleasure." I said.

"Now, change into something dry, and we can talk some more."

"Yes, mum." I said with a roll of my eyes.

I changed into dry dark jeans and a pink sweater, feeling nice and warm.

"Alright, so how did he ask?" I asked, laying on her bed.

"He said, and I quote: So, Hermione, I think we'd look good together. You want to, uh, go out with me?" Hermione said, impersonating Ron, which, to tell you the truth, wasn't as good as mine.

"That was ordinary."

"How did Draco ask you out?" Hermione asked.

"He didn't. We kind of just started going out."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"Wow." "I know." I said smiling. "So when are you guys going to have a first date?" I asked. "I don't know. Have you and Draco had one?" She asked. I thought for a moment and realized that we hadn't had one "No, we haven't actually. Not an official one, anyway." "Oh." We sat in silence for a moment until I exclaimed. "OH!" I said clapping my hands. She looked at me confused. "What is it?" She asked. "I have the perfect couple name for you guys it's Romione. Yeah, it's awesome right?" I said my smile reappearing on my face. "No, I don't want one of the couple names, it's weird."

"What about Brangelina?" I asked. "That was cool."

"No, it was weird, I hate when they put people names together."

"What about Zanessa, and Nelenia, and Niley? Yes, they are awesome names!"

"No, it's weird when people do that. Besides, they were famous, and aren't going to last."

"They didn't." I smirked. "They never had a prayer, but you had to admit, clashing names like that is cool."

"No, it isn't." Hermione laughed.

"Yes it is, Hermione." I said laughing also. "To you maybe, but for me it's not." "I guess so...Romione." I said with a smile. "Shut up." Hermione said biting her lip. "Shut up about that alright?" "OK," I said with a smile. "Romione." I muttered under my I knew what was happening I was getting hit with a pillow in my face byHermione. That girl was pretty strong. I laughed. "I'm sorry!" I exclaimed. "You know you hit hard." I said, as Hermione held the pillow.

"Yeah, I don't hit to often, though."

"Yeah, I noticed that." I said, rubbing my face.

"Sorry." Hermione said, placing the pillow back at the head of the bed.

"It's fine." I shrugged. "Do you think Ron told Harry?" I asked.

"Knowing them, they can gossip like girls if they want to, so probably."

I laughed, and nodded.

"How was your day?"

"Good, I spent it with the Slytherins, almost getting buried in the snow by my boyfriend, who told me he loves me."

"Very out of character." Hermione observed.

"My thoughts exactly."

"You've really changed him you know that. Since you've came he's been very different, a whole new Draco Malfoy." Hermione said, looking down at her feet. "So I've heard." I said with a smiled. "But seriously you have. He used to be so mean and cruel, calling people

names. But now he's nicer." "Yeah I think I've seen the mean part of him when I punched him." I said giggling. "It was a good punch though," Hermione pointed out. I nodded. "Yeah, I suppose it was it was hard enough to make him bleed so it must have been a bloody brilliant punch."

Hermione laughed. "Harry was proud of it."

"Yeah." I laughed along with her. "I guess he was."

"Guess? I swear, if you hadn't been so broken up about the break-up, he would've been bragging about it all night. My little sister punched Malfoy hard enough to make him bleed." Hermione laughed.

"I'm sure." I nodded. "Shame I didn't break it, he would've been clapping."

"You are glad you didn't break it though now, right?"

"I don't know he buried me in the snow." I chuckled.

"He also said he loved you." Hermione pointed out.

"Oh, yeah. There is that."

"I wonder what would have happened if I did break his nose though." I said pretending to stroke a beard as long as Dumbledore's. "The guys would be having a party, that's what." Hermione said. I laughed. "They hate him that much that they would have a party?" I asked a bit nodded. "Oh yeah, totally." "Totally? No big fancy word? Wow. Hermione Granger using a Ron Weasley word." I said acting astonished. She rolled her eyes. "Shut up. What word do you want me to use then?" She asked and I shrugged. "Exactly." I suggested. Hermione shrugged. "Exactly then."

"That's more normal." I smiled. "Let's go downstairs." I said.

Hermione nodded, pushing off the bed, and practically running for the door.

"Slow down, there." I laughed, as I followed her down the stairs, as she tried to regain her cool.

I sat in between Harry and George.

"How was your time with the Slytherins?" Harry asked.

"Good, I got buried in the snow, but still, it was fun."

"By who?"

"Take a guess." I laughed.

"You know one day we should have a Slytherin vs. Gryffindor snowball fight." I suggested. "Yeah, cream those Slytherins with our awesome Gryffindor power!" Fred said happily. I laughed. "I think it'd be awesome. Should I ask them?" Everyone nodded. "Alright, I'll ask them later. I think it'll be awesome-tastic" I said smiling widely. "I get to hit Malfoy in the face with snowball, that is awesome." Harry said from beside me. He saw me give him a look. "Sorry." He muttered.

"Watch what you say." I warned with a laugh.

"I'll try. I'm still getting used to the Malfoy-is-an-okay-guy-even-if-his-goal-was-to-made-my-last-two-years-miserable."

"You are a drama queen." I laughed.

He stuck his tongue out at me.

"Put that back in your mouth before a fly poops on it." I said.

He rolled his eyes. "Wow." He muttered.

"Aren't you just taken away by her charm?" Fred asked, with a laugh.

"You guys are gits."

"Ouch, Rose, that hurts." Fred said, with fake pain.

"I'm very sorry, Freddie." I said giving him a small smile. "You are forgiven." He said. "Good." I said chuckling. "I want ice cream." Ron announced. We all looked at him and Hermione smacked his shoulder. "Ow. I'm just saying that I want ice cream." He muttered. "Well no one needs to know about your sudden craving for dairy

desserts." Hermione said with a roll of her eyes. "Ah, love." I said. The boys chuckled. "What kind of ice cream do you suppose the House Elves make?" Ron asked. "You think we could ask them? George, Fred you know where the kitchen is right?" "Ron you just ate!" Hermione exclaimed. "I know. But I'm hungry." "No shocker there." "We will go to dinner in an hour, do you think you can make it that long, Ron?" I asked mockingly.

"I don't know, we'll see."

We all laughed.

At dinner Ron ate all the ice cream he could get his hands on.

And I walked up to the Slytherin table.

"We, being the Gryffindors challenge you to a snowball fight." I smiled.

"And the rules?" Crabbe asked.

"You can have no more than thirteen players on your team, and if you get hit in the face, you're out, last one standing wins."

"Winds what?" Draco asked.

"The satisfactory of knowing you won." I shrugged.

"Alright," said Blaise. "You guys are on." "Great!" Goyle said happily. "I can't wait to beat the Gryffindorks." I raised an eyebrow. "We'll see about that." I said, giving them a smile then walking back to the Gryffindor table. "The match is all set." I said looking around at everyone who was eating happily. "What are the rules again?" George asked. "Only thirteen plays, you get hit in the face you're out of the game, and last one standing is the winner for their House." I explained. "Great. When are we having it?" Harry asked. "Oh I forgot to ask." "What about next weekend?" I asked.

"Why so much time?" George asked.

"Yeah, do you need to work on your snowball forming skills?" Fred laughed.

"Fine then, tonight." I said, standing up from the table again.

"It's tonight." I told the Slytherins.

They nodded, and started whopping. Draco caught my arm as I turned away.

"Good luck, love." He whispered. My heart skipped two beats.

"You too."

I walked back to my own House table with a smile. "We're all set for tonight." I said happily. "Great." said Ron, his mouth full. "Why you smiling like that, Rose?" He asked. "It's weird." I rolled my eyes. "You're weird." I said, I turned away from him then and looked at the others. "Who are the thirteen, well obviously the twins, Harry, Ron, Hermione, and I but who else?" I shrugged. "Let's ask." Fred said. "OY, Ginny! Yeah, do you want to be in our snowball fight against the Slytherins tonight?" He asked. "Yeah, sure!" The young redheaded Weasley said happily. "That's what? Six people now." Fred said. "Your welcome." "We can get Lee, Angelina, Katie Bell, maybe Neville and Seamus." Hermione suggested. "So that makes-" Fred started to count on his fingers, mumbling names to himself, "Twelve. Who is our final player?"

"What about Oliver? Oliver Wood." Harry suggested.

"Captain of the Quidditch Team?" I asked.

Harry nodded.

"I'm sure he'll be up for it." Fred said with a nod, getting up and walking over to Oliver. They spoke a few words, then Oliver nodded.

"We have our thirteen." Fred said happily as he sat down.

"Good." I smiled. "Let the games begin."

That night the Slytherins were standing opposite of the Gryffindors, everyone holding ready snowballs in their hands. I only recognized some Slytherins, like Draco, Blaise, Crabbe, Goyle, Theodore, and Pansy. The others all had evil smirks on their faces. "Ready?" I shouted. Everyone nodded. "OK, Game on!" I said and threw my

snowball, hitting a Slytherin in the shoulder. Snowballs were everywhere, some people getting hit in the face and leaving to watch at the side. Fred and George were throwing snowballs as if it was their job, and Ginny was doing a fantastic job for a twelve year old. Even Neville was impressive. "You guys are going down!" Fred shouted as he threw a snowball at Blaise, but only managing to hit him in the chest. "We'll see about that Weasley." One Slytherin I didn't know some miracle, Pansy wasn't out yet. Well, I was going to change that. I made a giant snowball, and barely managed to pick it up. "Fred! Help me!" I yelled, as he was chucking snowballs one after the other. "I'm a little busy." He called. I sighed, and tried lifting the snowball over my head. My arms wobbled but I threw it, it didn't go a great distance, but I had hit my target and now only Draco, Blaise, Theo, and Crabbe stood for the Slytherins. Fred, George, Harry, Ron and myself stood for the Gryffindors. Five against four, we can do this. Well Fred got Crabbe out after some difficulty, but Theo somehow got both of the Weasley twins out. I made sure he was done away with. He was. Ron tripped, and Draco got him out. So now it was two on two, Blaise and Draco against me and Harry, the Potters. I chuckled a snowball at Blaise, laughed as he started to choke on it, he was fine. Draco found this unacceptable, and aimed for me but Harry took a snowball for me, and now it was Me and Draco. Staring at each other.

"Ready to get hit in the face with a snowball, Draco?" I asked, smiling. "No, but I'm sure you are." He the same time, the two of us both picked up some snow, mounding it into two perfect snowballs. I threw mine at Draco but he managed to dodge threw his and it almost hit me but I dove down to the side, I grabbed some snow while I was down and threw it at Draco. I expected it to hit his shoulder cause I was at a low angle but it hit him in the face Gryffindors burst into cheers and all came around to hug me and pat me on the shoulder for doing so Slytherin's were huddled in a quiet little circle. I tapped Draco on the shoulder.

"I should get a prize for my victory." I said smugly.

"You get the satisfaction of beating us." Draco said, quoting me.

"Are you sure there is nothing else?" I asked, eyebrow raised.

Draco's eye caught mine, and smirked, he knew what I meant.



"Get over her." He said, I skipped to him, and looked up at him, and he wound his arm around my waist.

He pressed his lips to mine. I put my hands around his neck, and kissed him back. I could practically feel Harry's hatred, but I didn't care.

I pulled back slowly, looking up at him, my heart racing.

"I love you, too." I said.

A/N: Okay, I am positive this is my longest chapter! WOW! Alright, review! Because they make for one happy author (two in this case) Sorry for any grammar mistakes, I hate proof reading, so can we just ignore those slight imperfections. Love you guys. Thank you Missnothingx for everything you do!

Draco smiled down at me and pulled me into a hug. I could hear all the girls go 'aw' behind me, well only the Gryffindors because the Slytherin girls hate me. "They're adorable!" Katie Bell, a girl on the Quidditch team, said happily. "I know right?" Angelina Johnson agreed. I could also hear Ron making gagging noises. "Shut up, Ron." Hermione said, and Ron yelped in pain. I pulled away from the hug and kissed him on the cheek. "I'll see you tomorrow." I said, he nodded and I walked back to the Gryffindors the girls meeting me half way. "Girls." All of the boys groaned as we talked about Draco and I. "If anyone is a cute couple it is Ron and Hermione." I said, smiling.

"You guys are going out?" Katie asked.

"Since when?" Angelina asked.

"This morning." Hermione blushed.

"They are adorable, I always knew they'd be perfect for each other." I said.

Hermione blushed madly, and looked over her shoulder, to the boys.

"He is still there." I assured her with a laugh.

"I know that." She said. "Then you don't need to check over your shoulder every single minute." I said laughing. "Anyways, I can't believe we beat the Slytherins. And all thanks to you, Rose." Katie said giving me a smile and patting me on the shoulder. "It's no problem." I said. "I swear I was going to get hit." I admitted. "But you didn't! You were amazing." Angelina said. I blushed a bit. "Thanks."

"Do you know how disgusting that was?" Fred asked, running up behind me, and picking me up.

"You didn't seem so disgusted when we won." I laughed, as George came up and placed half my weight on his shoulders.

"That's because I hadn't seen you two yet." Fred said like it was obvious.

"Yeah, honestly Rose, it was vile." George said.

"And your brother is not happy." Fred asked.

"He has seen us kiss before." I said with a shrug.

"Well, he thought, and hoped, that it was the last and only time he would see that."

"Well, that's his problem."

"But it was disgusting, our pet, kissing that..." Fred said and shivered. I rolled my eyes at them. "Maybe you guys should stick to kissing on the cheek and that stuff." George suggested. "Will you guys leave her alone." Angelina said with a groan. "Yeah, I mean just because you guys don't have girlfriends and someone to snog doesn't mean you have to be allergic to see it." said twins stopped talking, for once. No witty remark but nothing. They just stared at Katie and Angelina. "Well I'm sorry I disgusted the two of you." I said, trying not to laugh, "I'm sorry my happiness is disgusting, so I just won't be happy."

"C'mon Rose, you know we're only joking." Fred said.

"No you aren't."

"So what if we aren't, if guys choose to do that in front of a bunch of people, we just won't watch."

"Look at you, using your brain."

"Shut up, Rose, or I'll bury you." Fred grumbled. I laughed.

"Sure you will." I rolled my eyes.

Fred exchanged a look with George, and before I could process what was happening, I was on the ground, and snow was being shoveled on me.

"Alright," I shouted, laughing. "Stop! Stop!" I said as the snow began to pile up on my legs. "I'm sorry what?" George asked as he and his brother continued to bury me in the snow, which was melting slowly. "I said stop!" I wailed. "Please." "You think we should stop George?" Fred asked, raising his eyebrows. "Maybe later." "No, now!" I said as I felt the bottom layer of snow on my legs begin to dissolve into

water and seep through my pants. "Your getting my clothes all wet."  
"Alright we'll stop." The twins said laughing and did as they said. I propped myself up on my elbows. "Thank you." Hermione helped me up, trying to stifle a giggle.

"Let's get inside before you freeze." She said.

"Go ahead, laugh." I allowed.

She laughed softly, and we walked onto the common room. I went up and changed quickly out of my cold, wet clothes and took a hot shower, letting the water cascade down my back and warm up my body.

I put on fuzzy green and pink socks, and sweat pants, and a red and black tank top, and put on an oversized grey sweatshirt, and went downstairs.

"There she is!" George yelled, and walked up to me happily, his arms open for a hug.

I hugged him back, more than a little confused, then I understood as a ball of ice dropped down my back. I screeched loudly.

"Bloody git!" I yelled, and smacked him as I tried to get the ice out of my shirt.

"What the fuck was that for?" I yelled, punching him on the arm. George shrugged. "No reason." He said then smiled from ear to ear. "So you put a snow ball down my back for no reason at all so you can have a laugh out of it?" I asked, my back wet from the snow. "Yeah, pretty much." George answered. I rolled my eyes. "I'll get you back for that you know that right?" I said. "Sure..." "I will!" "I'm so scared." George said in fake fear.

"As you should be!" I said, pointing angrily at him. "God, this is freezing!"

"That's the point dear." George said looking at me.

"I hate you." I grumbled, and went to sit next to Harry. "I hate him." I informed.

"I know." Harry nodded, and patted my head.

George sat next to me like he was forgiven. I pushed his face away.

"Bye." I said.

"Don't be mean." George said, leaning in again.

"I'm still mad at you." I said, pushing him again. He then licked my palm. "Ew! You're so gross! I can't believe you just did that!"

I made a disgusted face and began to wipe my hand on Harry's arm. "Ew. Ew. EW!" I said as I wiped continuously on his arm. "Ew, don't wipe his saliva on me!" Harry said he wiped his arm on the chair behind him, he made a disgusted face just like mine as he did so. "Ugh, that's disgusting." "I'm not disgusting!" George said. "Yes you are." I said giggling. "Do I need to lick you face next?" George said raising an eyebrow with a smirk on his face. I shivered. "No, ew." I said. "Fred! C'mere and control your brother!" I yelled, and hid behind Harry. "Lick him if you must!" I squealed. "No, that would be gay." "Then why are you refusing?" I teased. "Alright, come here! I can put up with you, but you crossed the line." "But sweetheart, I didn't know there was a line." I said innocently. "You know what I have to say to that?" George asked. "What?" I asked, peeking over Harry's shoulder. "Bullshit!"

Harry let out a laugh. "Why you laughing, Potter?" George asked. "This time I'm not trying to be funny." "Oh my," I said with fake shock. "You're not trying to be funny? Are you feeling alright George?" I asked, leaning forward and placing my hand on his forehead. "You're temperature is fine.." "Ha, ha very funny." George said rolling his eyes and moving my hand away. I smiled and Fred came down. "What do ya need, love?" He asked, standing next to his twin. "Tell him to stop licking me." I said, shooting a glare at George. "He's like some dog." I made, wrinkling my face. "Nice one, bro." "It's not funny!" I yelled, smacking Fred on the shoulder.

"Calm down. It is funny, you just don't get our funny."

"I think I get it just fine, thank you." I said with a nod.

"No you don't, or you would've thought it funny." Fred said.

"How would you like if I licked you?" I asked, raising my eyebrows.

"Depends on where." Fred said with a evil smirk and a shrug.

It took me a moment, then I got it.

"Oh, ew! You are nasty!" I yelled.

"Thank you." Fred nodded.

I rolled my eyes as I heard Harry let out a quiet chuckle. "You guys are disgusting." I complained and leaned my head on Harry's shoulder. "Of course we are. Just like you and Ma-" George began but I cut him off quickly by throwing a near by pillow at his face. "Shut up, you bloke!" I said my face getting hot. I saw Harry tense up a bit, I rolled my eyes. "Oh, relax Harry. It was just a kiss." "Yes but right in front of everyone.." He muttered. "Which is what a lot of people do. They kiss in front of others." I pointed out. "But-" "No buts." I said. "You are my younger sister. I'm supposed to hate your boyfriend whether or not I hated him before you were dating."

"Which you did." I said.

"Yes, and am highly against you two dating."

"I know that, and as you know, as much as I love you, we are going to keep dating."

"Unfortunately." Harry muttered.

"You'll grow on the idea."

"Doubt it."

"Don't be so...close minded, you have to give it a chance."

"I have, haven't grown on it yet."

"Maybe you are just stubborn."

"You can be stubborn too, you know." Harry pointed out. "It's a Potter thing then." I said with a smile and Harry nodded. "Now try and not be stubborn and with the fact that Draco and I are dating. D-A-T-I-N-

G." Suddenly I felt something collide with my head. It was the pillow I threw at George. "Revenge." He said smirking. I laughed and put the pillow on my lap. "I know you guys are dating," Harry sighed, resuming our conversation. "But he's my school nemesis I need to hate him extra for dating you. My little sister by three hours ten minutes and fifty-four seconds." I rolled my eyes. "You didn't need to add the time by how much younger I am you know?" I said. "I know but I love bugging you." I rolled my eyes. "I'm tired." I said, and pushed off the couch. I kissed Harry on the cheek.

"Love you." I said, and walked right passed Fred and George without saying goodnight.

"We feel loved." They said in unison.

"That's me. Showin' the love." I said smugly. "Goodnight Ronald, Hermione. Don't stay up to late." I said with a laugh. They nodded to me.

"Crazy kids." I laughed.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "I'll be up soon."

"Okay, I may be sleeping." I said to her.

"Doubt it. You think early is eleven."

"In most cases it is. I'm cold, and I just fought in an epic snowball fight. I'm exhausted."

"Alright, then." Hermione said. "Night.""Don't let the bed bugs bite!" The twins said to me in unison again. "G'night." I said then trotted up the stairs and collapsed onto my bed. I fell asleep instantly.~~I woke up to Hermione's soft snores. I opened one eye and looked over to her four-poster bed. Her back was turned to me and her body was heaving up and down. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. "Hermione, wake up." I said groggily and I blinked a few times to adjust to the new lighting. Hermione was a light sleeper so it was easy to wake her. She turned on her side to look at me, she was awake. "Morning.""Morning.""Ugh! We have classes today!" I groaned, falling back on the pillow, I was still insanely tired.

"Yes, so we have to get up. Come on." Hermione said, pushing off the bed and walking into the bathroom.

I didn't get up, I just lay there, half thinking about going to sleep again. But I was too awake to fall back asleep, yet too tired to get out of bed.

When Hermione came back in, she rolled her eyes, and looked in my trunk for my uniform. She put it neatly on the foot of my bed.

"Now go take a shower while the water is still warm." Hermione said, as she brushed her curls. I nodded groggily and finally did get up.

I took a shower, it was a long one, too. Now Lavender and Parvati had cold water. Ha ha.

I changed and went downstairs to find Harry, Fred, George, Neville, Seamus, Lee, and Dean all lounging on the couches.

"Hullo boys!" I called with a smile, sitting next to Harry and Neville. "May I ask what you've all done with my best friend and her boyfriend?" I asked.

"They're down in the Great Hall, Ron couldn't wait any longer." Harry said.

"Morning, Rose." The twins greeted, finally noticing my presence. "Don't say morning to me, I'm still mad at you." I said then turned back to Harry. "I'm going down the Great Hall. I'll see you guys there, later." I said then walked out of the portrait hole. I was half way to the Great Hall when Draco walked over to me. "Hey love." He said kissing my cheek, then began to walk beside me. "Hullo." I said happily. "You ready for classes?" He asked. "No." I groaned. "It'll be fine." Draco chuckled.

"It's been so nice not having classes. I can't wait for Easter Break."

"I can, because I'm going home then."

"Oh." I sighed. "Well, then I can deal with classes."

Draco laughed, and kissed my cheek.



"Get a room, will you?" I heard a voice call.

"Shut up Fred, I'll smack you!"

"Of course you will." Fred scoffed.

"Watch me." I muttered, and walked up to him, smacking him lightly on the shoulder.

"That didn't hurt." Fred laughed.

"I'm sorry, did you want it to?" I asked.

"Maybe." Fred said with a smirk. I rolled my eyes. "Why don't you just go get your food and make fun of your brothers or Ginny?" I suggested. Fred shook his head. "Nah, I'm good. Making fun of you is much better than making fun of my own siblings." He said his smirk turning into a grin. I shook my head and turned around. I walked a few steps towards Draco before turning my head around. "Goodbye Fred." I said then walked back to Draco. "What was that about?" He asked as I rejoined him. "Nothing. Just Fred being you know, Fred." Draco rolled his eyes, and chuckled. "He is...never mind."

"Annoying, frustrating, a constant headache." I supplied.

"All of the above." Draco said. I laughed, and nodded.

"His brother licked me last night. It was nasty." I said, making a disgusted face.

"Shut up, Rose, you know you like it." George said from behind me.

"Go away." I said, walking a little faster.

"No thanks." George said, catching up with me.

"It wasn't an option, you Weasley's are annoying. Remind me never to spend a summer at your house."

"You know you don't mean that." Fred laughed, messing up my hair.

"So what if I don't? You two are annoying me right now."

"You know we would stop if you had a better taste in boyfriends." George laughed, sitting down. I felt Draco tense next to me, biting back an insult.

"Like one of you?" I asked sarcastically.

"If that's what it takes." George shrugged.

"Like that'll ever happen." I scoffed. "Maybe it will." George said moving his eyebrows up and down suggestively. I rolled my eyes. "I thought you guys had another girl in mind." My gaze flickering to Angelina for a second then back to the shrugged. "We can settle for you." I could see Draco was really tense, he looked almost rigid. "I think you're worrying him." I said nodding my head in Draco's twins chuckled. "That's what we are supposed to do. Annoy, worry, etc." They said in unison. "You guys suck!" I groaned, and walked away. "Don't worry." I told Draco. "I'd never go out with one of those two, they annoy me too much."

Draco smiled slightly. "Good."

"I wouldn't want to be the girl who murdered her boyfriend, so I'm going to stay away from them."

Draco laughed, and kissed my cheek, wrapping his arm around my waist.

"Ew!" Fred and George chorused from a few yards away.

"Get used to it!" Draco called, and laughed. "Sit with me today?" He asked in my ear.

"Sure." I said happily.

"I really need to get away from Fred and George." I said as we finally made it to the Great Hall. I walked straight past my House table and over to the Slytherins. "Welcome back, Rose." Blaise greeted me, as I sat down next to Draco. "It's good to be back." I said with a smile, I heard Pansy let out a 'humph' from beside Goyle. I let out a quiet chuckle. "We have Potions today." Draco said at random. "Yes, my House getting 50 points taken away just for

breathing, how pleasant." I said fake chuckled. "Don't worry, your breathing is the reason he gets paid."

I laughed, it was true. I nodded. "You're right."

"I always am." Draco shrugged.

"Of course, mate." Blaise laughed.

"I am." Draco defended.

"You said we were going to win the snowball fight. And what didn't we win again?" Blaise asked.

Draco mumbled something.

"What, I-I didn't hear you?"

"The snowball fight!" Draco said grumpily.

"That's what I thought." Blaise said smirking at his mate then began to eat his food. "You also said-""Shut up, Blaise." Draco said grumpily. I giggled. "What's so funny?" He asked me. "Nothing." I said. "I wasn't laughing." I said smiling innocently. "Course you weren't." Draco said rolling his eyes. "I wasn't." I turned to Blaise, Crabbe, and Goyle. "Was I laughing?" I asked them, looking at them, telling them no with my all shook their head. "No." They said in unison. I smiled satisfied. "There, see." "Though, I'm curious." I continued. "What else did you say?"

"Curiosity killed the cat." Draco said to me.

"But I'm not a cat, now am I?" I asked, and looked back to Blaise.

"What else did he say?" I asked.

"He said he'd never go out with again, after you punched him."

"Well, he was wrong about that." I said.

"I know, I know, I've been wrong before."

I gasped "Did Draco Malfoy just admit he was...wrong?" I asked.

"Yeah, very funny, ha ha."

"Come on, lighten up." I said smiling at him. "Turn that frown upside down, Draco." I said taking the corners of his mouth with my fingers and turning them up into a smile. "Let go of my mouth." He said as his friends laughed. I let go, making his mouth drop. "Thank you." "Your welcome." I said. "When do we get to class?" Crabbe asked. "Soon." Blaise said. "It's almost agonizing, the wait for classes, knowing you are going to die of boredom. It's almost like waiting in line to be hung. Except they don't tie a rope around your neck in classes, and you don't die, and we don't wait in line." Crabbe said.

"Yeah, it's exactly like being hung." I said sarcastically, with a roll of my eyes.

"Now is not the time for sarcasm." Crabbe scolded.

"Yeah, because we are about to be hung, except we are going to sit in classrooms and listen to teachers talk." I rolled my eyes again.

Crabbe grumbled something under his breath that I didn't catch, and I smirked to myself as I took a bite out of my eggs. We all waited a few more minutes in silence until Draco spoke up. "You guys want to go now?" He asked, looking around at all of us. Everyone nodded and we all stood up. I looked at the Gryffindors and waved at them, and walked out of the Great Hall with the Slytherins to go to Potions. During Potions, it was the same even after break. Snape going on and on about how incompetent we are and that we, Gryffindors, should be more like the Slytherin who were perfect. I rolled my eyes and added something to my potion. "Greasy git." I muttered under my smirked next to me.

Right when I felt I was about to explode from hatred, boredom, and all the words I've been dying to say to Snape, we were dismissed, and I was relieved.

"I swear, he said one more words about how stupid Gryffindors are, I was going to say 'At least Gryffindors take showers.' which would be weird considering my boyfriend is a Slytherin, but still!" I vented on our way to Divination, which I wanted to quit.

That class was always a laugh, this was the only time I think I ever saw Hermione being bitchy.

I hated this class, and thought it was stupid, but I took part in it because I wanted a good grade, and I think that was the same thing that kept Hermione in this class.

I stared blankly into the crystal ball, not sure what I was supposed to be seeing. But all I was some weird mist that was there when I had gotten there. "This is so stupid." I groaned to Hermione who was looking into the crystal ball next to me. "I know, completely ridiculous." She huffed. Soon Trelawney came by towards me and Hermione, her bug like eyes staring at us. "Have you girls seen anything?" She asked, hopeful. Hermione shook her head. I nodded. "Yes I have." I said. "Oh, good!" She clapped. Hermione gave me a confused look. "What did you see?" She asked, smiling. "That white mist." I said and Trelawney's smile turned into a frown.

"Oh girls, just keep working at it." She sighed, showing that she thought we would never get it.

I rolled my eyes, "Yes Hermione, let's keep trying, because we are going to see something out of the ordinary."

Hermione smiled a bit and laughed quietly.

"Shhh, Hermione I'm concentrating." I scolded with humor in my voice.

Hermione giggled madly.

"Hermione, hush."

But she didn't, she kept laughing, though it was quietly.

I smiled a bit. "Wait!" I said. "I think I see something." I put a finger to my forehead and put on a concentrated look, staring at the crystal ball. "I see...I see.." I relaxed and put my hand down. "Nothing cause this is utterly stupid. What are we supposed to see, anyways? A monkey eating a banana?" I asked, let out a quiet laugh. I looked over at Harry and Ron who were behind us. Harry was looking blankly into the crystal ball, as Ron looked as if he were sleeping.

"Have you guys seen anything?" I asked them. "No," Harry said. "Have you?" "Yes, mist." I said as Hermione giggled in the background.

"Merlin, this is boring." I groaned quietly. "And it's stupid."

Hermione nodded.

"Alright students, put away your equipment, and you are dismissed." Trelawney said. I all too eagerly put my crystal ball on the shelf, and left the room.

"Talk about cruel and unusual punishment." I groaned to Draco as we walked out.

Draco chuckled and nodded. "You either see something or you don't, you can't force it upon us."

I laughed. "If only the wack job knew that."

"Unfortunately she doesn't."

I let out a small laugh. "I wonder if anyone can really see anything." I looked at Draco for a minute. "I wonder when her prediction of Harry dying is going to come true or not. Hmm.." I said. "You want your brother to die?" He asked, fake gasping. I rolled my eyes. "Of course not. I'm just saying she predicted it-which I'm not saying she's a Seer or anything- but I wonder if it will come true." I said with a sigh. "I bet not." Draco said chuckling. "Yeah, I guess your right." I said.

We walked into Defense Against the Dark Arts and took our seats. Professor Lupin talked about redcaps, and I attempted to listen, I really did. Professor Lupin was my favorite teacher, and I really wanted to listen. But I was easily bored.

I took notes, and read, but didn't truly pay attention to what I was writing and reading. I sighed, and finished. I put my quill down, and looked over my notes again. I looked to my right and Harry sat, doing the same as I was.

I smiled at my brother, and he looked up, as if he knew I was looking at him. He smiled back and winked at me. I really loved my brother,

no one understood me better. No one knew me like he did. He really was my only family left. The last one who had the same last name as me, and the same family tree.

I looked over to my left and jumped to see Hermione. She wasn't there a minute ago.

"Where were you?" I whispered.

"I was here the whole time." Hermione whispered back. "No you weren't." I whispered to her, knitting my eyebrows together. "You were never here, Hermione." "Yes I was. Maybe you just didn't see me." She said then began to scribble down on her parchment. I looked at her for a while then turned my attention back to the front of the classroom, as I gazed out the window. Hermione hadn't been there before. I didn't see her, right? I mentally shook my head, of course you didn't that's why you didn't notice her come and sit next to you. "Harry," I said, still hung up on Hermione sudden appearance. "Hmm?" "Was Hermione here when we came in?" I asked, quietly. "No." Harry shook his head, and looked over my shoulder. "Hermione when did you get here?" He asked.

"I've been here since the beginning of class. Just because you two aren't observant doesn't mean I wasn't here." Hermione said stiffly.

I knew she wasn't there, but I let the subject job, and shrugged to Harry.

After class I walked with Harry, Hermione and Ron to lunch. I groaned as I sat down.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked.

"I was so used to doing nothing." I said, putting a sandwich on my plate.

"And know you have to think." Said Harry with fake sympathy.

"Yes." I groaned again.

"I don't like thinking." I said as I took the sandwich in my hand. "Me neither." said Ron his mouth already full of food. He swallowed. "I would love to get a first year to do my homework-" "Ron! You can't just

make someone do your work for you!" Hermione said sternly, giving him a serious look. "We're supposed to be setting an example for them." "Yes, Ms Granger." Ron mumbled as he took another bite out of his food. "Anyways, did you see Trelawney in Divination? She's a nutter I tell you, probably doesn't even have the gift of a Seer. All rubbish." He said as he chewed. "Yes, it is." Hermione said, looking at Ron in disgust. "Hermione Granger thinks a Hogwarts class is rubbish! Someone call the Daily Prophet!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, shut it." Hermione said, "Everyone agrees that class is stupid."

"Still, I never thought I would hear that out of your mouth." I shrugged.

Hermione shrugged.

"Okay, so Hogsmeade weekend coming up. Which I don't get, but I'm not arguing. Who's going?" I asked.

Everyone around me put their hands in the air, even Harry.

"Harry, you can't go." I said, "Don't get me wrong, I want you there, but you aren't aloud."

"Rose Potter following the rules?" Hermione said. "Someone call the Daily Prophet."

"Ha ha, very funny, using my own words against me."

"Because that'll make us look sane." I said.

"Rose, if anyone thought you were sane, you disproved that long ago." Harry said.

"You suck." I said playfully, sticking out my tongue.

"I know." Harry shrugged.

I groaned, and rolled my eyes.

"Hello, Rose, darling." Said the twins, sitting on either side of me, scooching Hermione and Harry out of their way.



"Hello." I smiled.

"You guys ready for Hogsmeade?" I asked, smiling from ear to ear. The twins nodded. "Oh yeah, of course. We get to throw snowballs at other Houses and not get in trouble because no one is watching us." They beamed at me. I chuckled. "That's actually a great idea." I said. "Who are you guys thinking about targeting?" I asked. "Slytherins, of course." They said in unison. "Hey, Hermione." I heard Ron say. "You want to go to the Three Broomstick with me? For Butterbeer, without Rose." He asked, looking at me to give me the hint. "Aw." I said. "Don't worry Rose, you can be with me and George while Ron and Hermione snog in some dark corner." Fred said.

"Yay me." I said sarcastically, while Ron and Hermione turned red.

"Don't say it like that." George scolded.

"I can say it however I like."

"Yeah, George. Merlin, you are like her father." Fred said, putting an arm around my arms.

"Paws off." I hissed playfully at him.

"Of course, love." He smiled.

I let out a chuckle and rolled my eyes. "Do you always have to call me 'love'?" I asked, looking at them with a small smile on my face. The twins nodded. "It's your nickname for us." George said happily. "Yes, because we just love you so much." Fred said and ruffled up my hair. I groaned and fixed my hair. "Oh, I feel so loved." I said smiling. "Say it like you mean it." George said. "Then stop acting like my father." "I didn't think we were acting like your father." Said Fred, wearing a confused look on his face.

I just rolled my eyes and chuckled quietly.

"How many classes left today?" I asked with a half groan.

"Two. Charms and Transfiguration." Harry answered.

"Lovely." I muttered, and continued to eat.

I sat in the common room, scratching away on a piece of parchment with my quill. I was alone in the common room, except for two fifth years that I didn't know snogging in the corner, but they were quiet, so I didn't have any complaints.

I finished my Charms essay, and put my homework in my bag.

I sighed, and leaned my head on the back of the couch.

"Hello, there." Hermione greeted as she took a seat next to me. I turned my head in her direction and smiled. "Hello." I said. "I'm guessing you just finished your homework as well." Hermione nodded. "Yes, it was quite easy." She commented. I rolled my eyes and my lips curled into a smile. "That's because you're the brightest witch of the age. Of course it would be easy for you." I told blushed. "You ready for your date with Ron?" I asked, moving my eyebrows up and down suggestively. "I'm a bit nervous." Hermione told me truthfully. "Don't be." "Well, of course you say that."

"And that means?" I asked.

"You've been on dates."

"Hermione, listen to me, how long have you know Ron?"

"Two and a half years."

"He is still the same Ron he was when you met him, with minor changes, and hormones. He is just Ron, be yourself."

"Well-"

"Well nothing. It'll be good, and fun, and you'll survive, trust me."

Hermione stayed silent for a bit, chewing on her bottom lip. "Alright. I'll be myself." She said, her cheeks turning a tad pink from what I saw. "The only difference now," I continued. "Is that you guys are dating. Other than that there is nothing particularly different about going to the Three Broomsticks with him." Hermione nodded and drew a breath. "OK." She said still nodding her head, and I smiled. "It's just like we're hanging out, right?" I nodded. "OK, I can do that." I laughed. "Your psyching yourself out." "I know!" Hermione said,

running her fingers through her bushy brown hair. "But I mean-I don't know how to explain it..." "You don't have to, I understand." I assured her, putting a hand on her arm.

"You do?" She asked.

I nodded. "Or do you forget I have a boyfriend?"

"No, I didn't forget that."

"Good. I don't think anyone could forget that."

She smiled. "Remember when boys had cooties." I laughed, "Now we are sitting here talking about boyfriends."

"We knew it had to happen someday."

"Sooner than I expected."

Hermione shrugged. "Oh well, I'm not complaining."

"Neither am I, just reminiscing."

"Hermione..." I said. "Yeah, Rose?" She said turning to me. "Hi." I said cracking a smile. Hermione laughed. "Hi, to you too, Rose." She said smiling back towards me. "I wonder where everyone is." I said looking around the still empty common. Hermione shrugged. "Quidditch, Sleeping, Great Hall, anywhere. The castle is pretty big." "I know. But the tower seems so empty." Hermione shrugged.

"I'm going to go find Draco." I decided, wanting to see him. I got off the couch and walked out the portrait.

I walked through the corridors, and was a little bit away from the Great Hall when I heard a sickly familiar voice.

"Hello, Drakie." said Pansy's voice. I made a disgusted face, and walked faster, then I saw the two of them. Hand in hand, walking to close for my liking.

"Pansy." He said, in almost an endearing tone.

I gave a little gasp.

"Draco, hush." Pansy cooed, putting her lips on his. Tears came to my eyes, as I accidentally let out a loud sob.

Draco's head snapped up, and he must've saw me running in the opposite direction.

"Rose!" He called. I pushed my feet to run faster, but he caught up to me, and grabbed my arm.

"Rose, let me explain."

"Explain what?" I snapped. "I saw you two. How long did you think it would take before I figured it out, were you hoping to drag it out as long as possible so you can blame it on your father again. You said you loved me, was that all a joke to you? Just some game that I was apart of?"

"No, Rose, I wasn't lying."

"Bullshit! All of it! I'm not going to lie and say I don't care again, because I do. I'm not just a pawn that can be played, and disposed of at the will of someone else. Don't think you, the infamous Draco Malfoy can change that."

"Rose, I didn't-"

"Just leave me alone, please. I think Pansy is waiting for you."

I walked to the portrait, fully aware he was behind.

I spun around before I walked in.

"Go away." I said angrily.

Then he pressed his lips hard onto mine, and didn't let me go, though he struggled. I couldn't deny that their were butterflies, though I hated it.

"You can't fake that." He said, after letting me go.

"Sure you can." I muttered, and walked into the common room, leaving Draco alone outside.

A/N: Told you it wouldn't last long. Review, kindly please.

Hermione was still there on the couch when I walked in. She smiled at me. "Hey, your back sooner than I had expected." She said, then her smile faded away. "What's wrong?" She asked. I shook my head and walked up the stairs to the girls' dormitories at a quick pace. Once in my dorm room that I shared with Hermione, I shut the door and fell to my knees crying. "Rose.." Hermione's voice said softly. I hadn't even noticed she had come in. "Why are you crying?" "Pansy...Draco...kiss..." I said through my sobs and I buried my face in my knees. I heard Hermione's footsteps run over to me. She was now sitting beside me, wrapping her arms around me in a comforting hug. "Aw, hun." She said like a mother would and held me close to her. "I was stupid." I finally managed, making my way slowly to my bed. "I was stupid to believe him after he hurt me so badly."

"It wasn't stupid, he played a convincing part." Said Hermione, sitting next to me.

"I'm not going to pretend I'm okay this time, because I'm not. He was playing with me the whole time, and I didn't notice."

"No one did." Hermione assured.

"Harry did, Ron did, Fred and George did. Why didn't I? Why couldn't I see it?"

"Rose, I know you are going to hate this, but maybe what you saw was all Pansy."

"But he wasn't fighting back, why wasn't he fighting back?"

Hermione looked at the ceiling then back to me. "Maybe she has a strong grip? Or

maybe-" I shook my head. "Just leave it Hermione. Please." I said and she nodded, wrapping me in another hug. Which I really needed. I wish I could write a letter to my mum or dad and tell them how hurt I was that I needed them but I couldn't because they were dead. "I want to find Harry." I said after a nod and the two of us went down to the common room to see if Harry was there. He wasn't. "The Quidditch Pitch, can we check there?" I asked. Hermione nodded again and she led me to the Quidditch Pitch. But it was empty. I sighed. "Where is he?" I said, blinking away tears that were forming again. "We can check the Great Hall."

"Well I don't want to go in there." I said, stiffening.

"You can wait for him in the common room then."

I sighed. "Okay." And I began to walk back to the common room.

"Rose! Can I please explain." Draco's voice rang through the corridors.

"No." I said simply.

"Rose, just listen."

"Go away!"

"Pansy grabbed my arm, and I tried to let go, and-"

"Draco, I don't want to listen to you talk. Just stop talking, go away, and don't talk to me again."

"Rose," said Hermione. "Maybe you should listen to him." I shook my head. "No," I said then began to walk ahead of her as I heard Draco's footsteps running towards us. "Rose, please!" He said. "Leave me alone!" I picked up my pace until I ran into someone. I looked up, it was Harry. "Harry!" I said, then hugged him. "Hey, you alright?" He asked hugging me back. "Where were you?" I asked, ignoring his question.

"We were-" Harry stared before I cut him off.

"Never mind, let's go." I said, grabbing his arm, and trying to make him walk faster.

"Rose, please, just listen to me." Draco begged. It was almost humorous, a Slytherin, begging.

"I've listened enough Draco. Hope you have a goodnight."

I sat in the common room, Harry on my left, Hermione on my right, Fred and George sitting on the couch in front of me, and Ron standing behind me. I had waited to tell everyone until the common room was empty and everyone went to the Great Hall, Ron had

even forgotten his hungry stomach to be with me. I felt a strong surge of affection for all of them.

"You have no idea how much I love you all." I smiled at them.

Harry gripped my hand tighter. "We love you to, Rose."

"Even if that bloody git doesn't." Fred joined in.

I gave Fred a smile and looked down to the carpeted floor. Harry patted me on the back and I leaned my head on his shoulder. "He's a git." I heard Harry mutter in my ear. "I know." I said, closing my eyes momentarily. "Watch what is going to happen to the little bloody prat. He's face isn't going to look so pretty tomorrow." George said with a menacing smile on his face. Ron let out a laugh. "I'll help." "Ron!" said Hermione, shooting him a look. "Or not." "No. I can punish him." I said, a menacing smile going on my face, to match George's though I wasn't thinking the same thing he was.

"You do have a hell of a punch." Fred said.

"No, it won't take him to long to realize that I'm ten thousand times better than Parkinson, and he'll miss me, and try to get me back, but it won't work."

"So you are going to punish him by denying him, doesn't that count as punishing yourself?" Hermione asked.

"Who said I wanted him back. And even if I did, then I would constantly be in fear of him breaking my heart yet again."

"What's your plan? Kick him in his ass?" Fred asked. I laughed and shook my head. "I could do that another time, but I have something else in mind." I said smiling. "Rose I really think that you shouldn't. What about Draco's side of the story-" "No one cares about his side of the story Hermione." said Ron. "He was caught cheating. Red handed, there is nothing else to know. Right guys?" The boys nodded and I nodded shortly. "Right." The guys said. "Rose, Can I murder him now?" asked Harry.

"If he is still alive after I'm done with him." I smirked. I was hurt, and I was going to get back, no matter what I had to do to get there.



"What are you planning? You have your Slytherin look on." Ron asked.

"I guess spending a crap load of time with them had it perks." I said, while the wheels in my head were turning. It was going to take a while, but I would make him regret, because regret, and jealousy were the two worst punishments, and revenge was the sweetest taste.

"Rose, please, don't act like a bitch." Hermione begged.

"Excuse me? What are you implying?" I asked.

"Nothing, just don't act like one."

"Are you saying I acted like one last time, you can say yes, I know I was, but sometimes being a bitch is the only way out."

"No, there is always hearing both sides of the story." Hermione suggested.

"That isn't an option for me."

"Rose-"

"Don't say it's an option for everyone, because I've had it up to here with him!" I said, raising my hand high in the air.

"You wouldn't have said that yesterday." Hermione pointed out.

"Because yesterday I didn't know he was cheating on me. He is going to miss me, and I am going to enjoy his pain."

"This is what I mean by bitchy."

"I know, I am a bitch, thought you would've figured that out by now. Is someone not as bright as they seem."

Hermione looked up at me, looking hurt. But she said nothing to me and I said nothing to her. I looked around to see the guys gaping at me. "What?" I shook their heads. "Nothing," Fred and George said. "That's what I thought." I said. Ron wrapped an arm around Hermione and everyone was silent as they looked around. "Melon

fucker." I muttered under my breath."What?" said Harry."Melon fucker." I repeated louder. "That's what Draco is."

"Can we just leave Draco out of this, can we forget about him? He is the one making you act like this!" Harry said, practically telling me with his eyes to sod off.

"Draco isn't making me do anything, this is all me."

"Look, Rose, I know you are hurt, but that doesn't mean you take it out on everyone else."

"I'm not! They get themselves into it!"

"Rose, I love you, I really do, but you need to shut up and stop making everyone else feel your pain."

"I'm not trying to make you all feel bad!"

"Rose, you may not be trying, but you are." Said Fred.

I wanted to snap at him, but with some effort I didn't.

"I'm going down to dinner." I muttered, wanting to leave them all behind.

"Don't kill anyone!" Harry called, anger still clear in his voice.

"No promises." I shot back, wanting to slam the common room door.

I walked to the Great Hall, my hands clenched into fists and angry tears at the brim of my eyes. When I got the Great Hall, I was the only one there. I sighed and sat down in the middle of Gryffindor table. I let my head drop onto the table with a thump that echoed through the halls. I closed my eyes and let some of my sad, angry tears fall onto my lap. Soon more tears were spilling onto my lap and quiet sobs escaped my lips once and a while. "Hey." I heard someone say, sitting down beside me. I blinked and looked up. It was Draco. "Go away." I said wiping my eyes. "Leave me alone." "Why would I? You're crying and obviously upset." He said in a comforting voice. "I'm not crying." I said wiping my eyes. "And not upset." Draco chuckled. "Of course your not. It's obvious you aren't,

since tears are streaming down your face right in front of me." He said sarcastically.

"Don't you have a dog to go fuck or something?" I asked angrily.

"Me and Pansy, were not, and are not going out."

"Bullshit." I muttered, rolling me eyes.

"Can you just hear me out, she threw herself on me."

"And you let her." I spat.

"No, I was going to pry her off."

"And why didn't you?"

"Because I couldn't."

"And I repeat: Bullshit!"

"No, it's not, actually, you want to know why I couldn't?"

"Not really, but I'm sure you are going to tell me anyway."

"Because that would be disrespectful."

"And you wouldn't want anyone to think your disrespectful." I rolled my eyes. "You are the most fucked up full of shit guy I have ever met, it is all a joke to, isn't it? It wasn't a joke to me. Give it a rest, all your doing is digging your grave deeper."

"It wasn't a joke to me either!"

"You're sure doing a good job of proving it!"

"Rose, will you just listen to me and shut up for once!" He snapped. "Fine, I'll shut up." I said, glaring at him and my arms crossed over my chest. "Go on and explain your side of the story then, go, go on." Draco let out a sigh. "Alright, this is what happened." He said, looking at me dead in the eyes. "Pansy said she wanted to talk to me and I went with her to see what she had wanted and I guess you saw what happened, but that girl is like tough and she has a bloody

good grip and-""That's your side of the story?" I interrupted."I-uh-""Is it?""Yes." Draco said quietly.

"I'm sorry, it just isn't believable enough. You've already broken my heart twice, why should I give you a chance to do it again?"

Draco hung his head. "You shouldn't. I don't deserve you, and I am sorry you have caught me in the wrong place at the wrong time, and I can't back it up, and you are left to think I am a lying, cheating son of a bitch, and you have every right."

I had to admit, that broke my heart, almost wanting him to stay, but not enough to actually ask him to.

He grabbed my hand and kissed it.

"Thank you, Rose. Because of you I view things differently, you may not know it, but you are a good influence on me, and I would like to thank you for that, and for letting me be in your life." He kissed my hand again. "Bye Rose."

I watched him as he walked out of the Great Hall, and I sobbed again.

What the hell have I done?

He had to make everything so difficult, didn't he? I inhaled and almost forgot to exhale, but when I did I ended up sobbing harder than I did previously. "Rose..." a new voice said. "Go away." I said, bringing my knees up to my chest and burying my face into my knees. "Just go away." I repeated, my voice cracking. I felt their hand on my shoulder, soon I was wrapped in a hug. "Rose.." They another voice. They were all there, I knew it. I looked up to see the twins, Ron, and Hermione. I looked behind them to see Harry but he wasn't there. My heart sank more. "I thought I said go away." I said through sobs. "You said it, but you knew we weren't likely to listen." Fred said, attempting to make me laugh, but not succeeding.

The twins sat down on either side of me. "What's wrong, love?" They asked, but it wasn't joking this time, they meant it, and oddly enough, it made me feel better.

"I'm so confused!" I groaned.

"Did you talk to Draco?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah." I nodded.

"What happened?"

"He told me that Pansy had a good grip, and I said I didn't believe him, and then he thanked me for letting me into his life, and then he did the sweetest thing, he kissed me hand, and thanked me again before walking away. And now I hate him so much, but I want him back."

Everyone had confused looks on their faces, I wasn't the only one anymore, thank God.

"Where's Harry?" I asked, looking around.

Everyone exchanged glances with each other then looked at me. "He's...uh...back in the common room talking with Ginny." said Ron, awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck. I blinked rapidly for a moment. "Oh." I let out a sigh. "Alright." Hermione walked over and hugged me with one of her arms. "You going to be alright?" She asked. "I don't know.." I said quietly. "I don't know." "You will be." said George. "In time." "Since when did you get deep?" asked Ron.

"I have my moments." George shrugged, I smiled at him. I wiped my eyes.

"I should've listened to you guys."

"No, you did exactly what you would've eventually done anyway, and so did he." Fred said, rubbing my shoulder.

"I don't know, maybe-"

"Rose, why don't we just stop talking about it." Ron suggested.

"But Ron, I want to talk about it, if you don't want to listen, I understand really, I do, and I won't be mad, but I think that if I talk about it then I can understand better."

"I want to be here for you, Rose." Ron insisted. I smiled widely at him.

"Thank you, Ron." I said, Hermione smiled at him. This was most likely one of the times she would be proud of her boyfriend.

"You're one of my best mates, I need to be there for you." He said smiling at me. I gave Ron a small smile and Hermione kissed him on the cheek. The twins chorused an 'aw'. Hermione and Ron blushed and sat down next to each other on the bench beside me. "Hey you're smiling now." Fred said, patting me on the shoulder. "Do you want me to frown?" I said. "She's back." He said then ruffled my hair.

"Temporarily." I nodded with a sigh.

"Don't look so glum, it isn't flattering." Fred scolded, but in a friendly tone.

"Oh please, anything is flattering on me." I said smugly.

"Wow, you and your brother are complete opposites. He is humble, and you the farthest thing from humble that I can think of."

"Just figured that out know, did you?"

"No, I knew that, I just thought I'd tell you."

"I did know that. Being humble is not a virtue I possess."

"Wow, fancy words."

"What? You're not used to people speaking smart and fancy around you?" I said, smirking. "Oh, she's definitely back." said Fred, smiling. "Come on, let's go back to the common room." Hermione said standing up and grabbing my hand and helping me up as well. She practically dragged me to the common room. "Geez, Hermione calm down. Let me walk and not get my feet dragged across the floor." I said laughing a bit. "Sorry." She said letting go of my hand and we waited for the guys to catch up to continue walking up to the Gryffindor common room.

When we all stepped through the portrait door, I saw Harry working on homework, and Ginny was nowhere in sight.

"Hi Harry." I said, sitting next to him.

"Hey, how are you?"

"I'll live." I nodded.

"You sure."

"Positive." I nodded again, not sure who I was truly convincing, those things were never clear for me.

"Okay, just let me know if you ever need to talk."

"I will." I assured him, kissing his cheek.

Harry gave me a small smile. "Good, and sorry for yelling at you earlier." He said, stopping his homework and looking up at me. I smiled back at him. "I'm sorry for calling Draco a melon fucker and not letting the subject drop." I said. "Aw, siblings making-up. How sweet." George singsonged. "Yes," said Hermione. "But you guys don't make-up." She pointed out. "But we're us, Hermione. Not Rose and Harry. We are all unique in our own ways." Fred said in Hermione's know-it-all groaned a little and rolled her eyes. "I do not talk like that."

"Yes you do." Ron said, Hermione looked over at him, not mad, or saddened, just questioning.

"But I think it is cute." He said.

Hermione blushed madly and turned away.

"Aw, you guys are so cute." I gushed, clapping my hands together.

"Thanks." Hermione muttered.

I smiled at the two of them.

"So what happened down at the Great Hall?" Harry asked.

My smile faded. "Uh, well Draco came to talk to me and explained his side of the story and being me I didn't believe him so he said

thank you for letting me be in his life and seeing things in a different way then he kissed my hand and left. Then I was left there in tears all confused." I explained."Oh, I see." said Harry, blinking a bit too fast."No, Harry." said the twins. "You hear.""Alright, I hear." Harry said with a roll of his eyes. "He actually thanked you then he just left?" I nodded. "Yup then our mates came and then we talked then I came here." I added."Ooh.""Yeah." I muttered, looking at my hands.

"If I may ask, why are confused? I mean he has broken your heart twice."

"I don't know. I saw a totally different side of him, and I always saw his good side, but this totally different."

"It was fake!" Ron piped up. "Don't fall for it, he was faking it!"

"Shut up, Ron." Hermione scolded, hitting him in the face with a pillow.

"What a nice girlfriend you are." Ron said jokingly.

Hermione turned slight pink and rolled her eyes.

I smiled. "Again might I saw, AWW." Hermione laughed and Ron's ears turned bright red. He placed the pillow on his lap, biting his lip. "Are you going to take him back, for a third time?" asked Harry."I don't know." I answered truthfully. "I really don't know. We'll let destiny and whatever decide or we can get Professor Trelawney to 'see' for us."Hermione snorted and the others laughed. "She's not even a real Seer." Said Ron."Really, Ron? I didn't know I thought she was for real about Harry seeing a grim then dying." I said sarcastically."Don't joke about that, Rose, it is very serious." Fred scolded in a humored tone.

"I am so sorry Professor Weasley, but do you think you could see if I will take my ex-boyfriend for a third time?" I asked.

George stripped off his sweatshirt, and balled it up. Fred looked at it, and put on a fascinated look.

"I see...Oh dear, I am afraid you will kill him." Fred said, struggling to keep his straight face through the mess of laughter.



"Oh rats, it'll be such loss to this school." I said sarcastically, snapping my fingers.

"I'm so sorry, dear." Fred said, putting an arm on my shoulder. I laughed loudly.

After I started laughing, everyone burst into laughter as well. George put his sweater back on and sat down on the couch separating Hermione and Ron. "Wait, quiet. Quiet." said Fred. Everyone silenced themselves and looked at Fred with curious eyes. "We need to take a moment of silence for the loss of Draco Malfoy which will happen in the future, because I sure as hell am not going to take a moment of silence when he actually dies." Everyone nodded and they all stayed silent for about a minute or less, smiles on their faces until they burst out with laughter. "You are so mean to his memory." said Fred, shaking his head in disapproval. "Oh shut up." said Ron throwing a pillow at his older brother. "And that was disrespectful to me." Said Fred, throwing the pillow back.

"Stop it!" I scolded. "You're hurting the pillows feelings, if you are going to kill each other, do it with your bare hands."

"I'm sorry, I didn't see either of us dying in my magic sweater ball."

"Oh, that's good." I nodded, with a giggle.

"But if I did see us fight to the death, then I totally would've won."

"And what makes you think that?" Ron asked, offended.

"I am a beater, for one, and second because you have not gained muscle yet, like I have."

I rolled my eyes. "Flex." I commanded, and he did so.

I squeezed his bicep. "Holy Crap!"

"What?" Ron asked.

I sighed, and rolled my eyes again. "He is right, Ron, you would lose."

Ron rolled his eyes. "Thanks for the support." He said sarcastically. "I'd support you Ron." said Hermione, quietly. "Thank you." He said smiling. "You wouldn't be supporting Ron if you felt Fred's bicep." I pointed out. "I have muscles!" Ron exclaimed. "I've pulled muscles too before." "You can't pull what you don't have." I said smirking.

"Shut it, Rose. I'll bet Malfoy didn't have muscles!" Ron shot.

I snorted "Please, it's a Quidditch thing, they all have muscles."

Ron groaned. And I laughed. "You suck, Rose."

"I've been rubbing off on you, I see." I noted with a smirk.

"Ronald Weasley! We do not tell ladies they suck, one because it is rude, and two because when you think about it, it sounds very wrong. What would your mother say?"

I smiled triumphantly. "I'm rubbing off on them."

"You are rubbing off on everyone. They can't help it." Harry said.

"There are probably going to be some parents that are not going to be happy with me."

Harry laughed. "Our mum, would go mad at us if we talked like you, Rose." Said Ron, the twins then nodding agreement. "You should meet out mum, a nightmare she is. Right, Harry?" "I-uh-" "Ron, don't be so rude about your own mum." said Hermione. "But it's true, Hermione. She's a nightmare, like Ginny or Percy." Ron exclaimed. "Ginny isn't so bad." Harry interjected. I smiled at my brother. "Aw, you're defending her. Sweet." I said patting his head. "Shut up." Harry said, brushing my hand away. "I just said she's not that bad, not that I- not anything else. She shouldn't be put in any category with Percy, that is insulting."

Fred and George gasped loudly, and fake-ly. "Harry, how dare you speak that way of our brother dearest."

I laughed loudly, throwing my head back.

"I'm hungry." Ron said, out of nowhere. I sighed.

"I knew it was going to happen sometime soon. Come on, let's go, and get this over with."

"We can bring you something." Hermione suggested.

"No, I don't want to be babied. I can take care of myself. Trust me."

"Alright," said Hermione. "Let's go then, shall we?" We all nodded and walked back down to Great Hall, this time Harry joining us there. Once we entered the Great Hall, I saw everyone from the Slytherin look at me. Harry put his hand on my shoulder and steered me away from them. "Ignore them." He whispered in my ear. I sat down at our own House table, I felt eyes burning into my back. I had to force myself not to look back, because I knew I'd regret it. "He should really look somewhere else. I know I'm pretty but seriously." Said George, shaking his head. I chuckled. "Yes you're a very pretty person, George."

"I know, but you think they'd be able to contain it!" George exclaimed. I laughed, and took a bit out of my mashed potatoes.

I heard someone clear their throat behind me. I reluctantly turned around, and could feel Fred and George's disapproval radiating off of them. It was Blaise.

"Hi Blaise." I said quietly.

"Hey, I heard about you and Draco, and I know it is probably a fat chance you'll take him back now anyway, but I just want you to know that Pansy does have on hell of a grip. I've lost arm wrestling to her, and I'm in Quidditch!"

I giggled quietly. "Thanks Blaise, but I think he has used up all my patience with him." I looked towards the door as I tucked my hair behind me ear, and Draco and Pansy walked in, hand in hand. "Besides, looks like he has already replaced me. Tell him I wish him the best of luck." I mumbled, giving Blaise a sickly sweet smile.

I spun around. "Holy shit, this guy cannot be girlfriendless for more than five seconds! I swear!" I exclaimed, once Blaise was gone.

Hermione put a hand on my shoulder and looked at me. "Calm down." She said quietly. I nodded and sighed. "Right sorry." I said. "He's actually dating her now?" Fred said, looking at Draco and Pansy as they walked to the Slytherin table. "Disgusting." "Revolting." said chuckled quietly, and grabbed my hand. "Come on, be happy." He said. "I am happy." I said smiling at him. "Course you are" "I am. I just can't believe I was replaced that fast." I said, hating how desperate it sounded.

"Well, he's Malfoy, like you said, he can't be girlfriendless for more than five seconds." Said Fred

"It doesn't hurt me, or anything. I almost feel sorry for her, oh well, what goes around comes around."

"How does that saying tie into our situation?" George asked.

"She is a cheater and a slut, and she is now going to get a taste of her own medicine." I shrugged.

"What about you? You have admitted you are bitch, I mean this in the nicest way possible." Fred said.

"I have a way of escaping the traps of karma." I smirked.

"Of course you can. Harry can escape Death and you can escape karma." Said Ron, shaking his head. "What else can Potters escape?" "Well, you know karma is a bitch and I wouldn't want to deal with that would I?" I said. Fred chuckled. "Merlin, you swear more than Harry. Wait, Harry never swears." "Hey!" "It's true." I said. "I swear almost everyday and you don't. Hey, it's weird. I look like mum, you look like dad. I act like dad, you act like mum." I laughed. "I guess your right." "Course I am." I smiled widely at them.

"Two more day's until Hogsmeade!" I said happily.

"Hey, you're right." Ron said, a smile on his face.

"Fred, George, you've taught Harry well, he is going to sneak to Hogsmeade this weekend." I said with a small laugh.

"Really? Well done, Harry. Don't let the rules control you." George said.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Harry, I hope you aren't listening to them."

"I am, Hermione."

"But Harry-

"Don't 'but Harry' me, you knew I wasn't kidding when I told you."

"And besides Hermione," said the twins. "Moony, Prongs, Wormtail, and Padfoot will guide Harry with their incredible Map." Hermione rolled her eyes. "The map could trick you." "We've used it for years, it's never tricked us before." Fred pointed out. "Well-" "Just believe that it'll work Hermione. Stop thinking of excuses on why Harry shouldn't trust the Map. It's never wrong and it never fails." Hermione sighed and nodded, giving in. "Good little witch." George said. Hermione rolled her eyes, and began eating again.

"So..." I said. "There I was, spitting on my goldfish, trying to keep it alive."

Fred and George snorted, and Ron chuckled, Harry just turned to me.

"I'd like to hear more of this story."

I rolled my eyes "Harry, I was just filling the silence, I can make up a story though. My goldfishes name was Todd, and he and I were super close, and then one day, I accidentally threw a rock at his bowl, and it shattered-"

"Wait, wait, how do you accidentally throw a rock at something?" Ron asked.

"Don't interrupt! Where was I? Ah, yes, then when his bowl shattered, I dove to save Todd, and then when I did catch him, he was flopping around in my hands, and I kept spitting on him, desperate to keep him alive, but then guess where I went?"

"Where?" Fred and George asked.

"A funeral in the bathroom."

"Aw." Fred said. "He must have been a good fish." I nodded, with a fake hurt face. "Yes, he was." "How do you accidentally throw a rock at something?" asked Ron, again. I shrugged. "I don't know. I wanted to throw something, so I found a rock, picked it up then threw it and Todd's bowl was in the way." I explained. "Well where'd you get the rock?" "Hmm, outside maybe?" I said, rolling my eyes. "Right, sorry."

I rolled my eyes again and laugh.

In the common room later that night I sat next to Harry and Ron, they were playing Wizard Chess, Hermione watched the game too, and Fred and George were serving a detention for God knows what.

Me and Hermione whispered quietly as we watched the two boys, if we ever went above a whisper Ron would tell us to be quiet. It was mostly me doing the talking, Hermione just nodded, and said 'yeah' to let me know she was listening. I high doubt she was despite her nods and 'yeah's.

I soon shut up and watched the game, which Ron won. No surprise there.

"So..."

"We don't want to hear another story about your goldfish." Ron said to me.

"I wasn't going to tell another story about my goldfish, Ronald." I said back to him, sticking out my tongue.

"What were you going to talk about then." He asked. "My dead dog, Damon. I always thought it was a guy until I brought it to the doctor and it said it was girl." I said smiling widely. "How many pets have you had?" "5." I said honestly. "What?" "One dog, A goldfish, another goldfish, my cat, and a rock." I said. "The cat is the only one that survived." Everyone looked at me weirdly. "A rock?" They asked. I nodded. "Yeah, uh my mum said I couldn't get anymore pets so I made a rock my pet." "So, let me get this straight, your pet rock died?" Fred asked, confusion written very plainly on his face.

"Oh, not that I know of, he ran away." I said.

"Your pet rock, ran away?" George asked, wearing the same confused look at Fred.

"Yes, It was quiet sad, appearently, rocks can open cages, because I put him in a cage before I went to sleep, and when I woke up, he was gone."

"It was a boy?" Harry asked.

I nodded.

"How can you tell?" Ron asked.

"That's easy, they tell you." I said with a chuckle.

"So pet rocks can open cages, and tell you if they are a boy or a girl. I want a pet rock!" Ron exclaimed.

I laughed. "What did you name it?" Hermione asked, laughing."Phillip!" I exclaimed, throwing my hands up in the air. "Why?" asked Harry. "Because I saw a TV show about fairies and this one green headed fairy, he was extremely stupid, found a nickel and named it Phillip. But it was a girl nickel!"Everyone looked at me weirdly again. "Uh..." "What?" "You've lost it."

"Again?" I asked. "Damn, I've got to get it a beeper."

"For what?" Asked Neville, joining our conversation.

"Her sanity." Fred and George laughed.

"It keeps running off." I shrugged, and everyone laughed.

"Just like you pet rock." Said Ron.

"I don't get why these things don't like me. I am an enjoyable, likeable person, right?"

"Of course, you are entertaining to say the least." Fred said, with a slight chuckle.

"Why does that sound wrong?" I asked with a sigh.

"Because you have a dirty mind." said George. "Thank you." I said smiling. "You're the weirdest sister ever." said Harry. "I'm your only sister." I pointed out. "But still." He said. "You're a weird person like-"  
"Luna." Everyone nodded.

I yawned widely. "Alright, as much fun as I am having, I better get some sleep."

"Why so out of character all of the sudden, Rosie?" Fred asked.

"Because I'm tired, as I should be, it's been a long day."

They all rolled their eyes, as I headed upstairs. I undressed and changed into my pajama's.

I thought I was tired when I went upstairs, but now that I'm here, I'm really not all that tired, which sucks because that gives me time to think, which, given the events of the day, is not ideal. In the slightest.

I thought about him, more than I should since he is a lying, cheating a\*s hole, but I still thought if it was a good choice, letting him go. Not that I could do anything about it now, even if I wanted to.

Did I want to?

Ah, crap, not again!

A/N: Thanks for reviewing, love you all. Sorry for any mistakes.



I tapped the side of my head. "Stop it." I murmured to myself. "He's with Pansy." I crawled under the covers of my bed and closed my eyes, letting out deep breaths. About after five minutes of trying to sleep, Hermione came walking in. I opened one eye and looked at her. "Hi." I said. "I thought you'd be sleeping." She said, as she sat down on her own bed. "I was tired before but now I'm not." I said truthfully. "Ooh," Hermione's mouth made a perfect O shape. "Well if you want to go back downstairs the guys are still there." "Nah." I said. "Really, are you sure? They're having a conversation I think you will find humorous."

I smirked. "Is that why you left?" I asked.

"Not really." She said. I eyed her carefully. "Yes." She mumbled quietly. "I don't understand what's so funny about that kind of stuff though."

"Hermione, open your ears, sex is hilarious!"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "I guess I might find it funny when I am older."

"I doubt it, you don't find it funny at first, you never will."

"No loss either way." Hermione shrugged.

"I forget where I heard it, but someone once told me sick minded people had more fun."

"Yes, but what kind of job did they get?" Hermione countered.

"I don't know, probably a fun one."

"Or if they're so sick minded that they go mental they end up in St. Mungo's." Hermione pointed out. "They're not going to be that sick minded." I said, shaking my head slightly. "Yes they could, like-like-" "No one..""Well I heard Sirius Black is sick minded. He killed 13 Muggles and his own friend." Hermione said. "But he was in Azkaban not Mungo's." I pointed out. "Besides." I continued. "Where did it say he was sick minded? The Daily Prophet."

"It's possible." Hermione shrugged.

"Did-Did Hermione Granger just...lie to prove a point. Isn't that against the Hermione Granger handbook?" I asked.

Hermione didn't respond, though she opened her mouth.

I laughed as she climbed into bed. I closed my eyes, and lay in bed for another hour and a half, before I gave up on the whole sleep thing, and went down to the common room.

It was empty, but I sat there anyway. I thought, and I thought about Draco.

"No, no, no." I muttered to myself, smacking my forehead.

"Having second thoughts?" Said a voice from the staircase. I looked up, to see Fred in his pajamas, I smiled.

"What ever are you talking about, Fred?" I asked sweetly. "Don't act so innocent. You're thinking about that git again." He said. "You look awesome in pajamas by the way." I laughed. "Random. You're not to shabby yourself. And I'm not thinking about Draco again." I lied smoothly. I walked over to the couch and plopped down on it. Fred joining me soon after. "You know, the more you think about it the more it'll be harder to get over him." Fred said, string into the fire. I looked at him. "I'm over him." I murmured. "Stop lying to yourself." "Lying? To myself? Oh no." I said, Fred gave me a look that willed me to tell the truth. "I'm just lying to everyone else." I mumbled.

"What?" Fred asked, cupping his ear. I rolled my eyes.

"I didn't say anything." I shrugged.

"That's believable." Fred laughed, then put his hands behind his head, and rested it on the back of the couch. "Come on Rose, move on, go with the flow, go with the flow, go where the wind takes you." Fred sighed.

"Like you, I suppose?" I laughed slightly.

"I don't see what is humorous about that, it's the truth."

"What's humorous is you giving me advice." I said with a grin.

"It isn't that bad. Though, if George tried to give you advice, run."

I laughed. "I'll try." I said, smiling. "Good. Because he gives the worst advice ever, I, on the other hand give the best advice in the world." He said proudly. I rolled my eyes. "Of course you do, Fred." "I do." He said. "Let's play a game." I looked at him curiously. "Like?" He shrugged. "I don't know. You think of a game." "Hmm..." I said, stroking my chin. Fred chuckled. "Well, there is loads and loads of options. Well, there is this one game Bed, Wed, or Dead."

"What is that?" Fred asked, furrowing his brows.

"I forgot where I got it, but it is where you are given three people, of the opposite sex of course, and you have to choose who you would shag, who you would marry, and who you would kill."

"Sounds like it could keep us occupied for a while."

"Probably could." I said with a nod, but I knew he was going to torture me to no end. "I'll go first though, so you can understand this game."

Fred nodded uncertainly.

"Alright, Pansy Parkinson, Angelina Johnson, or...Hermione Granger."

"Oh that's easy, kill Parkinson, marry Johnson, and...Oh..."

"Flaw in the plan?"

"Yes...I can't shag Hermione, she's like my sister." Fred whined. "Well you could always kill Hermione, marry Johnson, then shag Parkinson." I suggested, 's eyes widened and he shook his head. "No way, I'm shagging Parkinson. I'd go mad before I'd do that. Ah, what the fuck, I'll kill Parkinson, marry Johnson, then...shag Hermione." He said the last part quietly. I laughed. "Alright you give me three people." I said. "OK, Draco Malfoy"-I rolled my eyes- "George and Me." He said smiling. "You are so-ugh." I simply smirked.

"Alright, well I would kill Malfoy, and then...ugh! It's hard to choose between the two of you." I groaned, throwing up my hands.

"I will have an affair with the both of you, and neither of you will know about it, until someone I hate will tell the two of you, and then I'll be in deep shit, but we will cross that bridge when we get to it." I smiled.

"You are very creative, but I don't believe that was an option."

I rolled my eyes. "Take that or nothing at all."

"You suggested the game!" Fred said with a laugh.

"Well, than I can make the rules."

"No really, if it was between me and George, who would you shag and who would you marry?" Fred asked. "I won't tell anyone."

"I don't know." I said truthfully, turning red.

"Then think about it." Fred said smirking still. "You're practically the same person, though." "So? You still have to pick." I sighed. "Alright, alright. I'd marry..." Fred leaned closer to me. "Yes?" He asked me, smiling from ear to ear. "I don't know!" I exclaimed, sounding like I was a little child. "It's hard to choose between the two of you."

Fred stared down at me.

"I refuse to answer this question." I said, crossing my arms over my chest.

"That isn't fair."

"No one ever said I was fair." I smirked.

"Ok, than answer me this, would you really kill Malfoy?" Fred asked.

"N-... I don't know anymore." I finally sighed.

"How can you not know?"

"I don't know, I'm so confused! He is just-"

"Hey, Rose. Let him go."

"Not without a fight."

"Haven't you fought enough?" "I-I don't know." I said. "Well to me. I think you have." said Fred seriously. "He's with Parkinson now, Rose. Let him go." I stayed silent. I didn't know what to say, I turned away from Fred and looked at the fire. Fred put his hand on my shoulder. "I don't know what to do, Fred." I said quietly. "I can see that." He said jokingly. I rolled my eyes. "Do what I say, let the git go, move on with your life and forget him."

"As much as I would like to do that, I don't think I can."

"Don't think you can? You're a Potter for Merlin's sake! You can do anything!" Fred exclaimed. I laughed.

"Potter's can't do everything." I said.

"What? What can't a Potter do?" Fred asked.

"We can't come back to life, if we could I wouldn't be an orphan right now."

"But this isn't a thing that involves death, though I'm sure that you could come back to life if you tried."

"Oh, Fred, how you flatter me."

Fred smiled. "Other than death what can't you Potter's do?" He asked. "We can't be liked by Snape." I said smirking. "He could like you in secret." I laughed. "Yes taking off points from our House for breathing, I'm sure he really likes me and Harry in secret." I said sarcastically. "Well you don't know how he feels. Deep down in his heart." Fred said, putting his hand on his heart. I laughed again. "I don't think he has a heart. Except to Slytherins."

Fred nodded in agreement. "Even then." He said with a shrug. I laughed.

I closed my eyes, they were sort of tired, but the rest of me wasn't. Not even close. I sighed, and leaned my head on Fred's shoulder.

"Ah, young love." I heard a voice from the stairs.

"Shut up, George." I mumbled, my head snapping up.

"It's just...adorable." He continued.

"George, I almost broke Malfoy's nose, would you like me to break yours?" I threatened, with not real intention of doing anything.

"Oh, getting feisty, has Fred turned you on?" George asked. I turned beat red.

"George Weasley, I swear to Merlin you go any further there will be one less Weasley."

"Ooh." George said. "I'm shaking. Fred, control your girl will you." I rolled my eyes. "You're impossible." "Why thank you." George said, then walked over to the couch and plopped down beside me. "So when did you guys start dating?" "Bugger off." I said. "But I don't want to bugger off." "Then shut up." "Just tell me." George insisted.

"We aren't dating alright?" I said angrily.

"The more you say it, the less I believe you." George singsonged.

"Shut up." I growled again.

"You know, I'll bet Malfoy will be so jealous."

"We aren't- Wait, what did you say?" I asked, eyebrows raised.

"That Malfoy will be jealous." George said, a confused look on his face.

"Fred, would you like to help me make Malfoy jealous?"

Fred smiled the same devious smile I had. "Of course, darling." He said, and put his arm around my shoulders once again.

I smirked. "Why, thank you Fred." George let out a loving sigh. "Ah, Dr. George has done it again. Young love." He said smiling ear to ear. I rolled my eyes. "We're not exactly dating George." I reminded

him. "But still. You kind of are." I shook my head and rolled my eyes again. "Hey guys." said Harry's voice from behind me. Apparently we were waking everyone up. "Hey, bro." I said turning my head around and smiling. "What new?" "Fred and your sister are dating now." George turned to me and Fred, eyebrows raised. "Care to explain?" He said.

"Of course, brother dear, see, me and Fred were down, just talking, then George came down and started asking when we started dating, and I told him to shut up several times, then he said that Malfoy must be jealous, and that gave me the best idea, I am going to make Malfoy jealous."

Harry gave me a look, that clearly said: is-this-really-necessary? "Why do you need to make him jealous."

"For revenge, he'll regret cheating on me, and I'll be happy."

"Or at least, pretend to be." Harry said.

I shook my head.

"Don't lie to yourself." Fred groaned.

I stared into the fire, and pondered this. How could I not lie to myself? It's what I did, it was my thing. Though a bad habit, I couldn't get out of it. I just lie to myself, I can't stop myself.

"You're actually going to go on with this plan?" asked Harry, sitting down on the chair next to me. I turned to him and nodded. "Of course. I need to get revenge don't I?" "You sound just like a Slytherin." said Harry, looking at me disapprovingly. I shrugged. "I guess I just spent too much time with them. Besides, it's what I do. At my Muggle school this girl b\*tch slapped me. You know what I did? While my class was playing outside, I decided to play a game with her called 'Let's throw rocks!'." "And you ended up hitting her in the face or somewhere else with a handful of rocks for revenge?" Harry said raising an eyebrow. I nodded. "Revenge is my thing." "That's not good, come on, Rose, just let him off the hook." Harry said. "As much as I want to murder him, revenge is never the answer."

I rolled my eyes with a smile. "Stop trying to change me. I won't get anyone hurt...physically." I said, with a side smirk.

"Aww." I heard Fred say.

"Maybe if we are lucky he'll jump off a bridge." I whispered.

"Rose, you don't mean that." Fred scolded.

"Yeah I do."

"Rose, just let that go, we know you aren't over him, stop pretending."

"Maybe I'm not doing it for everyone else."

"So you admit, you're lying to yourself." George said.

"Maybe." I admitted, sheepishly.

"Rose." Harry said. "Could you guys just lay off for like, five minutes." I said coldly. "We're just trying to-" "I don't care what you're trying to do, Harry. Stop trying to change me. I'm a person who likes to get revenge. You, you're the opposite. Deal with it and stop trying to 'help' me." I snapped. Harry frowned. "I'm going upstairs." I said then got off the couch and walked up the stairs to my room. "Hi, Hermione." I said as I closed the door. She was sitting up doing her homework. "Hi." She said quietly, not looking up. "I forgot to do this earlier."

"That doesn't sound like you." I noted. Hermione shrugged.

"I've been distracted lately."

"By Ron?" I asked, almost playful.

"Maybe." She said with a slight roll of her eyes. "What were you doing downstairs?"

"Talking to Fred." I shrugged.

"You seem tense, you all right?"



I nodded. "Oh yeah, totally." I lied, smiling looked at me for a moment then nodded. "Alright." She turned back to her homework and her quill was quickly scratching against the parchments. I walked over to my bed and fell onto it. I grabbed a pillow and hugged it to my chest. "What are you working on?" I asked. "Muggle Studies." She said. "But your Muggle-born. What else do you need to know?" I asked. "History and all." I nodded "Makes sense."

We fell into silence, and guilt sank in. I was so mean to Harry, he was just keeping me in his best interest.

"I'll be right back." I sighed, letting guilt get the best of me, and I pushed off the bed.

I went downstairs, Fred and George were there, but no Harry.

"Where's Harry?" I asked them.

"Upstairs." They answered together.

"Damn it. I need to apologize."

"Just tell him in the morning."

"I can't wait that long. Here, carry me up there." I said.

"You have two legs that aren't broken."

"Yeah, but remember the prefects said that if you go up the opposite sexes stairs they'll turn into a slide or something like that. Just carry me, and see what happens." I suggested.

Fred rolled his eyes, but hoisted me up, and dropped me off outside Harry's dorm.

"Thanks guys." I smiled.

I walked in without knocking. "Harry?" I whispered.

"What?" I heard him reply, almost sour.

"I'm sorry I snapped at you." I said, stepping towards the bed his voice came from.

"Rose Potter, saying sorry?" Harry said, faking a gasp. "I thought I'd never live to see that day." I rolled my eyes. "I'm sorry." I repeated. "I heard you." He said. "Then stop acting bitter. You're supposed to be like 'it's alright.' then come over here and hug me. Not be sour." I said. "Sorry everything didn't go as planned." Harry said rolling his eyes.

I went to sit on Harry's bed next to him, and wrapped him in a hug.

"Am I forgiven?" I asked, looking up at him.

"Yeah, I guess so." He said jokingly, and kissed my forehead. I heard a groggy groan from the bed opposite Harry's.

"Rose! What the bloody hell are you doing in here?" Ron exclaimed.

"For Merlin's sake, Ronald, do you want to wake the whole castle? If you must know, I'm apologizing to Harry."

"What did you do?" Ron asked, sitting up and wiping his eyes.

"I was rather...foul to him. He didn't want me to take revenge on Malfoy."

"Blimey! Are you still going to do it?"

"Of course." I laughed.

"What are you going to do?"

"Pretend to date Fred!"

Ron gaped. "Your dating Fred!" He said rather loudly. "No, I said pretend and SHH!" I said, putting one of my finger to my lips, telling him to hush. "Will it work?" He asked. I shrugged. "It's supposed to." "Good luck then." I smiled. "Thank you Ronald." "By the way, how'd you get up here?" He asked. "Fred carried me up because the whole stairs turn into a slide if opposite gender goes up those stairs, blah blah blah." "That's not true though," said Harry. "Hermione came up here in first year." "Oh, well at least I didn't need to use my legs." Ron laughed, and nodded.

"Alright boys, I should get going. Goodnight." I said, kissing them both on the cheek. I trotted down the stairs, and back up the girls ones, opening the door to a sleeping Hermione.

I sat in the common room in the morning, it was empty.

"Hello love." I heard Fred say.

"Morning." I smiled at him.

"How are you...babe?" He smirked.

"Save that for the Great Hall. But I am doing great...Sugar muffin."

"Alright, stop, that's disgusting!" Fred said, waving his hands.

"Sure thing...honey buns."

"Stop it!" Fred exclaimed, putting his hands over his ears. I laughed. "You started it." "Then I'm sorry just stop with the names, they're torture!" "Drama queen." "I am not a girl." "Of course you're not." I said sarcastically. "You're a guy." "Hey, you're the one going out with me, whether or not you work that to your advantage is your problem."

I laughed. "You do have a very valid point." I said.

Fred nodded, a smiled creeping on his face.

"You ready?" I asked.

He nodded again, and held out his hand for me. I laughed a little, and took it. We walked to the Great Hall, and sat down. There were very few people there, and Draco was not one of them.

Fred put his arm around my waist anyway. Though, not even was prepared for when Draco did come in.

"So." He said, stopping behind me. "You and Weasley?" He asked, obviously striving to be polite.

"Yeah, you and Parkinson?"

"Yeah. That was really fast."

"It was really romantic they way he put it, I couldn't refuse."

"Oh, I see."

"That was fast between you and Parkinson too."

"Well I couldn't resist her."

"Oh no, she is quite...charming." I struggled.

"I know. Well best of luck to you two."

"And same to you."

When Draco walked away, I was furious at him, though it was a very civil conversation. Damn, this boy could mess with my head.

"Parkinson is charming?" Fred said, chuckling a bit. I rolled my eyes. "I was trying to be nice and civil." I said. "I see." He said nodding his head. "And it's sweet of him to wish us best of luck." I looked at Fred who had a goofy grin on his face. I smiled. "Yes, he did. Which means..""It's working. So far." I nodded, and rested my head on Fred's shoulder. "Yes, yes it is." I laughed a little. "Maybe being a little to convincing."

I giggled, and looked up at him through my lashes.

"Lay it on thick, it get's better results." I smiled dashingly at him.

"Again, to convincing."

"You can never be to convincing." I insisted with a laugh.

Fred laughed a little, too.

"I swear, Rose, if you make me fall for you, it will be the end of the world."

"Fred Weasley, did you just suggest that I could make you fall for me?" I asked playfully. "I would never do that...intentionally."

"You are to much of a flirt for your own good."

"Where is the worse it'll get me?" I asked, eyeing him.

"Labeled a slut, or raped."

I rolled my eyes. "Thanks. I can deal with getting labeled." "And being raped?" "Kick whoever it is in their balls." I said smirking. Fred chuckled. "Of course you would." He said, jokingly. "I would!" I exclaimed. "Alright, alright. Calm down. I believe you."

Through out breakfast, Fred kept a hand on me, which was more weird than anything else. But I could feel eyes on me. I was trying to figure out everything out in my head.

"Does he look mad?" I asked.

Fred looked over his shoulder quickly. "No, kind of hurt, confused, oh, he saw me looking, yeah now he is angry."

"Excellent." I smiled.

"You are really scary. You know that?"

"Oh, of course. I scare the living crap out of some people."

"I don't like Malfoy glaring at me. It's weird, he usually does that to Harry or Ron or Hermione." Fred said. I laughed. "Might as well get used to it." "True. I am 'dating' you now." He said smiling. I rolled my eyes. "Hey guys!" said Hermione, sitting down in front of us. "Ron told me what's going on." She looked behind me. "Malfoy is angry." "We know." "Rose, maybe this isn't the greatest idea."

"Well it was the best I could come up with. Besides, it's working, that's all I'm asking for."

Hermione smiled a little. "You could be hurting him."

"Hermione, that is kind of the point. He has hurt me. This is his punishment."

"Rose-

"Hermione, don't go trying to convince me to stop, because we already got ourselves in too deep."

"And that means?" Hermione asked.

"It means, I've already told Draco how much I loved Fred...well kind of."

"Are you mental?" She said. I nodded. "Yeah. Yeah I am." "You're insane, Rose. You're going to get burned in the end. Karma," said Hermione. "I avoid karma, Hermione." "You can't avoid it forever." She said, looking at me dead in the eye. I shrugged. "I'll avoid it as long as I can." Hermione shook her head.

"Besides," I continued. "Me and Karma are best friends, we have the same sense of humor." I laughed.

"Obviously." Hermione muttered, scooping eggs onto her plate.

We were all quiet for a while, when I burst: "Hogsmeade tomorrow!"

"Oh, yeah." Said Fred.

We were all at the table now, me, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Fred, and George.

"I can't wait. And then Harry is going to sneak there. Brilliant!"

Harry looked at me. "I swear last you were against me sneaking in and breaking the rules." He said. I shrugged. "I can't change my mind?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. "You can," He said, taking a bite out of some toast. "I was just saying." "Well," Ron said, from beside Harry, mouth full of food. "We're going to have a hell of a time." Hermione looked at Ron for a moment, then turned her attention back to her food. Fred laughed. "That's so true, little bro. And how many times has mum told you not to chew with your mouth open? It's disgusting." Ron swallowed. "Sorry, habit." "Well, try making it a thing of the past, will you?"

"Shut up, Fred." Ron mumbled.

"Yeah, Fred, be nice to your brother." Hermione said, being a loyal girlfriend.

"My brother? Or your boyfriend?" Fred asked.

"I don't know what you mean by that." said Hermione.

"Do you want me to be nice to my brother, or your boyfriend?"

Hermione didn't speak after that.

"I'm going to Three Broomsticks, and going to get a crap load of candy from Honeydukes." I said.

"And coming to Zonkos with me." Fred said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because we are dating, or have you forgotten your beloved already?" Fred said.

I chuckled. "No I haven't forgotten."

"And think about the talk that would arise if we didn't go everywhere together."

"Oh, what would the neighbors say?" I asked dramatically.

Fred chuckled. "Hermione and I are going to the Three Broomsticks, Honeydukes, then for a stroll." said Ron. "Aw." I turned to my brother. "What about you, Harry?" I shrugged. "I don't know. I'll follow one of you guys around the place." He said. I nodded. "Alright. I'm so excited." I exclaimed, smiling widely. "Your always excited." said Ron. "I know!"

Hermione chuckled.

"You know, you guys should really try it sometime, it's like being high on life!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms in the air.

"If people suspect that you're high, than no thank you." Said Hermione.

"Oh, Hermione, listen to you. So mature, and not wanting to look crazy." I laughed, winking at her.

Hermione smiled at me, and winked back.

"Whoa, it's like a lesbian love fest!" George exclaimed.

"Ew! I am going out with Fred, I am 250% straight, don't even go there with me, or I will hex you to no tomorrow!"

"Then don't wink at each other like that again or I will doubt your sexuality." said George. I rolled my eyes. "You can be a git sometimes you know that?" She nodded. "Get told that all the time by Percy. But who cares what he thinks." "Amen." said Fred. "He's your brother!" exclaimed twins shrugged. "So?" "Have you met him, Hermione?" Ron asked.

"Of course I have, Ron, and he isn't the best brother in the world, but it just horrible to say that stuff about him."

"Hermione, he is awful, stop trying to be nice, you hate him too." George said.

"Hate is a very strong word."

"And it is a very accurate one." Fred joined in.

"Boys." Hermione muttered and rolled her eyes.

"If you roll your eyes to much, they'll stick like that." George laughed.

"Thank you, George." Hermione said rolling them again.

"Your welcome." He said smiling. % & \* ^ \$ At Hogsmeade, we all had a rousing round of Butterbeer, Harry hasn't shown up just yet but I had to admit it was like Ron said. Hella then Malfoy came walking in with Blaise, Crabbe, Goyle, and Pansy. She was smiling like an idiot as Draco held her hand and she had the lovey dovey look in her eyes. "Look what the cat dragged in." I said friends laughed.

Draco and Pansy glared over at me. I smiled innocently over at them, and put my head on Fred's shoulder.



"That's one of the reasons I love you. You are just so funny." Said Fred, kissing my head.

George looked as if he was going to puke. I shushed him quietly.

I wrapped my arms around Fred's middle, causing him to jump a little.

"I know, this is weird for me too." I laughed quietly.

"Merlin, get a room!" Malfoy yelled from across the building.

"You're one to talk!" I yelled back. George laughed. "Looks like it's working." He said. I nodded. "Yeah." I said, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear. "And that's good." I said, smiling at my friends. "I still think it's wrong." interjected Hermione. "But I'm fine with it." said Ron. "We Weasleys agree with your plan, Rose." said Fred. "Just your bro and Hermione don't. But who cares they're out numbered."

I laughed. "That's right."

Later, in Zonkos, I walked with Fred, our hands not intertwined, but the backs brushing every once and a while.

George came up behind me and scared me with a mask that was bewitched to laugh when someone screamed. It was of a freaky clown.

"Holy shit!" I screamed, jumping back into Fred.

George and the clown laughed, though Georges laugh wasn't evil, well not totally evil.

"You're a dick." I said, sticking out my tongue.

"Yeah, but I'm also hilarious, things even out."

I rolled my eyes, but smiled. "Yes George you are very funny." "Thank you for agreeing with me." George said smiling at me then patted me on the head. "Oh no, the devil walked in." He said looking over me. I turned around to see Malfoy and Pansy, hand in hand walking down the aisle looking at the stuff on the shelves. I let out a groan. "Are they stalking us for something?" I asked, raising an

eyebrow. "I think so." said Fred. "Do you want to go?" He asked. I shook my head.

"George, could you go listen to what they are saying?" I asked sweetly.

"Of course, I live to serve you." George said sarcastically with a roll of his eyes, but walked away.

"Be stealthy." I whispered after him. I looked up at Fred, making my green eyes dance.

"You are awful, you know that, I feel sorry for Malfoy." Fred said.

"No you don't." I laughed, grabbing his hand.

"He is looking." Fred said.

"Really? What is his expression?"

"I don't know, mostly angry."

"He's always angry." I said sourly.

George then came over.

"What did he say?" I asked excitedly.

"Oh, something about how you were making those eyes, I swear to Merlin he is gay, Fred, check it out, it looks like a licorice wand, and when you take a bite, it gives off a foul smell, and squirts some weird liquid into their mouth." George said, showing it to Fred.

I rolled my eyes. "I'll leave you two to it, then." I said, walking out of the shop.

I stood on the wall of Zonkos.

"You aren't that great at acting, you know." Draco said.

"I'm not acting."

"Yeah you are."

"Okay, for hypothetical reasons, if I was acting, which I'm not, how could you tell?"

"If you were really in love with Weasley, you would be with him right now, instead of letting him flirt with other girls."

"I could say the same for you." I said sourly. "I never said I loved Pansy, now did I?" He said smirking the infamous Malfoy smirk. "And besides she'd never flirt with someone else, she's gaga over me." I rolled my eyes. "I was talking about you acting." "Why, dear Rose, I'm not acting at all. I actually like Pansy." He said. "Of course you do." I said with fake enthusiasm. I felt something tap my shoulder, and I turned around. No one. "Harry," I murmured. "Hi." He whispered. I let out a sigh and turned back to Malfoy. Hermione and Ron were walking by, they were immersed in a conversation. "Oh wow, look Hermione and Ron. See you around, Dr-Malfoy." I said then went off to Hermione and Ron, footsteps crunching behind me. "Your insane Harry." I said. "I'm a Potter, what do you expect?" Harry whispered back. I laughed quietly.

"I swear, Malfoy is getting on my last nerve." I said, the laughter in my voice replaced by anger.

"I'm sure your on his, too." Harry replied.

"But that's different, I want to annoy the living crap out of him, I want him to be jealous and see how happy I am with someone else."

"Maybe he wants the same thing." Harry suggested.

"Why would he want to make me jealous when I broke up with him for cheating on me. That hardly makes sense."

"It's Malfoy, do you all of the sudden expect him to make sense?"

I shrugged and nodded. "I suppose you are right. Wait, how long have you been here?" I asked, I turned around to face my invisible brother. "I've been looking for you for about 15 minutes then I found you outside Zonkos talking to Malfoy." His voice said. "What did you hear?" I asked. "Not much." "Rose, who are you talking to?" said Hermione behind her. I turned around. "I'm talking to Harry." Hermione walked over to me, and stretched out her hand, settling it

down on something. "Harry?" "Hermione.." He Hermione grasped the Cloak and pulled his off of stood smiling.

"You did come." Hermione gasped.

"You knew I would." Harry said smugly.

"Harry, this is dangerous. You could get in so much trouble."

"Not if you don't tell."

"Harry, I don't want more points taken away from Gryffindor!"

"I would be a lot better if I didn't have dementors coming into my pub every other night!" We heard someone say. All of our eyes moved to the voice. She was talking to the Minister.

"Sirius Black? In Hogsmeade, what would bring him here?" She asked after the Minister whispered something to her.

"Harry Potter." He whispered.

"Harry Potter!" She repeated. The Minister shushed her.

"And his sister."

"Harry Potter has a sister?" She said in a shushed Minister nodded. "Yes, a sister named Rose. She's been attending Hogwarts since the beginning of this year." "Harry put on the Cloak!" said Hermione. Harry nodded and rushed put the Cloak back on, disappearing instantly in front of us as we watched the Minister. "But why would Sirius Black want the Potters?" The woman asked. "Why to kill them of course. Finish what he started." My jaw dropped, Sirius Black was after us to kill us. And he'd killed our parents. "Harry!" I whispered, following his footsteps. "Let me under there." I whispered, when I ran into him. He stopped moving, and I got under the cloak. We followed Fudge, McGonagall, and the lady who owned Three Broomsticks.

"So what's this all about?" The lady asked.

"Well you remember when the Potter's went into hiding? The only one who knew where they were was Black, and he told You-Know-

Who, found them. Then he went off and killed their true friend, Peter Pettigrew." McGonagall explained

"Black was a monster, he didn't kill Pettigrew. He destroyed him! A finger! That's all that was left, a finger!" Fudge said.

"And worse, he was, and remains to this day, Harry and Rose Potter's godfather." McGonagall said. I ran out with Harry.

Our godfather?

Ah, shit.

A/N: Another chapter! Yay! Since I know I won't be posting before Thanksgiving, happy Thanksgiving! And who has seen Harry Potter and Deathly Hallows yet? I haven't, but my friend put a dark mark on my arm (It is so freaking cool!) and I have 'I must not tell lies' on my hand, and tomorrow when I see it, I am going to draw a scar. REVIEW!

Harry grabbed my hand and lead me out of the Three Broomsticks in a hurry. We went outside to where Hermione and Ron were.

"Harry? Rose?" Hermione said in front of us.

We said nothing. Hermione reached forward and grasped the Cloak, slowly she pulled it off. "What happened?" She asked.

"He was their friend and he betrayed them, Hermione." said Harry.

"What?" said Ron.

"He was their friend!" He shouted, in rage. "He was their friend and he betrayed them!"

"Harry, calm down." I said, looking down.

"You get more mad about your boyfriend, who isn't worth your time. You just figured out that your parents were betrayed by their friend, and you're acting like it's nothing!"

"Harry-" Hermione said, but I cut her off.

"I'm trying not to freak out about this!"

"Exactly like how you tried not to freak out about Malfoy breaking up with you?"

"Seriously? Maybe that's because-" I started.

"Shut it!" Hermione yelled. "Look, I don't know what is going on, but I know you both should be quiet, and not hate each other."

We both looked at the ground, not saying a word.

"Now what happened?" She asked us.

"Sirius Black, he was their friend Hermione, our parents friend then he betrayed them to Voldemort...and he's our godfather." I said not taking my eye off the white ground.

"Ruddy hell." Ron muttered.

"And he wants to kill us." I continued.

"I hope he does find me," said Harry. "Cause when he does, I'm going to be ready, when he does I'm going to kill him." He hissed angrily.

"Harry!" Hermione gasped. "You wouldn't! He's too dangerous and it's against the law."

"I don't care."

"Harry, calm down." I repeated, putting an arm on his shoulder, he wrapped me in a grateful hug.

"I love you, Rose." He whispered.

I smiled. "Love you, too, Harry." I replied.

Harry wasn't himself for the rest of the day, no matter how hard we tried.

I could tell he was scared, and angry, and something else, but I couldn't put my finger on what it was.

I knew that what he had heard, affected him more than it had affected me for some reason. Sometimes he even blamed himself for being born, and getting cursed with the famous lightning scar. Of course, I had one too, but I didn't seem to get recognized by my scar as he did by his.

Sirius Black, was our godfather and we couldn't change that no matter what. Harry's word echoed in my head. He was their friend...and he betrayed them. Their friend.

I let out a sigh as I sat in front of the fire in the common room. The fire flickering my eyes as it crackled and danced around with colors of red, orange, and gold.

"Hi, Rose." said Ron as he sat down next to me.

I just realized that Ron and I had never talked alone once. I knew Ron, but not as much as everyone else did...and that seemed strange.

"Hullo." I said tearing my gaze away from the fire.

"I'm sorry you have a murder for a godfather." Ron mumbled softly. I almost laughed.

"Yeah, I think we will make it out alive, though." I said, smiling at him.

"What makes you think that?" Ron asked.

I went quiet, why did I think that? Why was I so sure that I was going to make it alive? I couldn't think of an answer, and kept quiet, so did Ron, he was obviously waiting for an answer. So I gave him the best one I could think of.

"Because we are Potters, not just any Potters, Harry and Rose Potter, they children who lived!" I smiled.

"Rose," said Ron. "How come you don't have a scar like Harry?" He asked.

"I do." I said, lifting up my hair to show him. "I don't know why I wasn't taken to live with Harry after the murder."

"Ask Dumbledore." He suggested.

I shrugged. "I don't know, I don't want to bother him. And he's probably busy..."

"Well, he always has time for Harry." said Ron. "So I'll bet he'll have time for you too."

"Maybe I will ask him." I yawned widely. "Tomorrow."

"Alright. You tired."

"A bit, I can wait for Hermione to finish her homework though, so she's not alone." I said, glancing over at Hermione in the corner.

"No, I can give her company." Ron rushed. I smiled, and laughed a bit.



"Alright, you crazy kids, have fun. But not to much fun." I warned, Ron laughed.

I ran up the stairs, and changed into my pajama's. I fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

I woke up to Hermione shaking me, saying we were going to be late for class if I didn't get my arse out of bed.

Groaning, I turned over and covered my head with my pillows. "Five more minutes?" I murmured.

"NO!" Hermione exclaimed. "We're going to be late! Get up or I'll dose you in water." She said.

I sat up, and rubbed my eyes. "But Hermione..." I whined.

"Get out of bed or else." She said.

"Or else what?"

"Weren't you listening? I'll dose you in water!" Hermione repeated loudly, tearing the warm sheets off my body, exposing me to the chill of the room.

"Bloody hell, Hermione!" I screeched.

"Ron's rubbed off on you, has he?" She smirked, throwing my clothes at me. "Hurry up, we need to get some food in you."

"Hermione..."

"Hurry up." She growled.

"Alright, alright. Geez, Hermione." I said pushing myself off the bed and walking tiredly to the bathroom to wash up and change.

When I came out Hermione instantly grabbed my hand and half-dragged me to the Great Hall. "Your so slow at changing." She said as we sat down.'

I shrugged. "Maybe I wanted to be late."

Hermione rolled her eyes and filled up her plate with bacon, and eggs. I did the same. "I'm not in the mood for classes." I groaned.

"OI! Rose! Hermione!" Ron shouted from the entrance of the great hall, he began to run towards us. "Harry...he...someone..."

"What?" We asked.

"Someone sent Harry a Firebolt!"

"A Firebolt?" I asked, mouth and eyes wide.

"Yeah. I really good one." Ron nodded.

"Is there such a thing as a bad Firebolt?" I asked, eyebrows knitting together.

"No." Ron said sheepishly.

"Who sent it to him?" Hermione asked.

"There was no name." Ron shrugged.

"Really? Are you sure? Maybe he should tell someone."

"No, Hermione, we obviously don't expect you to get Quidditch, but he would have to be mental to turn a Firebolt!" Ron exclaimed.

"But what if it's cursed or something Ron?" said Hermione. "He should hand it in to Professor McGonagall." She suggested.

"Hermione!" Ron and I exclaimed.

"What?" She asked, furrowing her brow.

I shook my head. "Harry would be mental if handed the Firebolt in!"

"But-"

"No but it's the fastest broom in the world."

"Ron, remember in first year when Quirrel was jinxing Harry's broom during the Quidditch match? Wouldn't you hate for that to happen again and there not be a counter jinx for it?" Hermione said.

"Be strong Ron, don't let her get to you." I whispered. Ron cracked a small smile.

"Why don't we see what Harry says." Ron suggested.

"Well, Harry's going to say the same thing you said, and he is going to be harder to convince." Hermione said.

"That's the point, 'Mione." Ron laughed.

"Maybe I should tell McGonagall myself then." She said.

"Hermione!" Ron and I said.

"I will! I want to make sure Harry's safe!" She said standing up, slamming her hands on the table causing the juice in my goblet to splash around.

"Harry's fine! The broom is probably fine!" I said standing up too.

"Yeah Hermione just drop it." said Ron, narrowing his eyes at her.

"Drop it? You want me to drop it when your best friend could be in danger? And you, Rose, your brother could be in danger." Hermione said, giving us the finger point.

"Hermione, it's a broom, if it's jinxed we'll find out." I said.

"You would put your brothers life in danger like that?"

"We don't have to test it on Harry." I said, with a small laugh.

"Who then? Who's life isn't valuable enough?" Hermione asked, enraged now.

Me and Ron exchanged sideways glances.

"Malfoy." We said together with a laugh.

"Guys!" Hermione shouted. "This is serious!" She said, throwing her hands up in the air.

"Hermione your over exaggerating. Maybe it was just a lovely present from another one of Harry's admirers." I said with a shrug. "If it is cursed I'll give you five Galleons."

"What is Sirius Black sent it to him?"

"Now where would Sirius Black get enough money to buy a Firebolt for his godson." said Ron.

"I'm just saying, what if it was from him!" She said.

"Well, try and see it from our perspective, Hermione. Sirius Black is a murderer who escaped for Azkaban, dementors are everywhere, and everyone is looking for him, and he has a pretty unmistakable face. Now why would he go strolling into a broom shop and purchase the fastest, best broom out there, which probably cost a fortune he doesn't have?"

"I'm just thinking of possibilities. Better safe than sorry."

"I swear, I am going to have a heart attack the day you become a reckless, out of control maniac." Ron said, shaking his head.

"A couple of shots will loosen her up I would bet." I joked.

"If she'll drink anything at all." Ron whispered back. I laughed.

Hermione let out an angry huff and crossed her arms. "I'm going to class before I am late." She said and walked out of the Great Hall.

Ron and I exchanged glances. "She's so going to tell." I said.

"Let's just pray she's not going to." said Ron.

I nodded my head. "We should get going, let's find Harry." I said gathering up my bag and putting it on my shoulder.

"He's outside trying his broom."

"Maybe, if we're lucky, he'll let us try." I said, walking slowly.

"You know he will."

"Well I don't know. I mean-"

"Yes, yes I know it is the Firebolt, Rose. I think I know that better than you."

I laughed, though I'm sure Ron didn't know why.

"Know Quidditch better than me? I highly doubt it."

"Why?"

"Have I ever told you my foster dad was Quidditch obsessed."

"You may have mentioned it." Ron mumbled.

"It was practically part of my schooling to learn about the teams, and how the game was played. I got a figurative A, for your information."

"Alright, let's go find Harry." He mumbled as he led me to the entrance.

I laughed as I followed, outside people were gathered around, staring up at the sky to see Harry flying around on his broomstick.

"Who do you reckon sent Potter the broom?" I heard someone ask.

"I don't know but whoever did it must have cost them a fortune." The other whispered back.

I looked up too to see my brother coming down from the sky, a huge smile on his face. "Hey guys!" He said happily to us as his feet touched the ground.

"Nice broom, Harry." I said. "How come I didn't get any?" I said smirking.

"Cause I'm more loved."

"Maybe that's just because not as many people have met me, give me ten minutes alone with them. They will fall in love with me."

"Of course it depends on what you take in there." Ron pointed out.

I gave him a quizzical look.

"Like a knife or a frying pan or something."

"What on earth would I do to make them love me with a knife or frying pan?" I asked.

"Threaten them."

"It's scary how I haven't known you that long, and you know me so well."

Ron shrugged. "I guess it's a gift."

I laughed. "Sure, or I'm just easy to read." I said as Harry walks over to us, with a huge grin on his face with the Firebolt in his right hand. "Happy, are you?" I asked.

He nodded. "I wish I knew who sent it to me."

Ron frowned. "Better enjoy it while you can."

Harry came him a confused look. "Why?"

"Hermione." We said in unison.

"Hermione is brilliant, and one of my best friends, but if she tells someone, I am going to hide her textbooks someplace she can never find them." Harry growled.

"Calm down, I can try to talk her out of it." I assured with a smile.

"Hey, Rose, did you say you were going to talk to Dumbledore today?" Ron asked suddenly.

"About what?" Harry asked worriedly.

"Nothing bad, I just want to know more about my past." I shrugged. "You want to come with?" I asked.

Harry nodded, we ran up to Dumbledore's, and knocked on his office door.

"Professor?" I asked, peeking my head in. "I don't mean to bother you, but I had some questions about me, if you wouldn't mind answering them." I said nervously.

"Of course dear, come in and ask away." Dumbledore smiled. Me and Harry walked into the office, Firebolt still in Harry's hand.

"Professor, I was wondering what exactly happened to me when our parents died?" I asked. "I know what happened to Harry, but how could it be possible, he tried to kill Harry, and then was defeated, how could he move onto me?"

"I thought you might come asking questions like this one." Dumbledore smiled. "Well, you see, you were right next to Harry when Voldemort tried to kill him, and he was defeated before he reached you, he never lay a hand on you, figuratively speaking."

"Then how do I have the scar?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"See, sometimes in wizard twins, though very rare, are connected by the mind, and anything that happens to one, happens to the other, however, only a truly powerful wizard can activate it, no one else has been able to, except for Voldemort at full power, that's why she never experienced anything Harry has, and visa verse. Do you understand?"

"I think so." I nodded. "I guess it does make sense."

"I have a question, sir." said Harry.

Dumbledore smiled and turned to my brother. "Yes, Harry?" He said.

"I was wondering, why Rose wasn't brought to live with me and taken to live with another family instead."

Dumbledore's smile seemed to grow wider. "Ah, I knew you'd come and ask me that question. Rose was not taken to live with you, Harry because of different reasons. One, the Dursleys wouldn't take in the both of you."

Harry and I looked even more confused. "Come again? And what's the other reason?" I asked.

"It was a miracle they took in Harry. I think Rose just reminded your aunt to much of your mother at the time."

"They are going to have to deal with it now." Said Harry grimly.

"I suppose so."

"What was the other reason?" I asked, wanting, needing rather, to know more.

"Well, you would be living in the shadow of the boy-who-lived, though I'm sure your aunt and uncle wouldn't have cared either way, and you two would've loved each other just the same, but once you came to school, that's what you would be known as, the sister of the boy-who-lived. It is obvious you have made your impression on this school, that hardly reflects your brother."

I nodded my head. "That makes sense."

"Yes, you are both like your father but I think that Rose reflects more of your father in her presence she gives than you, Harry." Dumbledore said.

"Yeah, I've heard." Harry said chuckling. "Thank you, Professor."

Dumbledore smiled. "Your welcome."

I smiled at Dumbledore then left the Headmaster's office with my brother. "Potter!" McGonagall shouted as we came out of Dumbledore's office.

"Yes?" We asked in unison.

"I was told you, Mr. Potter, received a broom without a name."

"Yes." Harry said, shooting me a scared look. He didn't want to lose this broom.

"I think you should hand it over for inspection."



"But what about Quidditch, we have a match coming up soon, and I need a good broom." Harry complained.

"I think your life is a little more important than whether or not you are riding a good broom."

"But-"

"No more buts' Potter. Hand it over."

Harry stared up in disbelief at McGonagall, before reluctantly handing her his broom.

McGonagall took the broom then walked off with it down the corridors. Just then, Hermione was passing her head down trying to get us not to see her.

I looked at Harry and we both walked over to her. "Hermione!" I shouted from behind her.

She jumped and turned around, she smiled at us. "H-hi."

I rolled my eyes. "Damn it Hermione! We told you not to tell, we loved that broom now it's gone! I bet it's not even cursed."

Hermione let out a sigh. "I'm sorry, I just had to make sure."

"It's okay, Hermione." Harry said half heartedly.

I knew it wasn't okay, and Hermione knew that, too.

"Harry, I did this for you, you will thank me one day. I promise."

Harry shrugged. "It's fine, Hermione." Harry said, sounding a little more convincing than last time.

Harry and Hermione walked off, I was half tempted to follow them, but I didn't, maybe I would go and find Ron, and tell him what I learned.

"Rose!" I heard a voice said from behind me, but not too far behind.

Fantastic! (Please excuse my sarcasm.)

"How is it with you and Weasley?" He asked with a smirk.

"Oh, just lovely. Better than you and Pansy I'm sure." I nodded, smiling over at him.

"Me and Pansy? Haven't you heard, I dumped her."

"Oh, well I'll be waiting for my invite."

"Invite?" Draco asked.

"To her I'm-free-of-Draco-Malfoy party. I had one!" I said smugly, walking away in opposite direction.

I could practically hear Draco's smirk creeping on his face as he followed me. "Come on, now you can stop your charade with Weasley and we can be together again." He said as he followed.

I stopped and spun around, letting out a humorless laugh. "Are you serious?" I asked. "Haven't you gotten the memo, Draco? I'm done with you, no more chances." I said then turned back around and began to walk again.

"But you won't stop thinking about me, even though you're 'with' Weasley."

"How so?"

"Because you said you loved me."

I stopped dead in my tracks, not turning around this time.

"Maybe I thought I loved you." I said through clenched teeth. "Maybe I was under the impression that I was in love with you. It is obvious, or it should be, that I don't."

"I don't believe you." Draco said, his footsteps growing louder as he walked closer to me.

"Believe what you want, whether or not it is the truth." I said, my voice shaking slightly, I wonder if he heard it.

"Oh, it is."

"What makes you so sure?" I asked, not wanting to turn around and look into his deep ice blue eyes.

"What makes you so sure?" He countered.

"I-I asked you first." I said uncertainly.

"Intuition." Draco said, I could hear the triumphant smile in his voice. "And what about you? But turn around and look me in the eyes when you tell me. Unless the big bad Gryffindor is scared."

That did it. I spun around angrily, and just as I feared, got lost quickly in his eyes, unable to tell him how he broke me heart, how I was unwilling to let it happen again.

Because it was going to happen again, and I couldn't stop it, no matter how hard I tried.

I took a step back, intending to run away from him, to go sort things out before I told him anything, before I let anything slip out.

He grabbed my elbow, and lowered his mouth to mine, putting his hand on the small of my back, not going to let me go.

I wanted to fight back, or maybe I wanted to want to fight back, but I didn't. My arms circled around his neck, and pulled myself closer to him.

Did I love him?

I just wasn't sure anymore.

It seemed like forever until we broke apart. I untangled my arms from around his neck and touched my lips. Draco was looking down at me. "Now look me in the eyes and tell me you didn't feel anything." He said. "If you didn't then I'll leave you alone."

I blinked several times. Did I feel something? Yes? No? I wasn't sure, so how was I going to answer this. But if I didn't feel anything, would I want him out of my life?

No, he was apart of my life and I needed that part. The part of my life that belonged to Draco.

I sighed. "I-I can't tell you that, Draco." I said quietly. Looking down, I turned around and walked away.

Idiot. Why would you leave him there? I'm an idiot. I should have stayed, shouldn't I? Ugh, so many questions are running through my mind that I can't think straight.

When I got to the common room, I sat down in a vacant corner and thought.

Did I feel a spark, so to speak, when he kissed me?

Of course I did, I mean, I felt something for him. Whether or not it was love, I'm not sure, but I was scared of giving him my heart once again. His hands weren't the ideal place for my heart.

Then again, what's life without a little risk? But should I risk my heart again, one more of his little games just won't work for me, I may not be able to function.

I sighed heavily. I didn't love him, as far as I knew, but I did feel something for him.

I didn't trust him, but I wanted to be with him again.

Every since I've come to Hogwarts my life had gotten much more complicated than it was. Before all this, when Dumbledore hadn't found me I was less happy than I now. I'm happy being with Harry, yes, more happy then I had ever been, but living his life is much more complicated than I had imagined. I guess it comes with a teenager.

"Hey, sis." said Harry in front of me. "You ditched classes, again."

"Oh." I said, not looking up at him. "Lost track of time."

"What were you doing?"

"Thinking." I say simply.

"About?"

"I'd rather not talk about it, Harry."

"You sure, you can tell me anything." Harry said, taking a seat next to me.

I smirked. "Alright, Harry, I'm pregnant with Malfoy's baby." I said, laughing quietly. Harry paled.

"W-what?"

"I'm proving to you that I can't talk to you about anything. It's not true, I just don't want to talk about it."

"So you aren't-"

"No, oh, hell no."

"Ok, good." Harry let out a sigh of relief.

I laughed.

"Some things, Harry." I said. "I just can't talk to you about, because then you'll react differently than how I'd react and your reactions...they can be scary."

"They can?" He asked, looking at me.

I looked back. "Yes. Yes, they can."

"But, maybe-"

"I said no." I said sharply. "I don't want to talk about it, alright?"

Harry nodded. "Alright then."

"I'm sorry." I said sheepishly.

"It's fine. I understand. It has something to do with Malfoy though, I know that."

"How do you know that?" I demanded loudly.

"I know now." Harry smirked.

"You're horrible." I said with a laugh.

Harry smiled. "Will you stop me from guessing?"

I pondered this for a moment. "No, you can guess."

"Did you and Malfoy talk about relationship crap?" Harry asked.

I nodded slowly "Possibly."

"Fantastic. You guys are not back together are you?" He asked.

I shook my head. "No."

Harry smiled a bit. "Alright, good because I wouldn't want you to get hurt." He ruffled my hair. "Besides you'd break Fred's heart."

I laughed.

"I'm just saying, he looks like he really does likes you. It's weird."

"It's an act."

"He's a good actor."

"Of course he is, that's why I chose him." I smiled. "He's a good friend."

"Yeah, a great friend, helping you trick your ex-boyfriend into believing you are happy without him, instead of giving you a shoulder to cry on, and an over abundance of chocolate."

I was going to say I was happy without Draco, but I didn't because I wasn't sure if I was.

"You're awfully quiet, no smart remarks, no denying your sadness." Harry asked with a small smile.

"Not tonight." I shook my head.

"Then I'll ask you tomorrow."

"Maybe not tomorrow either, I think I'm sick, check my forehead, will you."

Harry put his hand to my head and cheeks. "You feel normal, why?"

"I'm just confused about the silliest things."

"That can happen to people. It's called being human, Rose." said Harry lowering his hand from my forehead.

"I know but-but-" I didn't know how to finish the sentence, I wanted to say that I was confused about something extremely silly.

"But what?" He asked, an eyebrow raised.

I stayed silent for a few moments before answering. "But I don't want to be confused about what I'm confused about."

"I think I understand." He said, knitting his eyebrows. "Your confused about Malfoy."

I didn't answer. My brother could read me like a book.

I gave him a side glance. "Would you get mad if I said yes?" I asked.

Harry shook his head, opening his arms for me.

"Don't get mad, but w-we kissed, and he asked if I felt something, and I ran away." I said sheepishly, hiding my face in Harry's shoulder.

"Did you? Feel something, I mean."

"I guess I did, but he would take that as I loved him, and I don't. I don't think I do, anyway."

Harry wore a confused expression, but nodded.

"You know, I shouldn't be talking to my brother about this, I should go and find Hermione." I said quickly.

"No, I understand. I just don't see why it is such a problem."

"It's a problem because he's going to keep bugging me with that question. I answer yes, he'll think I'm in love with him and want to get back together, I say no then he says he'll leave me alone."

"And him leaving you alone is a problem because?" Harry asked, jokingly.

I rolled my eyes. "It's a problem because he's a part of my life and if he walks out of my life then I'm not going to be complete. Get it?" I said.

Harry gave a curt nod. "I think so. Merlin, you girls have a lot of feelings."

"We're emotional that way but you can't help but love us, Harry."

"I suppose so."

"Suppose?" I asked with a laugh.

"I think girls are to emotional for their own good."

"Keep up that attitude, you'll never get a girlfriend."

"If she is this emotional, I don't think I want one."

"You're a jerk." I said, slapping his shoulder.

"Because I think girls are really emotional?" Harry said, liking using the word. I'm sure he knew it, he was just using a lot to annoy me.

"No, it's the truth."

"Believe what you want." Harry shrugged.

I rolled my eyes and let out a little giggle. "It's the truth." I singsonged.

Now it was Harry's turn to roll his eyes. "Whatever you say, Rose."

"Harry.." I said a smile still on my face.



"Yes little sister?"

"I love you." I said then hugged him.

Harry smiled and hugged me back. "I love you too."

I sat with him a while longer, we exchanged very few words, before I decided to go find Hermione.

I told her about everything that happened and anxiously awaited her opinion.

"You two kissed?" She asked.

I nodded "Is that a bad thing?"

"You shouldn't be asking me. Is that a bad things Rose?"

I didn't know what to say. Was it a bad thing? No, no it could never be a bad thing.

"No." I said quietly.

"Well, then tell him that."

"But I don't know if I want to get together with him!" I exclaimed.

"You don't have to tell him, then."

"But then he will ignore me!"

"Alright, what are you more afraid of, losing him, or getting back together with him?"

"I don't know, Hermione!" I wailed and buried my head in my hands.

Hermione patted my back. "You'll figure it out. You always do."

"Not when it comes to Draco, Hermione!" I exclaimed. "I want to curl up in a ball in a corner right now." I muttered.

"Don't say that." She said. "Come on, let's get you something to eat, alright?"

"Alright." I said, not really in the mood but I knew Hermione. She'd bug me until I went with her. She grabbed my hand and lead me to the Great Hall.

We walked to the Great Hall, Draco glued to my thoughts.

Then it hit me.

I wanted Draco back. I wanted to be able to call him my boyfriend again. I stopped walking, and smiled.

"Rose, what's wrong?" Hermione asked turning around.

"I'm brilliant." I said smiled. "Really great." I skipped up to her.

In the Great Hall, I walked straight past my usual spot at the Gryffindor table, to Draco.

I tapped him on the shoulder. "Draco." I said quietly. He didn't turn around.

"Draco!" I said a little louder, he didn't turn around. Maybe he was listening, he just wasn't turning around.

"Draco, I wanted you to know that I-I did feel something when we kissed." I said nervously.

Draco turned around, and who was clinging to his arm?

If you guessed Pansy the pug Parkinson, you would be correct. She kissed his cheek possessively.

"You choose now to tell me that?" He asked, he wore in expression that hurt me, but I couldn't describe.

"Bye-bye, Gryffindork." Pansy said with a shrill laugh.

With an ache in m heart, and a tear in my eye, I turned away.

A/N: Okay, first off, thank you for all the encouraging reviews, I love them, and I hope some of your questions were answered in this chapter. And if the spaces in between paragraphs seem bigger because there are some parts that somehow get jumbled up where I don't want them to be, so I'm going to see if this works, and everything is where it should be! Review!

AND THANK YOU MISSNOTHINGX! AS OF RIGHT NOW, YOU ARE A STORY SAVER!

I wouldn't be on chapter 24 if it weren't for her, so a big thanks to her!

A/N: I don't feel I should have to put this in and authors note again! I don't except flames! Period! If they are any kind of flames, no matter how slight they seem to you, they will hurt the author in one way or another! It especially hurts the author if you call it shit! If you've got flames, take them somewhere else! I don't need that here.

Now, for those of you who like this story, and support me instead of make me feel bad about it, let's get on with the story!

I walked quickly out of the Great Hall and made it to the stairs to that were to the left and sat on the steps.

"Rose!" I heard Hermione screaming in the Great Hall. "Rose!" She was now at the doorway, she turned to head to me and ran over. "What happened?" She asked.

"I-I told him, Hermione and when I did, he was with Parkinson and...and..." In choked on my words but Hermione understood she sat down beside me and hugged me.

"At least you told him." She said.

"Yeah, then I made a fool out of myself!" I said.

"He's a man whore, Rose." I heard a voice say. I sniffled slightly, and wiped my eyes.

"Hey, Blaise." I mumbled.

"Hey. Don't get to upset about him, Parkinson annoys the hell out of him, and is a complete turn off. You on the other hand, well he can't get enough of you, and you are amazing."

"Why is he with her again?" I asked, holding back tears. I felt like desperate freak, but I wanted him back, I couldn't deny it.

"You know him, can't be without a girlfriend for more than five minutes. You didn't give him an answer, so he took that as a no, and he went off and found Parkinson again."

I groaned, throwing my head in my hands. "I'm so stupid!" I yelled. "I can't believe this!"

"Don't worry to much, he'll be with you again in no time. Parkinson is a nightmare." With that, he winked, and walked in the direction of the Slytherin common room.

I couldn't help but smile a bit. Blaise could cheer me up almost as good as Harry, or the twins. I leaned my head on Hermione's shoulder who was still beside me, with one arm around my shoulder.

"Rose," I heard another voice. I looked up to see the twins, grinning down at me. "Hey, love." They said in unison. I smiled. "Hello."

"Now," said George. "Why are you out here, with red eyes?"

I shrugged. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Hear that, George, she doesn't know what we're taking about." Fred laughed.

George leaned in, and put his hands on my knees, and got in my face so close, I could smell the mint and chocolate dessert he just ate. Thank Merlin it was mint.

"Let the git go, honey!" He yelled in my face.

"Easy for you to say!" I shot back.

"Yeah, it is, I don't know why it is so hard for you to do!"

"Because, I dunno, you would understand if you were a girl."

"Hermione's a girl, and a damn smart one, too. She doesn't understand why you can't let him go, either. She doesn't say it, but she's thinking it deep, deep down, she's thinking it."

I rolled my eyes. "Fine, once you turn into Rose Potter, tell me why I can't let him go! Because I would love to have that explained to me, until then, I will not let him go, and you will keep your trap shut!"

"You've lost your chance, Rosie." He said more calmly. I stayed silent, looking at George.

"Rose, can we borrow a few hairs?" asked Fred.

I gave him a look. "Why?"

"You said to become Rose Potter and I'll bet you we will do it if you give us some hairs for Polyjuice Potions." He put his hand out.

I laughed a bit. "You're serious." "You know we're almost never serious."

"Good, because I wasn't going to give you any, anyways." I shrugged.

"Ouch, that hurts us to think that you think we would respect your space like that to get something nicely. Something we could very easily take."

"You are both horrible."

"But that's why you love us." They said in unison, with a smile.

"I don't know if I love you guys at the moment." I said stiffly.

"Not love us? Well that's not possible."

I shrugged. "Maybe it is, maybe it isn't."

"Everyone loves us." George said.

"The Slytherin don't."

"No one other than you cares about them." He pointed out.

I shrugged. "I don't care about them except for-"

"Malfoy." They all said, including Hermione.

I shot them glares. "I was going to say Blaise. I like him, he's nice."

"And Malfoy."

"Maybe." I shrugged.

"Maybe?" They asked with a laugh. "You just went to declare your love to him."

"I did not declare my love to him. I just told him...You know what, I don't have to explain this to you. You wouldn't understand."

"The Weasley twins, not understand? You aren't going to find a lot of people who don't agree with that." Fred smirked.

I laughed.

"What's so funny?" I heard a high, annoying voice ask.

"Your face." I muttered in Pansy's general direction.

"I didn't hear you." She sang.

"I'm sorry, I said it loudly enough for any normal person to hear, it isn't my fault you are mentally challenged."

"You are just jealous because I'm dating Draco."

I laughed once. "Speaking of which, where is the poor, confused bloke?"

"He left to go find Blaise, wherever he went." She said with a cool shrug.

"Blaise is in the common room." I said instantly not meaning to actually say it.

Pansy nodded. "Alright, then I'm going to the common room to see my boyfriend. Bye Gryffindorks." She said giving us a sly smile and a little wave.

I rolled my eyes. "Slutherin." I said a bit too loudly, making everyone around me laugh. I couldn't help but smile a bit at the laughter.

"It's rather true. They are whores and sluts." I said shrugging.

"There's our Rosie baby." Fred said ruffling my hair like he always does.

"I've been here all along." I sighed, smiling up at him. He dropped his hand, and smiled back.

"Barely." He smirked.

"Really, you want to go there?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I am surprised you even ask if I want to go there."

"Force of habit." I shrugged.

Fred laughed, and sat next to me, slinging an arm across my shoulders.

"Rose, what's wrong?" I heard a voice asked.

"Draco is just a man whore, and I can't get over him, nothing big." I shrugged, sending a look to Harry.

"Harry," said Fred. "Tell your sister that Malfoy is being a git and she should let him go."

Harry nodded. "Rose, Malfoy is a git, let him go, sis." He said.

I laughed a bit and shook my head.

"Why not?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Because, I can't." I said shrugging.

"Your so confusing." He said, sitting down on the step before me.

"Thank you."

"I would be able to let Malfoy go." Said Hermione, nodding slightly.

"Yeah, but you've hated him for two years, never gone out with him, and you have a boyfriend so it would be easy for you. See, it would be easy for everyone to let him go, except me."

"Parkinson can't let him go." George pointed out.

"Yeah, well Parkinson isn't dating Draco, she's dating Malfoy."

"They are the same person, in case you haven't noticed." Fred said.



"Malfoy is the guy you all know, the big and mean Slytherin, Draco is the nice, sweet one that I know, and that I can't get over. Though they may share one body, they are really two completely different people."

"Of course they are, Rose." said George patting my shoulder. "They are two complete different guys."

"They are! Sort of." I said.

"Yeah, I said they were. Geez." said George removing his hand from my shoulder.

I rolled my eyes. "I'm going to the common room." I stood up and walked up the remainder of the stairs that led to the common room for Gryffindor.

Malfoy and Draco. Two completely different guys, in one body, but both can break your heart in an instant. Bloody gits-git.

I went to the common room, not intending to go back down to supper, I sat on the couch, feeling like Scarlett O'Hara.

Here are my reasons.

Not to sound slutish, even though I am going to, I could most likely have any boy I wanted, and I choose the player that half the time wanted nothing to do with me.

And I found myself thinking of ways to get this said player back. And I know, or at least hope you know, who that player is.

I shook my head. "I won't think about this now, I need to think about more important things than boys, like classes." I said quietly to myself.

"Don't talk to yourself, it doesn't sound sane." I heard someone say from the portrait hole.

"It's not like I have any sanity left anyway." I shrugged, and smiled at Fred as he plopped next to me on the couch. I looked around, but no one else was with him.

No George? Hmm, this was a rather interesting sight. I smiled a tad and looked at Fred. "Where's your twin?" I asked.

Fred smirked. "Making out with Hermione. That's where." He said jokingly.

I laughed. "Then Ron will kill him."

Fred nodded. "Yes and what a bloody sight it will be. Brothers battling it out to the death over Granger Danger."

Again I let out a laugh. "Granger Danger?"

"Yeah. Cause Hermione's last name is Granger and it rhymes with danger, duh, Rose."

"Well, Hermione isn't dangerous." I said with a shrug.

Fred looked around, and leaned in close, like it was a secret. "As far as we know."

I raised an eyebrow. "As far as we know?" I repeated.

"Yeah, she could be an undercover assassin, or something."

"The only thing she has ever killed, is everyone's chances at beating her in exam scores."

Fred laughed, and nodded, agreeing. Then it fell silent, and I couldn't think of what to say. So I thought.

I thought of ways to get Draco back, ways to pry fugly pugly off of him. I'm sure she had one hell of a grip if she still had him as her boyfriend.

"Rose." said Fred. I didn't answer, too deep in thought. "Rose." He said again, and again I blocked him out. "ROSE!" He screamed pushing my shoulder.

I looked at him. "What?"

"Can I tell you something?" He asked.

I nodded. "Yeah, anything."

"OK." said Fred. "Maybe you should, get over-at least try and get over him by dating someone else. I hear that works." He said shrugging.

"But who would I date?" I asked.

"Someone tall, and handsome, and is sure to make you laugh, and someone that you know won't break your heart."

"Yeah, well where am I going to find one of those?" I asked.

"Hey, Rose, look to your right."

So I did, and I saw Fred smiling widely.

"You've found one." He said, nervousness clear in his voice. I smiled at him.

"Fred, that's sweet, but I-"

"You aren't afraid I'll break your heart, are you?" Fred asked, raising a brow.

"No, Fred, I know you wouldn't do that, I'm afraid of breaking yours."

"I've got Percy as a brother, I think I can handle another heart break if it has to come. Why don't we just try? For me?"

I didn't know what to say. Fred liked me, and...and.. "Let me think about it." I said giving a small smile.

Fred nodded. "Of course." He said, he stood up. "I'll see you around." He then walked up to the boys' dormitories.

I sat on the couch thinking of an answer. Did I like Fred? Yes? No? Maybe so? I laid down on the couch covering my face with a pillow. "UGH!" I said loudly into the pillow causing it to come out muffled.

It was enough dealing with my Draco problems now I have to deal with Fred ones too. Life is just wonderful isn't it? I closed my eyes under the pillow and let out a deep breath.

Seriously? This was so complicated. You know what, I was just going to focus on classes, and my brother.

If that was possible...

! % & \* ^ \$

It was February. February 14th to be exact, and there were couples snogging everywhere I looked, it seemed the only ones who lacked someone else was me, Fred, and Harry. Even Ginny was off with a friend who was a boy.

Ron had taken Hermione to Hogsmeade that day. Me, Harry, and Fred decided to stay at Hogwarts because everything was going to be about couples, and we would feel left out.

"Where's George?" I asked Fred.

"With Angelina." He said back, with no emotion in his voice. He didn't ask me out again, respecting my space.

I nodded my head. "Oh." I said.

Harry I guess could sense that Fred and I were more distant and awkward around each other these days cause he asked. "Is something wrong with you two?"

Fred and I shook our heads. "No. We're peachy." I said, smiling. Fred nodded in agreement.

"Uh huh..." said Harry eyeing us carefully.

"Yes, uh huh.." I said patting my brothers unruly hair.

"What do you guys want to do?" asked Fred.

We-Harry and me- shrugged. "Dunno."

"I am going to go to the library." I announced. "You boys can come with me, if you would like to."

Fred shook his head.

"I am going to Lupin's." Harry said. "I can walk with you until then."

"Okay." I nodded, we both stood up, and I grabbed some of my homework.

Harry left me at Lupin's office, and I walked quietly to the Library.

I was in there for about a half an hour when I heard someone clear their throat behind me. I spun around, ponytail smacking my chin.

"Oh, hi Draco. Don't you have a pug to go an snog." I said, heart beating wildly, I turned back to my Herbology essay.

"What? I dumped Pansy yesterday."

"I'm sure she is just heart broken."

"Yeah, I'll bet she is." Draco said, I heard the smirk in his voice.

"So, what do you want?"

"Take a guess." He said.

Then it clicked. He wanted me back. Great, this is just what I wanted but there was Fred. I could break his heart if I got with Draco again and I never gave him an answer, still.

"You want me back?" I asked, knitting my brow.

He nodded. "Yeah. So what do you say?"

"I don't know."

Draco's frowned. "What?"

"I don't know."

"How can you not know?" Draco asked.

"I just don't, thing have happened, and I have gotten my heart broken-" I stopped to count on my fingers. "-three times, all by your doing."

"Have you found someone else?" Draco asked.

"Yes and no." I shrugged.

"Care to explain?"

"Someone else asked me out, and I told them I would think about it."

"Tell them you are taken." Draco said, like it was obvious.

"I am, am I?" I asked, raising a brow.

"Yes, you are, and I am the one who has taken you." Draco said, kissing my cheek before walking away.

My heart was pounding in my ears, was I Draco's girlfriend, or was I not? I am guessing I was.

"Finally." I sighed.

But then it hit me. Fred. I hadn't even bothered to give him an answer and I'd begun to date someone else already. Now I felt horrible.

Just avoid Fred, I thought, and it'll all blow over in some way.

! % & \* ^ \$

I had been avoiding Fred for about 4 days now and trying not to get Fred to see with Draco. It was harder than it seemed.

I was down the hallway to Charms with my head down, I bumped into someone. "Rose," He said.

I looked up to come face to face with Fred. "You've been avoiding me." He said a bit hurt.

"No I haven't." I lied.

"You're a horrible liar." He said chuckling.

"It depends on what I'm lying about." I said, nodding. "Now, I have to get to class be-" I said, not bothering to finish my sentence before walking in the other direction, he grabbed my arm.

"I think you can stand to be late to...what class are you going to?"

"Charms." I answered quietly.

"Ah, Flitwick won't care." Fred nodded. "Why have you been avoiding me?" He asked. "I won't be mad or offended. I'm simply a nosy Weasley."

Just then Draco walked up, and kissed my cheek, putting his arm around my waist. "C'mon, you don't want to be late for Charms, do you, love?" He asked.

My cheeks burned as I looked at Fred, no anger or hurt was shown there, simply amusement.

"I'll meet you there." I said, he nodded and reluctantly walked away.

"You and Malfoy again?" Fred raised an eyebrow.

"Yes." I mumbled softly. "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize, I'm not angry, or sad, or hurt. Jealous, maybe a little, but not enough to make me angry or sad or hurt."

"You aren't?"

"No, now that I think of it, it would be pretty weird going out, and I like you better as a friend, anyways. See you later." Fred smiled and walked the other way, while I jogged to get to class on time.

That went better than I had expected.

Charms was pretty boring, we all tried a new spell, and as usual Hermione was the only who could actually do the spell. Others succeeded but not as well as her, obviously.

After class, Hermione caught up with me.

"How are things." She said nudging my side playfully.

I smiled. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh come off it. You know exactly what I mean." She said smiling widely.

"No I don't think I do."

"I'm Hermione Granger, I see everything that goes on. With you, at least. Besides, you aren'ts that hard to read."

"If you see everything, why are you asking me?"

"Because I want to hear your take on it." Hermione looked at me from the side.

I rolled my eyes. "Well, let's see, it was in the library, he came up and told me he and Parkinson broke up, and he said we could go out now. I said that I didn't know, then he said that I was taken, and I asked by who, and he said him, and he kissed my cheek, and walked away. Don't get me wrong, I am really happy to be back with him again."

"But?" Hermione asked.

"But, he really didn't give me a choice. I think it would make him think he wears the pants in the relationship."

"Well, I would hope you both are wearing pants." Harry said, walking up, laughing.

I laughed. "I hope so too."

Hermione and I walked to our next class, Defense Against the Dark Arts, where I took my seat in class next to Draco who was smiling at me as I sat down.

"Hey, where'd you go after class?" He asked.

"Walked with Hermione." I answered, taking out some parchment.



He nodded, as Professor Lupin emerged from the shadows of the room. "Hello class!" He said happily. He looked gravelly ill from what I could tell.

"Hello, Professor." The class answered back in a bored tone.

After class, which wasn't so bad, we walked to the Gryffindor common room. I flopped lazily on the couch.

"Hard day?" Harry smirked.

"Nope, just long. Weekdays always are. Teachers teach way to much."

"Hmmm, I wonder why." Harry said sarcastically.

"I do to, might have to ask."

Harry chuckled. Then Fred and George walked in and I stiffened.

"Hello Rosie." They said in unison, ruffling my hair. I fixed it, but didn't make a fuss. How could Fred act as if nothing had happened? Wasn't there supposed be an awkward phase? If we skipped it, that is fine by me.

They sat on the arms of the couch, and I looked at the two of them and smiled. They gave me identical grins back. "How was your day, guys?" I asked.

"Long and boring." George groaned.

I laughed. "School is supposed to be that way."

"We know," said Fred. "but it could be at least more fun. And less homework, honestly, Greasy Snape gave our class 18 inches of parchment on The Draught of the Living Death."

I smirked. "Seriously. That's probably baby homework to Hermione."

"Well we're not Hermione are we?"

"You could be."

"No, we couldn't." They shook their head.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Too lazy." Fred said.

"Not smart enough." George continued. "What's your excuse?" They asked together.

"I'm the opposite of her, I can't change the world." I shrugged.

"I'm sure you could."

"Yes, but that would take the effort that I don't have."

The twins chuckled. "I'd rather stay on this couch, being lazy than do work." I said closing my eyes. "Same here, but sadly life doesn't work that way." says Fred. "Yes. Sadly." I said opening one eye. "I don't want to do my homework." "Neither do we but we'd get detention or something if we don't." says George. "Then bring on the detention." I said pumping my fist in the air then flopping it back down onto the couch on my twins laughed.

"Do your homework, and when you get it done, you can be lazy." Hermione piped up, I didn't know she was still here.

"Have you ever done that?" I asked, raising a brow.

"Yes."

I scoffed. "Doubt it, when? When you are finished with homework, you study, when you are finished studying, you read the book for fun, and by that time, it's time for more homework, and the cycle continues. Kind of like the circle of life."

"She likes to stimulate the brain." said George tapping his left temple.

I laughed, while Hermione looked up from her book, that she was reading to look at George, then went back to reading.

"So, Hermione. Your version of being lazy is reading?" asked Fred.

"So what if it is?" She asked defensively.

Fred put his hands up in surrender. "Whoa chill, girly. Just messing around with you." He said chuckling.

Hermione let out a huff then went back to her book once again. The twins and I laughed.

"So, Fred tells me that you and Malfoy are together again." George said. "And I heard you talking to Hermione, and you said you were worried that he wore pants?"

"No! That isn't what I said. When he asked I told him that I didn't know, and then he said I was taken, and didn't give me a choice. I am happy we are together again, but I think that will make him think he wears the pants in the relationship, so to speak."

The nodded, but were still confused.

"I don't want him to think he is the more dominate one in the relationship, that he can push me into anything." I explained.

"I think we all know who the more dominant one is." Fred laughed, nudging my shoulder.

"Really?" I asked. "I see us more as equals."

George scoffed. "That's probably not how everyone else sees it. Right Fred?" "Right George." He said laughing.

I laughed. "You guys know what we should have here in the Gryffindor Tower one day?" I asked.

"What?" All of them asked, including Hermione. "A party."

Fred snorted. "Like Percy would allow us having a party here. It'd be a miracle if you got him too not get us in trouble for having fun."

I smiled. "We can always try it." I said shrugging. "You guys hardly ever have parties here. If you do it's like gowns and all."

"Gowns? Like a formal-y thing?" Fred asked incredulously.

"Not that formal, maybe not even gowns, just dresses, and we could do it next year when Percy isn't here, or over the summer even, summer isn't too far away." I said. "Just coming up with ideas."

"Over the summer? You know what, why don't we just ask Dumbledore to have a dance? I mean, it can't be that bad, and you and your precious Malfoy can go together." George said.

"That isn't a bad idea, when should we ask him?" I asked.

"Tomorrow, right after lessons, so the teachers are still in their classrooms, and we can find out sooner."

"Alright, where do you meet?" I asked, then looked over at Hermione and Harry and Ron. "You in? The more people the less likely he is to say no."

They all nodded. "We're in." They said together.

"Alright. We leave at 3 tomorrow to Dumbledore's office." Fred said.

We all nodded. I pumped my fist in the air. "We're having a party!" I exclaimed.

"It's not for sure." said Harry.

"You think Dumbledore would say no to having a party?" I asked.

They shook their heads. I smiled. "Exactly, so WE'RE HAVING A PARTY!"

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The next day at exactly three, Fred, George, Harry, Hermione, Ron, and I stood outside Dumbledore's office. "Ready?" asked Fred. Everything nodded. "Lemon drops!" He exclaimed and the statue in front of the entrance moved out of the way and we walked down to Dumbledore's office.

George knocked on the door. "Come in." His voice called.

George pushed the door open and we all walked in, with awkward faces on.

"Oh, hello you six." He smiled. "How can I help you?"

Everyone looked at me, like I was there voice, I rolled my eyes.

"Um, Professor, we were all hoping that it would be okay if we could have a party, like semi-formal."

"Could I have more details?" Dumbledore asked, smiling, as if he knew where this was going.

"Well, like the girls had to wear dresses, they don't have to be long dresses though. And you could have dates, and there could be music."

"A charming idea. When were you thinking of having this?"

"It could be before people leave for Easter Break! Maybe the night before, or two nights before."

"Miss Potter, you are quite creative. I will think about it." He nodded.

We all thanked him and walked out, all happy because it was the yes kind of 'I'll think about it.'

In the middle of the hall, I said a bit too loudly. "We're having a party!" I said pumping my fist in the air once again.

"He said he'd think about it." pointed out Ron.

"Yes." I said smiling at him. "But it was a yes kind of I'll think about it." He smiled. "Then...WE'RE HAVING A PARTY!"

"Hush, Ronald." Hermione said rolling her eyes.

I laughed. "Let the boy be happy." I said patting Hermione's bushy hair.

"Besides," I continued "He is going to be your date."

Hermione blushed slightly, and smiled.

We walked to the Gryffindor common room, I was the only one who didn't make. Draco caught my arm, and spun me around.

"Oh, hullo." I smiled at him. He slung his arm over my shoulder and walked me in a different direction.

"Hullo, love. How was your day?" He asked.

"Good, classes were okay, but I came up with an idea, and we asked Dumbledore and he said he'd think about it, but it was in the yes sort of way."

"And what was this idea?" Draco asked.

"A party! It is semi-formal, as in dresses and dancing, and of course, dates."

"And I will be your date to this dance." He said smiling.

I nodded. "Yes, yes you will." I said kissing his cheek.

"Great. I'm sure you'll look ravishing." He said.

"And you'll look exceptionally handsome."

"Like I always do." He smirked.

I rolled my eyes. "You're so full of yourself, Draco." I said jokingly.

"But you love me."

"Yeah, I do."

Draco kissed my forehead, and smiled.

"When will this be?" Draco asked quietly.

"It will be just before Easter." I nodded.

"That long?" Draco whined.

"It's next month!" I explained. "Besides, I wanted to give time for the boys to find dates."

Draco nodded.

"And," I continued "it gives time for us girls to find dresses."

Draco smiled. "Then I can't wait for the dance." He said.

I smiled and kissed him. "I'll see you later all right? My friends are probably looking for me."

Draco pouted. "Do you have to go?" He asked, begging me to stay.

I nodded. "Yes," I said patting his blonde head. "I'll see you later." I kissed his cheek and skipped off to the portrait hole.

When I entered, everyone was gathered around our usual spot in front of the fire place. Once I walked in their heads all turned in my direction. "There she is!" exclaimed the twins.

I smiled and walked over to them, taking a seat next to Harry.

"Here I am." I shrugged, smiling.

"What made you have to keep us waiting?" Harry asked.

"Draco wanted to talk to me." I said.

There were a chorus of groans. I rolled my eyes. "Real mature." I muttered.

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At dinner, Dumbledore stood up, and asked for everyone's attention. Everyone grew silent and Hermione, Ron, Harry, Fred, George and I all exchanged looks.

"I would like to announce that the 23 of March, we will be having a dance. It will be semi-formal, so ladies will be wearing dresses, there will be dancing, and you may go as a couple, or alone. I am afraid to inform 1st and 2nd years they will not be able to attend. And Miss Rose Potter will be in charge of the music, any requests will be heard by her." He winked at me. I nodded and smiled, a list already

forming in my head. "Nothing live please, Miss Potter." I nodded again.

A party! We were going to be having a party!

A/N: Stupid ending, I'm sorry, it's my fault, I should've ended it with one of missnothingx part. I am so thankful that she is alive right now, it isn't even funny. Now aside from the nasty flame that I got, I did get some AMAZING reviews for the last chapter, you know you are. And I love you guys, because it really turned my day around, so thank you!



As soon as Dumbledore sat back down again, the whole Great Hall burst into cheers, except the first and second years, who were obviously upset.

The cheering soon died down and everyone began to talk about dates, what they were going to wear, etc. Hermione, Ron, Harry, Fred, George, and I all smiled at each other.

"This is going to be fun." I said smiling.

"Yes, yes it is." Fred said exchanging a mischievous look with his twin.

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After dinner kids started coming up to me suggested different kinds of music, from Muggle to magical, and I told each of them I'd think about it.

"You sure are getting a lot of requests." said Ron.

"I know cause people sure want me to play certain music."

"Like?"

"Muggle music, Wizard rock." I said shrugging.

"What are you going to play more of?" Ron asked.

"Muggle music, of course. I like Muggle music better." I said, smiling. I was doing this for me and Hermione, because I know she listened to Muggle music more anyway.

"You should make a list, and how are you going to play all the songs?" Hermione said.

"You must be crazy to think I don't have an Ipod in my trunk." I laughed.

"But what about new music?"

"My foster dad put a spell on it that puts new songs on it whenever I search them without having to pay anything. Pretty clever, really."

"That is brilliant. Wizard Rock, too?" Ron asked.

"I'm sure." I nodded.

"Your going to be a great DJ."

I smiled. "Thanks, that's what I'm intending to be, anyways." I said. "You can help me with some of the Wizard Rock, Ron. You're more into wizarding stuff than I am."

He nodded his head. "Yeah, sure. I'll help you."

"Great." I said smiling. "Thanks, Ron."

"Your welcome. But wait, Rose."

"Yeah?"

"What's an Ipod?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

I laughed remembering Ron knew nothing about Muggle devices. "An Ipod is a little device, that can hold a bunch of songs in them." I explained.

"Ooh." He said. I nodded.

"Rose, if you were raised my wizards, how come you know so much about Muggle stuff?"

"I went out a lot. I had lots and lots of Muggle friends, and I always got what they got. Paul spoiled me, though Josie begged him not to. I was a daddy's girl."

Ron nodded.

"I'll be right back." I said, and rushed upstairs to get a Muggle pen, it was bright pink, and a piece of paper from a notebook.

I sat next to Hermione and thought of songs, writing them down as they flashed through my head. Hermione looked over my shoulder, approving them. I was surprised that she actually listened to the songs I wrote down. I hoped they would allow these songs. Oh well,

if they don't, they don't have to put me in charge of music again. It's really their own fault.

"Ron! Ron! Hey Ron!" I shouted.

"What?" He said walking over to Hermione and me.

"What are some wizard bands?" I asked. "I know the Weird Sister but what else?"

Ron thought for a moment. "The Remembralls, Ministry of Magic, StarKid..."

I nodded my head and wrote down the bands name on the piece of paper with my bright pink pen which wrote with red ink that smelled of strawberries. "Thanks." I said, clicking my pen.

"Welcome." He said then walked away again.

"Who names a band after the ministry?" asked Hermione.

"They do."

Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Who do you have for Muggle Bands?" Ron asked.

"I highly doubt you've heard of any of them, but there is Michael Jackson, he is my favorite, 3oh!3, Paramore, Good Charlotte, Eminem, Rihanna, Ke\$ha, Rocket to the Moon, One Republic, Far East Movement, Pretty Reckless I'm not doing real classical music for the slow songs, mostly Brad Paisley, Carrie Underwood, Taylor Swift, Jason Aldean and the list goes on." (A/N: I know these are artist's from today, but I don't listen to music from back then, so these are the bands I choose!)

"You are right, I have no idea who any of these people are."

"Well, they are good, or else they wouldn't be on the list. And be warned, I sing to the songs. I can't help it."

Ron laughed. "Alright. I bet none of your pureblood friends in Slytherin won't know what song is playing if you play your Muggle music." He said.

I shrugged. "Then they have to deal with it. A majority of us want Muggle music with some wizard music."

"Whatever you say." He said.

"Hmm...who else can go on the list?" I asked, tapping my pen on my lap.

Hermione and Ron shrugged.

"Thanks for the help, guys." I said jokingly.

"Well we don't know very many bands. What are more of your favorite bands."

"Oh, well I like Simple Plan, and Nickleback, but if I put all my favorite songs on here I'll be singing the whole entire night!"

"Well, I would think you have enough, just wait for requests now." Hermione said.

"Okay, you're right."

"When isn't she right?" Asked Ron.

I laughed. "This is true." I nodded.

She didn't deny this.

"Anyways, I think I have enough songs." I said putting the paper and pen down on the table. "How long are the dances usually?" I asked.

Hermione and Ron looked at each other. "I'm not sure, all we've had so far are feasts, which I really enjoy." said Ron smiling.

I rolled my eyes. "Of course you do. It's food."

Ron shrugged and chuckled. "Not my fault, my mum spoiled me with food."

"No wonder." I said jokingly.

Hermione took the list from my hands, and nodded, smiling at the ones she liked.

"You sure they will allow these songs?" Hermione asked.

"Who cares? It's not like there is a kid who hasn't at least heard a swear word, there is definitely not a kid in third year in up who doesn't know about sex! Not all of these songs have that kind of stuff in them."

"Do you have 'Right Girl' on there?" Hermione asked.

"No! That's a good one, I'll add it."

Hermione smiled. "I'm going upstairs to take a shower. Good night." She said, before leaving the couch.

"Ron, come here." I said.

"What?" He asked, coming and sitting next to me. I pointed to some of the sweet songs, and slower songs.

"Slow dance with Hermione to these." I said.

"I have no idea what they sound like."

"Don't worry, I'll let you hear them before hand. She'll love it."

Ron hesitated before nodding. "Alright, but I don't know how to dance." He said, biting his lip.

"Then ask someone to show you how." I said, shrugging.

Ron rolled his eyes. "Like who?" He asked.

I shrugged. "I don't know. Just ask someone, a professor, your mum, your dad, your brothers?" I said.

Ron snorted. "Like my brothers would help me in dancing."

"Who knows if they'll say yes or no. You're assuming they'll say no."

"How am I supposed to ask them?"

"I need help with dancing, can you help me?" I suggested.

Ron went pale and nodded slowly. "U-uh o-okay." He nodded.

#### DRACO'S POV

I was in the common room. A dance. I didn't know how to dance. Shit! This is not good. She is going to want me to dance with her! I'm dead, I'm so dead!

"Are you having a fit or something, you look awful, mate." Zabini said, sitting in the chair across from me.

"The dance. Rose is going to want me to dance with her?"

"So?" Blaise asked.

"So, I can't dance." I said, rubbing my forehead.

"It's easy, really. You'll catch on fast." Blaise assured.

"Catch on, with Rose? Not bloody likely. I've known her for how long? And I still haven't caught on."

"This is dancing."

"Dancing with Rose. This isn't going to end well for me."

#### ROSE'S POV

I sat staring up at my ceiling and sighed quietly. Sleep just wouldn't come. I was thinking about three things:

The party.

Fred, and him liking me, which was still weird.

And, as always, Draco.

I rubbed my eyes. I tried counting sheep or whatever to make myself sleepy but still nothing. Looks like I might have a sleepless night.

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I ended up falling asleep at 3 in the morning and was roused by Hermione shaking me and screaming. "Stop, Hermione!" I said my eyes still closed.

"Then get up off of your lazy arse and get ready!" She said, pushing her hands away from my arm and shoulder.

I sat up, rubbed my eyes. "You could always try 'Rose, time for school.' instead of 'ROSE! GET UP!'" I said throwing the covers off myself.

I changed into my school robes. "I hope they let us go into Hogsmeade before the dance, or we will all look horrible." I said to Hermione.

"I agree." Hermione nodded.

We went down the Great Hall, without waiting for Harry and Ron. Draco came up behind me.

"Good Morning, love." He whispered.

"Morning." I replied.

"So, how is the music coming?" He asked.

"Great, I have a list in my dorm."

"How many slow songs are there?" He asked.

"Not to many, but enough to keep the couples satisfied." I nodded. I wasn't sure if it was just my imagination, but I think Draco may have turned one of two shades paler.

I looked at him. "You alright?" I asked.

He nodded. "Oh, yeah. Totally." He said smiling fakely. He kissed my cheek. "I'll see you in class, love." He said then walked to the Slytherin table.

"Something's wrong with him." I said to Hermione.

"How do you know?" She asked.

"Because I'm his girlfriend, and something is bugging him."

Hermione nodded. "He did look paler than usual."

"Exactly!"

"What do you think it is?" Hermione asked.

I shrugged. "If it's Pansy, I'm going to squish her head, like an annoying bug on a windshield."

Hermione laughed. "I don't think it is. He got paler when you mentioned slow dancing."

"Oh no! What if he can't come, what if he asked that to know how many times I'd be sitting out." I gasped. "What if-"

"I highly doubt that is the reason."

"Oh you do, do you?"

"You are just paranoid. I don't think that's what it's about."

"Then what is it about?" I asked, looking at her with an eyebrow raised.

"Maybe he's not a great dancer?" She said shrugging.

"He's a Malfoy, he needs to know how to dance for all the fancy balls and stuff he's supposed to attend." I pointed out.

"Then you think of something." She said.

"Maybe he got pale because the word slow dancing makes him sick."



Hermione laughed. "I don't think that would be it. Don't worry about it to much."

"Okay." I nodded.

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It was one week before the dance. I had all the songs loaded, and let Ron listen to the slow ones, and made sure he knew how to dance.

We were allowed to go to Hogsmeade, and buy dresses. I was looking threw several in a dress shop. Hermione right next to me.

"What about this one?" I asked, pulling out a sleeveless pink one that puffed out at the bottom.

"It's pretty and all, but it isn't...you." Hermione said. "It's to frilly."

I nodded and put it back, then one caught my eye. I smiled and pulled it out.

It was purple, and strapless, and short, with black fabric outlining the zipper on the back. The bottom was slightly puffy, and all wrinkled. I smiled widely.

Hermione and I exchanged glances. "Perfect." We said at the same time.

"It's beautiful." said Hermione, holding the bottom of the dress.

"Yeah, now let's find you one." I said holding the purple dress close to me. Hermione and I went searching through the racks of clothing. "How about this one?" I asked, taking out a red one.

Hermione shook her head and I put it back. "How about this one?" She showed me a lavender dress.

"Too light." I said and she put it back.

"How about you take all the dresses you like and try them on." I suggested.

"Yeah, alright."

"Cool."

We weren't in the dressing room's very long, Hermione quickly found a baby blue one, it was short sleeved, and had a swooping neck, was tighter around the bust, and flowed out around her hips, to just above her knees.

I smiled happily and we paid and walked out the door. We talked happily. I said I was going to wear gold flats with my dress, and I already had those.

We smiled and laughed on our way back to Hogwarts.

When we got back to the castle, I laid my dress on my trunk and looked admiringly at it.

This was going to be perfect!

Next to my dress in my trunk was the music, I was playing at the dance. I asked Dumbledore to lift the enchantment of not using electronics for the night of the dance so I could play the music and he happily agreed.

I did a little happy jump, because this was going to be so perfect.

Hermione walked in after taking a shower. "Hey." She said smiling.

"Hi." I said happily.

"I'm guessing your excited for the dance."

"Of course I am, Hermione!"

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The morning of the dance, I could hardly sit still. I was squirming in my seat, and not paying attention to anything. Lost in thought, zoning out, giving a lot of blank looks. I was more excited than anyone in the Great Hall. In Hogwarts to be exact.

I was waiting after classes for it to be time to get ready. The minutes dragged by like hours, and the hours like days.

"Come on you stupid watch." I grumbled to Harry's watch, and tapped it furiously. "Move!"

"Why don't you go and take a nap or something?" Harry suggested, pulling his arm back.

"A nap? I'm thirteen. The last thing I want to do is take a nap."

"It helps pass the time." Harry pointed out. "And if you sleep you'll wake up in time for the dance."

"But I'm not tired." I said.

"Just close your eyes and think blank." He said.

"I can't think blank, I'm too busy thinking of the dance. Which would come faster if the time would go faster!" I said then grabbed his wrist and began tapping at the watch again.

"You can't control time Rose."

"I know. But it's ticking so slow!"

"I swear, you have the patience of a two year old." Harry rolled his eyes, snatching his arm back.

"You know what, I am going to go take a nice long shower, and take a long time drying my hair, and doing my make-up, and getting dressed." I nodded, and did exactly that.

I took a shower, and stayed under the hot water long after my body was clean, and didn't get out until my skin started to wrinkle up.

I dried my body and my hair thoroughly, and put on a bright pink bathrobe, and looked in the mirror, applying light eye shadow, and eyeliner and mascara. I put on a bit of foundation, and blush. Smiling at myself in the mirror.

I took my hair out of the towel it was wrapped in. It looked more auburn because it was still damp. I put it back in the towel for a while

longer before taking it down again, almost completely dry now. I brushed it until it fell wavy around my shoulder. I twisted it up into a messy looking bun, but it really took an uncanny amount of skill to get it perfected. I slipped the dress on, zipping it up the back, and slipping on my shoes. I smiled in the mirror, then smirked, then laughed, then smiled again, only more devilishly.

I was ready!

"You look amazing." said Hermione as she walked in as I looked at myself in mirror.

I smiled. "Thanks, you about to get ready?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yeah, but I don't know how to do my hair." She said, biting her lip.

"I'll help you!" I said, happily. "Go get ready and I'll help you."

Hermione nodded and grabbed her stuff, make-up, dress, shoes and such and went into the bathroom to change.

### THIRD PERSON POV

Harry walked out of the common room, it was fifteen minutes until the dance, and no one knew of what he was doing. He stood outside the Great Hall, that still had a few people from dinner, Harry knew Dumbledore could transform it into a party room in no less than a minute.

He leaned against the wall, what he was doing was right, right?

Then he saw him, who he was looking for.

"Oy! Malfoy!" He called, the blonde head turned around, surprised to see it was his girlfriends brother that had called him.

"What is it, Potter?" He almost hissed, but tried to keep his voice civil, it didn't work the best.

"I just wanted to talk to you about Rose." Harry said.

"Yes?"

"Look, I'm not sure you know how many times you have hurt her-"

"Believe me, she reminds me of it more often than I would like to share." Draco spat.

"She is my sister, and I feel I need to take care of her, you hurt her one more time, and I will personally see that you are buried alive, no matter if it lands me in Azkaban." Harry said.

"Look at you, being the brave little Gryffindor." Draco said icily.

"All I'm trying to say is we both love her, so we both ought to take care of her, in any way we can." Harry said, trying to keep his voice steady.

Then they both heard two female voice, one rising higher than the other.

"Honestly, Hermione, it looks fine." Rose's voice said.

"I don't know." Hermione mumbled.

"Either way, you'll take Ron's breath away." Rose looked up and saw her brother and her boyfriend. "Oh, hullo boys." She smiled charmingly at the two of them.

## ROSE'S POV

Harry and Draco stared at me and Hermione, in awe. "What are you guys doing here?" I asked, furrowing my brow. "Together...don't tell me your cheating on me with my brother Draco." I said jokingly.

"Ew," said Draco, making a disgusted face. "never, and I'm not gay."

"Neither am I." said Harry.

Hermione and I laughed. "Now seriously, what are you guys doing here?" I asked again.

"Talking." They said in unison.

Hermione looked at them weirdly. "And you're not yelling at each other. You're actually being civil? Strange."

I exchanged a glance with Hermione, and laughed.

"You look great." Draco murmured in my ear, I blushed and smiled.

"Thank you." And I looked him up and down. A nice black, button up shirt and black dress pants. "Not too shabby." I smiled.

"I'll take what I can get." Draco chuckled, and kissed my cheek. Harry was staring daggers at him.

"Geez Harry, calm down. Where is your date?" I asked.

"Don't have one." Harry muttered. I felt Draco snort next to me, but he didn't make a sound.

"No wonder you're sour. Go dance with some random girls then."

"No thanks. I'm only here because...I want to hear your music."

I looked at him. "OK. But you should find someone to dance with, I mean you could dance with like Cho Chang or something." I said shrugging.

Harry shook his head. "No thanks."

"Alright then." I said. "Where's Ron?" I asked.

"Don't know. I think he's with Neville or something."

"Longbottom?" asked Draco.

"No the other Neville, third year Gryffindor in Hogwarts, Malfoy." said Harry, rolling his eyes.

"Boys, please don't ruin this. Oh look, they are decorating now. Shouldn't be long now." I smiled.

No more than five minutes later, I was setting up my Ipod to play the dance playlist I had set up. There was a lot of Muggle music on here,

hopefully nobody hated me too much. People slowly rolled in. I smiled happily, they all began dancing.

I went to find Draco, he was talking with Crabbe and Goyle, I grabbed his hand, and pulled him away.

"Sorry, boys." I laughed, and took his hands in mine. He spun me to the beat of 'Like It's Her Birthday' by Good Charlotte.

"This is very...creative music." Draco said in my ear.

"I know it is." I smiled.

"So this is Muggle music?" He said to me, smiling a bit.

"Yes this is Muggle music. It's creative like you said." I said, as he spun me again.

Just then the song ended and everyone waited for the next song to come on. I didn't even know what the song was. Then 'Bad Romance' by Lady Gaga came on and everyone cheered, mostly the half bloods and Muggle borns then they began dancing again.

"And this is called?" He asked, raising eyebrows at me.

"Bad Romance." I said smiling a bit.

"This is very different from the music I'm used to."

"Oh, I know. I knew there were going to be some purebloods who were not very happy with me."

"I never said I wasn't happy with you, just informing you it's different."

He spun me once again and I smiled.

"You know all the songs on here?" Draco asked.

"Not all, all the Muggle ones, yes." I nodded.

We didn't talk too much anymore, the silences were mostly filled with me humming horribly off tune to myself. Sometimes, when he

thought I wasn't looking, Draco would smirk and chuckle at me, then the first slower song came on.

Draco instantly pulled me close to him, wrapping his hands around my waist, and instantly put my arms around his neck.

"And this is?" He whispered in my ear.

"'Mine' by Taylor Swift." I said happily. This may very well have been a dream, you've no idea how many times I have dreamed about dancing in a pretty dress with an amazing guy to Taylor Swift.

Taylor had some great timing. All the couples around us were just like Draco and I, the guy holding the girl around the waist and the girl with her hands either around his neck or on his shoulders.

I could even see Hermione and Ron, smiling and dancing. The sight of the two made me happy. They were absolutely perfect for each other.

"Aren't Ron and Hermione cute?" I said, looking at them.

Draco turned his head back to look at Ron and Hermione. "I suppose so." He said turning back to face me. "Not as cute as us, I bet."

I rolled my eyes and laughed.

"You should host Hogwarts parties more often."

I shrugged. "We'll see."

"We'll see?" Draco repeated.

"That's what I said." I smiled.

Draco fell into a silence, face fixed in concentration.

"And I remember that fight, 2:30 am 'cause everything was slipping right out of our hands. I ran out crying and you followed me out into the street." I sang quietly, well not quiet, exactly, I don't think I could ever REALLY be quiet. "Braced myself for the goodbye, 'cause



that's all I've ever known, well you took me by surprise, said I'd never leave you alone."

Draco smiled down at me, my breath hitched, but continued on, a little more out of breath. "You said, I remember how we felt sitting by the water, and every time I look at you its like the first time, you made a rebel of a careless man's careful daughter, she is the best thing that's ever been mine."

"Do you believe it? We're gonna make it now. And I can see it." I sang a bit more quietly than before, looking up at Draco who was smiling down at me still. "I can see it now."

I went on my tip toes and kissed Draco lightly then pulled away, going back down onto me feet. Everyone waited for the next song to come on, which was a Weird Sisters song.

"Now this is the music I know." Draco said smiling.

I laughed. "Ron helped me a bit with the Wizard music."

"Then I have to admit, Weasley has some good taste."

I fake gasped. "Did you just admit that a Weasley, one of your worst enemies has good taste?"

"I guess I did." Draco said, nodding. "What of it?"

I smiled. "Oh, noting. Just making sure I heard correctly."

Draco leaned down and kissed me. I smiled halfway through it, causing him to produce a silent chuckle, which made me smile even more.

"You know what, Rose?" He asked, when he pulled away.

"What?" I asked, staring into his deep grey eyes.

"You are the best thing that's ever been Mine." He smirked, but the feeling behind his words was true.

My heart skipped several beats, and all the breath left my body. "Y-you're so cheesy." I managed to say, but was smiling and blushing like an idiot.

"Maybe I am, but it's true." Draco said, smiling right back at me.

I smiled and nodded. Of course I knew it was true, I could tell from the way he said it. "I love you Draco Malfoy." I said.

He smiled back at me. "I love you too, Rose Potter." HARRY POV

I watched my sister with Malfoy, dancing, smiling, kissing. It was some what revolting but she was happy, even though she was happy with Malfoy.

The music that Rose had picked was good. I hadn't been allowed to really listen to or hear Muggle music at the Dursleys. Stupid pricks.

I sighed heavily, my sister with my enemy. She was happy with him, and I hoped he was sincere, I hoped she did change him as she thinks she has.

She didn't need her heart broken, she was going to be living with the Dursleys, wasn't that pain enough?

I wanted her to be happy, and to stay that way. She deserved it, because she made everyone else happy. Everyone that mattered in her life, anyway.

She was an amazing sister, and I loved her, the only down side, is that I had to share her with Malfoy.

ROSE'S POV

I threw my hands up in the air and laughed at Draco's surprised look.

I shook my head back and forth, smiling widely.

The music was 'We R Who We R' by Ke\$ha and some of the others Slytherins I knew even seemed to like it. Everyone was dancing happily.

"Your crazy you know that right?" said Draco over the music.

I laughed. "I know but you have to love me." I said smirking.

"Yeah I do." He said smirking back.

I laughed and continued to dance. From the corner of my eyes I could see Hermione and Ron laughing and dancing. They looked as if they were having a bloody good time

Which they should be having.

I smiled at them. They were so perfect.

I looked over at Harry, who was standing alone. I grabbed Draco's hand and towed him over to Harry, determined to make my brother have a good time.

"Why are you over here all by yourself?" I asked. "Not feeling like a third wheel, are you?"

"No, I have plenty of other friends, I just choose to observe the party from the sidelines."

I rolled my eyes. "Bull shit."

"What?"

"You heard me, I said BULL SHIT! You need to have a good time, so go get your butt on the dance floor and have a good time."

Harry sighed and let me drag him by the hand onto the dance floor with Draco and I. I danced to the beat of the music while Harry stood there awkwardly.

I laughed and grabbed his wrists and began to move his arms back and forth to the music. "Now move your feet and dance." I said.

Harry shook his head. "I don't dance."

I rolled my eyes. "Your impossible." I said.

"So are you."

"Cause I'm born impossible."

It rolled through three songs without me knowing 'Livin' on a Prayer' by Bon Jovi 'Raise Your Glass' by P!nk and 'Right Girl' by The Maine. I loved all of these songs.

"Harry, it's supposed to be fun! You aren't having fun." I whined.

"I am having fun."

"Really? It doesn't help me if you are doing it in private, have fun, out loud this time."

"No, I'm having enough fun."

"I don't believe you." I said skeptically.

"You don't have to."

"Well I want to." I said, looking at him with a smirk. Harry rolled his eyes and looked at Draco for help. Draco shook his head. "Sorry, Potter, can't help you." He said smiling as he could see his enemy getting nagged by his younger sister.

"Come on, Harry, all you have to do is move your hand, hips, feet. Then your dancing." I said smiling at him.

"I can't dance, I said." He groaned.

"Everyone can dance Harry."

"Think of it this way, it's when standing has an orgasm. It is bound to happen!" I exclaimed. The boys laughed.

"What?" I asked. "It's kind of like laughing. A laugh is when a smile has an orgasm!"

They laughed harder.

"What is so funny about an orgasm? I mean seriously!"

They kept laughing.

"You are all horrible! I am going to go find someone else to dance with." I said, Draco grabbed my waist as I began to walk away.

"You aren't getting away from me that easy." He growled playfully in my ear. I gave a quick side glance to Harry, whose laughter was gone.

I couldn't help but giggle at Harry's expression. He rolled his eyes at me when he saw me giggling.

"You know," I said. "You shouldn't make your dissatisfaction so obvious Harry." I said frowning a bit.

"It's my job as your older brother." He said, smiling a bit.

"I thought it was to remind me how you're always older."

"And that as well."

I laughed.

I guess Draco could feel me wanting to talk to Harry alone, so he left to go get us drinks.

"Harry, I know you don't like him, but I do."

"I can see that."

"Harry can you please grin and bear it for me."

"What if he hurts you again? Am I supposed to grin and bear that too?"

"I don't think he will hurt me again, though." I mumbled.

"Come on, Rose, this is Malfoy we are talking about, he is bound to do something stupid."

"Yes, he probably will, and when he does I can take care of it myself. I love you, Harry, I do, but please just let the chips fall where they may, and I'll clean them up afterwards."

Harry stayed silent for awhile. "Fine," He said after a moment. "But don't say I didn't warn you if it happens again, alright?"

I nodded. "Yes, Harry."

"And no crying to me, right after it happens." He added.

I nodded. "Anything else?" I asked, raising an eyebrow at him, with a smile.

"Nope." He said shaking his head. "That's it."

"Alright."

I shook my head, knowing it wasn't true. If Draco ever did end up being a git again, Harry would be there for me as he always one, even though he denied it now.

Draco came back and handed me a small glass with butter beer in it.

"Thanks, love." I smiled.

"No problem." He smiled back.

The song changed to 'Into Your Arms' by The Maine. I smiled, as Harry rolled his eyes and took my glass. I smiled and Draco took my waist again. I laid my head on his chest, wrapping my arms around his neck.

"See, Muggle music isn't that bad." I said.

"No, I guess not."

I smiled. "Draco, likes Muggle music." I sang. "You like Muggle music."

Draco rolled his eyes. "My dad would kill me if I said that to his face." He said truthfully.

"Well that's because your family is pureblood and Slytherin. You're supposed to hate everyone Muggle associated." I said smirking.

"True." said Draco with a shrug.

"What would happen if your family did find out your dating me again and like Muggle music?" I asked.

Draco shrugged. "I don't know. Something bad."

"Well, don't let them find out, ever. I don't want anything bad to happen to you." I smiled.

"Can you believe it, the year is almost over." Draco sighed.

"I know, my first year at Hogwarts. Hmm, a whole three months without you. We'll see how this goes."

"Probably not well." Draco smirked.

"Don't be so full of yourself. But you are right."

"I am so full of myself?"

"Yeah, I can't wait for the person who is more arrogant than you, and makes you feel like the low one that is being controlled."

"First, I don't think I am controlling, and second, I've already found that one person."

"Ok, to the first thing, you can be intimidating to people who don't know you like I do, so everyone but me, and to the second thing, who is this mysterious person?"

"You."

A/N: This chapter is a bit on the fluffy side. I know these songs don't exactly fit Harry Potter, but it is the music I listen to, and it is the music I feel comfortable writing the lyrics to. I am a lot like Rose, I sing to the songs, as loud as I can and it is FUN! You should try it and you will see why it appeals to us so much.

Missnothingx is my hero at the moment! I have an unending amount of gratitude for her, you all should have the same!

"I'm not arrogant!" I said.

"You can be a bit." said Draco shrugging with a grin on his face.

I rolled my eyes and smacked him on the shoulder, I stuck my tongue out at him. "Yes a bit. Not as much as you are and do I really make you feel like the low one?" I asked.

He shrugged. "At times."

"Oh...I'm sorry?" I said.

"Why are you apologizing?" He asked.

"I don't know."

"Ok, you don't make me feel like the low one, first of all, you just can make me do...uncharacteristic things. And I hope you know you are the only person who has every done that."

I smiled. "So in other words, I've changed you."

"We will see."

"We will see? How so?"

"I haven't figured that part out yet, is all."

"Yet?"

"Yes, it gives me something to think about."

"Does it keep you up at night?" I asked with a small joking laugh.

"You've no idea." He said, with sarcasm in his voice. "No, though it should. You have changed me in a way. I'm still the same person I was when your brother first met me, but then again I'm different."

I looked up at him for a moment, letting the words seep into my head. "So I have changed you?"

"Ask your brother. I wouldn't know, I don't think I've changed, I don't feel I have."



I wasn't sure how I felt about this answer.

All I could say was. "Yeah, I'll ask Harry." I nodded my head after.

"Alright." said Draco, nodding his head as well.

"If you did change how would you react? Or would you think it was a good change or a bad change?" I asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

"For the good?" He said unsure.

"Why?"

He shrugged. "I don't now. Most people change for the better don't they and I suppose I might have too. Like I said ask your brother."

"People can change for the bad. Like, Hitler, I'm sure he was innocent when he was our age, but then the whole thing with the Jews."

"Are you comparing me to a Muggle who started a war?" Draco asked, not entirely angry, but getting there.

"No, I'm just giving you an example that people can change for the worse." I shrugged.

"Are you saying I have changed for the bad?"

"No. I never said that, I was just pointing something out." I defended.

"I don't know. I'm not a changed person."

"You never know. If you have changed, it would be for me though, correct?" I said, with a bit of humor in my voice.

"Are you so full of yourself, so confident that you think everything is about you."

I stepped out of his embrace and stared up at him, almost hurt, but I'm sure he saw anger flash through my eyes, as something snapped.

"Are you?" I hissed. "You have no right to-"

"No right to what? To tell you what I see?"

"I was joking. Your taking everything so seriously." I said crossly, "Sometimes you need to take a joke." I said as 'Mean' by Taylor Swift began to play.

"I can take a joke, maybe your aren't funny to me."

I didn't know was to say. Draco shook his head at me. "I'm going to go talk to Blaise." He said quietly then disappeared into the crowd of dancing teens.

I stood there, processing what had happened? Did we just break up again? I guess we are turning into those on and off couples.

Well that sucks.

I stood there, not dancing, and staring at the floor, but not really seeing anything. My brow was furrowed, and my forehead scrunched up in confusion.

"What just happened?" I heard Harry ask from behind. I turned slowly, but didn't meet his eyes.

"I-I don't know." I muttered truthfully, finally looking up.

"You don't know?"

I shook my head. "We were just talking and...well we sort of blew up on each other."

"Are you two not going out anymore?"

"I really don't know Harry. I don't know what just happened to tell you the truth." I was about to collapse, if there was one thing I hated it was being confused, probably because it didn't happen all that often. I always worked, or thought I worked, everything out in my head.

Harry nodded his head. There was a silence between us just as a new slow song came on. I couldn't make out the song because it sounded so distant. Just then Harry held out a hand to me.

I smiled and took his hand and put a hand on my waist. "You said you couldn't dance." I said.

"I'm not that good." He admitted.

I laughed a bit. "But you're still dancing." I said as he spun me around then pulled me back to him. "And your not that bad, to be quite honest with you."

Harry shrugged. "I've been watching people dance all day, I think I got a visual lesson on how to dance properly."

I laughed. "You are a pretty good big brother." I smiled.

"You are a pretty good little sister." He replied.

"Thank you."

Then I thought of what me and Draco were talking about, though I was tempted to ask, to see if Draco had changed, I was determined to leave Draco out of this brother sister moment. I was still kind of pissed at him, but was going to have a good time tonight.

"May I cut in?" Said a voice from behind me. Harry smirked and nodded. I turned around and saw Fred.

"Hullo, Fred." I smiled, as he took my waist.

"Hullo Rosie."

"What happened with you and Blondie?" He asked, gesturing to Draco. I turned to look at him, he looked pissed and was talking to Blaise. I rolled my eyes. He could complain like a girl sometimes.

I shook my head. "Nothing important." I said with a careless shrug.

Fred looked down at me. "Are you sure?" He asked, raising an eyebrow unconvinced.

I nodded. "Yes, Fred. I'm sure." I said, giving him a reassuring smile.

"OK." He said. "You know this Muggle music isn't so bad you know. Good beat, lyrics, etc etc." He said and I smiled.

"Thanks. I'm glad you like it." I said.

He nodded. "Your welcome."

Then 'Love the Way You Lie' came on, this was one of my absolute favorites. I screamed very loudly, though no one else did.

I jumped around and sang at the top of my lungs. Fred stood there, looking confused on whether to be embarrassed because he was dancing with me a moment ago, or amused.

Almost everyone's eyes were on me, there were several people who were laughing, but a lot of people staring at me in disbelief. I knew what was going through their heads.

"What the hell is she doing?"

I laughed, and continued to dance and sing loudly. One high, annoying voice stuck out to me.

"Merlin, Draco, are you still going out with that FREAK show?" Pansy Parkinson's voice rang, emphasizing freak.

I stopped dead, and glared over at her.

"Excuse me, I may have misheard you. Did you just call me a freak show?" I asked, there was a wave of whispers among the crowd, as the music still blared.

"You didn't mishear me. You are just too stupid to believe the truth. Must be a Potter trait." She sneered.

I stalked toward her menacingly. She didn't back down, but fear was clear in her eyes.

"A Potter trait?" I repeated, glaring at her furiously.

"T-that's what I said." She said nervously.

"You know what I think?" I asked, and without waiting for her answer, I continued. "I think you are just a jealous bitch who is desperate because that ugly face of yours can't attract anyone. And maybe I'm stupid, but my brother is not, and neither were my parents. My brother has save your ungrateful arse three times. So you can go fuck yourself in a hole." I turned away, then turned back to her again. "And yes, I am a freak show, but I'm the most amazing freak show you'll ever meet."

Before I could register exactly what was happening, Pansy punched me hard on the nose.

I staggered back, and grabbed my nose. Harry and Fred helped support my weight. I looked down at my hand, which was covered in blood.

"We need to get you to the hospital wing." Said Harry, Fred nodded in agreement.

"Can't I punch the bitch, just once?" I whined. They didn't listen, and towed me to the hospital wing.

"For fuck's sake. Let me go back to pull that horrid stuff on her head she calls hair out of her scalp!" I exclaimed as Harry and Fred put me down to sit on a hospital bed.

"No, now shush up." said Harry looking at my nose, which was covered in my blood.

"Stop staring." I said, wiping some my nose, smearing more blood on my face.

Soon Madam Pomfrey came rushing towards us. "Oh dear, what happened?" She asked, putting her fingers under my chin lifting it up to get a better view of my injury.

"Stupid little Parkinson punched me in the nose." I hissed.

"Well, you'll be good as new in no time, Miss Potter."

"No I won't." I hissed.

"And why not?" She asked.

"I can't be healed by magic, remember?"

"Ah, yes. Have you figured that out yet?"

"No." I lied in a grumble. I felt a wave of hate for Josie, and her horrible need to cause me pain in every possible way.

"Oh, well it won't take long either way." She said.

"Is it broken?" I asked.

"No, I don't think so. You will get a black eye. I think she hit you higher on the nose, and closer to

the eye."

I nodded, she handed me a wad of toilet paper.

"Hold this to your nose, and put your head back." She instructed. I did as I was told. "Who did you say did this to you dear?" She asked.

"Pansy Parkinson, third year Slytherin. Has ugly poop colored hair, looks and sounds like a dog, probably trying to rape Draco Malfoy." I said, but mumbled most of it under my breath.

I saw Madam Pomfrey smile then walk about to her office. "How do you feel?" asked Fred.

"My nose hurts." I said pressing the wad of toilet paper harder on my nose, which was probably beginning to bruise now. "Watch when I get my hands on her tomorrow-"

"Rose." said Harry sternly. "I know she hit you but you shouldn't hit her back. You'll get hurt again or get in some serious trouble."

Fred chuckled but agreed to what Harry said.

"Can I pour water on her until she melts?" I asked chuckled.

"There's an idea." Fred said, snapping his fingers.

"No, you watch her get detention, and stay out of it. I don't want you getting detention to." Harry said, obviously acting for Hermione. Hermione wouldn't have wanted me to do anything either.

"I really don't care if I get detention." I insisted.

"Well, I might, you could get points taken off of Gryffindor. No one wants that. Not even Fred."

My gaze shifted to Fred, who sighed in defeat.

"No, I don't want points taken off of Gryffindor."

I frowned. "Fine, I'll just watch her get detention." I said crossing my arms over my chest. "I still wish I could hit her or something."

Fred laughed. "I'd want you to hit her too but we're falling behind in points." He said.

"And I don't think Hermione would appreciate it. At all." pointed out Harry.

I rolled my eyes. "Fine. Fine."

"Good little Rosie." Harry said smiling.

"I'm not that little." I said crossly.

"Thirteen is pretty little. Innocent." Fred said.

"Innocent?" I snorted.

"Well a lot of thirteen year olds are innocent." Fred defended.

"Name five."

"Hermione." Fred started.

"No, she may not laugh or talk perverted like we do, but it doesn't mean she isn't making cryptic little jokes to herself."

"I doubt it. There is, um, Brown, Lavender Brown."

"You should hear her, talks about sex like it's her job. One day I'm going to have sex with a tall, dark haired guy and it is going to be like...Well, you get the picture."

Fred rolled his eyes. "I give up!"

I laughed. "Exactly. We're not innocent."

"Except Hermione." said Fred smirking.

"Sure, just wait until the not so innocent Hermione turns up then you'll be like 'Oh my giddy giddy giddy aunt.' " I said smirking.

Harry and Fred looked at me weirdly. "Giddy Giddy Giddy Aunt?" asked Harry.

I nodded. "Saw it on TV?"

"What's a TV?" asked Fred.

"A magic box that shows pictures on it."

Fred nodded, but was still wore a confused look. I took the wad of toilet paper off my nose, it was soaked in blood.

"I hate Pansy. I hate her so much. If it wasn't illegal to kill her she would be dead. I would kill her so hard." I growled.

"Does it hurt much?" Harry asked.

"If you press where she hit, and my eye hurts a little, but I'm pissed more than anything."

I heard shuffling from the door, I looked over and saw Draco standing there.

"Can I talk to you?" He asked.

"Are you going to hit me?" I asked, attempting to raise an eyebrow, but it hurt my eye, so I didn't.

"No."



"Then go on and talk." I said. I turned to Fred and Harry. "Could you guys wait outside for a minute?" I asked.

Reluctantly the two boys nodded and walked out of the Hospital Wing leaving me alone with Draco. "You wanted to talk?"

"How do you feel?" He asked, nervously.

"My nose and eye hurts because you know I got hit in the face but other than that I'm fine." I said with fake enthusiasm.

"Right." He said. "I'm sorry Pansy hit you." He said.

"Why are you apologizing for her?" I asked.

"I dunno. It needed to be said." Draco shrugged.

"Well then, thanks." I said half heartedly. Draco nodded. "So what did you want to say?"

"I didn't know what we were left as?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"Exactly what I said." Draco said, his patience waning.

"Rephrase the question then, because I didn't understand."

"What else is new?" Draco muttered under his breath, I narrowed my gaze. "Are we still together?"

"I don't know. You sure seem like you don't want to be. And I don't want to waste either of our time."

He took a deep breath. "I was just...frustrated."

"Well, I don't want to be the cause of your frustration." I said, rolling my eyes.

"I just thought I'd ask."

I looked up "And do you not like your response."

"Not particularly, but I can live with it."

"So you would rather me be with you, even if I cause you so much frustration?"

"Maybe it won't be that much of a lose on my part then!"

"But there will be on mine? Please." I scoffed.

I looked up into those grey eyes, and my heart stopped. Why must we fight so much?

Draco rolled his eyes in anger, and turned. "I shouldn't have even bothered." He hissed.

"Draco!" I called, pushing off the bed, and run to him. "I didn't mean it." I said quickly, pleading in my eyes. I'm sure my throbbing nose and eye were swollen, and bloody, but I didn't care. "I'm sorry."

Draco just looked at me, I was afraid he was going to walk off, I was afraid I was making a fool of myself, not that I hadn't done that before.

"Just shut up and kiss me." He hissed.

"Carefully." I whispered playfully.

Draco smiled and pressed his lips to mine. My nose was throbbing but I still didn't care. As long as I had Draco with me, I wouldn't care.

When we broke apart I smiled and hugged him. "You know, if it helps you, Astoria, you know her right? Greengrass, her older sister is Pansy's best friend. Well, she hit Pansy after Weasley and your brother took you out of the Great Hall."

I smirked. "Good."

He chuckled.

Just then the door opened and Draco and I broke out of our embrace. Harry and Fred were frowning at us. "Are we interrupting something?" asked Fred.

"No." I responded quickly.

Harry made a small noise of disapproval. Then Madam Pomfrey walked in with a vial filled with a blue potion.

"Here you are dear. Drink up, the swelling should go down, and the pain should dull. The bleeding seems to have stopped, but it'll help that too." She said. "You'll most likely have a black eye tomorrow."

"Awesome." I muttered in bitter sarcasm.

"But, there is a very simple trick to fix that."

"And that is?"

"Muggle make-up. Foundation and cover-up, I think they are called."

I nodded. "Thank you, Madam Pomfrey." I smiled, and took the potion. Hoping that this would work, not sure if the spell Josie put on me worked with potions too.

Evidently it didn't because when I looked in the mirror I looked normal. "Can I go back?" I asked.

She nodded.

I gave her a small smile. "Thank you Madam Pomfrey." I said, she gave me a curt nod, before I left with Draco. Harry and Fred waiting at the door.

"What time is it?" I asked.

Fred looked at his watch. "Well the dance probably isn't going to end soon. So if you want to go back, we could."

I nodded. "Let's go back." I said, thinking of how I could walk up to Pansy and punch her in the face.

"Alright, just don't do anything drastic." said Harry.

"OK." I said with a hint of disappointment in my voice.

All the boys snickered, and Draco wrapped his arm around my waist.

When we arrived in the Great Hall 'She Takes Me High' by We The Kings and Mike Posner was blasting, and Pansy was talking loudly to Daphne Greengrass.

"Hey! Parkinson!" I barked. She turned to me, fear obvious in her eyes, but deciding to be a smart a\*s.

"Damn, you can't even tell I hit her!" She exclaimed, earning a few chuckles, which obviously boosted her confidence.

"Oh, damn." I said, with a roll of my eyes. "What happened to your face to mess it up so badly?"

"Greengrass, the little one, hit me." She defended.

"Is that your excuse now?" I asked.

"Do you want me to hit you again?"

"Go ahead, you already are going to get a years worth of detention." I shrugged.

She charged for me.

"Miss Parkinson!" Madam Pomfrey snapped from the doorway. "With me, now!"

I smiled triumphantly.

"Rose!" I heard Hermione's voice call as she emerged from the crowd, pulling Ron by the hand. "Are you alright?' She asked.

I nodded. "Oh yeah, great. Pansy got hit in the face by Astoria, I may get a black eye but you know, whatever." I shrugged.

Hermione smiled and touched my nose. I winced at the touch and she quickly pulled her hand back. "I'm sorry." She said.

"It's alright." I said smiling.

"Great song choices, by the way." piped up Ron, grinning at me.

"Thanks."

People were rolling out of the Great Hall, and I frowned.

"It's over." I pouted.

"Cheer up." Harry said. "Easter Break is tomorrow."

"I guess you are right." I huffed.

Hermione slipped away from the cloud, and messed with my Ipod. Then, 'Hell on the Heart' by Eric Church came on. I smiled at her.

"Can I have one last dance?" Draco whispered in my ear, my heart sped up.

"Of course." I whispered back. And he took my waist.

I smiled and rested my head on his chest, since he was slightly taller than I, as we danced. Hermione eyes were glued to us, as I could feel them, following as we danced slowly.

She was probably grinning like a mad person, The guys were most likely groaning in displeasure at the sight. But I did not care.

All I cared about for the entire dance was Draco and I. Dancing. That's it. "I love you." He murmured as he bent down and kissed my head.

"Love you too." I said, closing my eyes.

His heart was thumping underneath my ear. The rhythm was soothing to me. Almost better than hearing a Phoenix's song.

I sighed contently. I could stay in his arms forever. Literally, I don't think I could ever get bored there.

But I knew this wouldn't happen, because the song ended, and only me, Draco, Hermione, Ron, Fred, George, and Harry were left, and some Slytherins waiting for Draco in the corner.

Draco took a small step back, and kissed my forehead.

"I'll find you tomorrow, before I leave for break. I promise."

And with that he left.

I tucked a stray piece of hair behind my ear and smiled happily. Hermione was the first to walk up to me, she hugged me instantly. "You guys were adorable." She said.

"Thanks." I said, my cheeks growing hot. I didn't even feel the pain in my face anymore.

We heard more footsteps, belonging to the guys, then Hermione whispered. "Ignore anything they say about your dance with Draco." She said and I nodded.

"Well, I think Harry is a bit uncomfortable." said Ron.

"He's always uncomfortable. He's awkward like that." I said smiling at my brother.

"I'm not awkward." He protested.

"Sure."

I ran over to grab my Ipod, and turned it off as we walked up to common room.

"I'm pooped." I said when we reached it, flopping down lazily on the couch.

Harry lifted up my legs, sat down, and put them down on his lap. "I'm not." He said.

"That's because you hardly danced." I laughed.

"I danced." He defended.

"And I said hardly."

I close my eyes and yawned widely.

"Why don't you go to bed?" Asked Harry.

I nodded, and swung my legs off the couch, and trotted up the stairs, washing my face, letting my hair down, and stepping out of my dress, and into my pajama's, I climbed under my covers, and fell into a deep sleep.

Hermione like usual roused me up from my sleep. "Rose, wake up it's break. And we have to get going for the Burrow." She said happily.

"The what?" I asked sitting up, letting my elbows hold my weight.

"The Burrow." She said. "Ron's house."

I nodded my head. "Oh, cool. Alright. I need to pack my thing-"

"Already did for you. Now come on, and you must say goodbye to Draco before he leaves as well." She said taking my hand and pulling me out of my four-poster bed.

I changed into a grey sweater and a pair of dark jeans and bright pink converse. I threw my hair up in a careless, messy ponytail. I walked into the bathroom, and look in the mirror. And sure enough, right in the mirror was a black eye.

I groaned, and got out my make-up and put some foundation and cover-up on it, which hurt like hell.

I put on a little mascara, and eye shadow before running downstairs, trunk in hand.

"I'm ready." I smiled.

"Morning." Harry said, throwing his Prophet aside. "Hermione and Ron are waiting for us in the Great Hall."

I smiled. "Alright. Let's go then." I said and pulled my trunk out of the portrait hole and to the Great Hall, Harry beside me the entire time.

Just as he had said, Hermione and Ron were sitting at the Gryffindor table playing Wizards Chess. I smiled and walked up to the them. "I hope you lose, Ron." I said jokingly.

"Why?" He said as Hermione moved a pawn.

"Because you always beat me and I want to see you lose." I said smiling. "You have seen me lose, haven't you?"

"Not in real life."

"You've dreamt about me losing?" Ron asked.

"Maybe." I shrugged.

I felt two hands on my waist, and I spun around with a loud squeal. It was Draco.

"There you are." He said. "Your face looks normal."

"Because that's what everyone wants to hear." I rolled my eyes.

"I just meant that you don't have a black eye." Draco chuckled.

"Oh I do, I just covered it up with make-up. It hurts like hell."

"I'm sorry." He said, kissing the tip of my nose lightly.

"You know what, I think you just made it feel better."

Harry and Ron made gagging noises and I turned around to glare at them. I turned back to Draco and noticed he had a Daily Prophet in hand. "Can I see that?" I asked.

He nodded. "Yeah." He handed it to me.

"Thanks." I rolled the paper into a tube and hit Harry and Ron over the head with it hard. They both held their heads.

"What the bloody hell!" exclaimed Ron.

"That's for making gagging noises." I said and handed the Prophet back to Draco who was smiling at the sight of Ron and my brother.

I laughed at them and kissed Draco on the cheek. "Thank you."

Then Professor McGonagall walked in the room. "Everyone going home for the Easter Holidays, please start making your way down to



the train." She called. Most of the occupants of the Great Hall stood up, and grabbed their luggage.

"Wish me luck." Draco whispered.

"Why? You're going home." I said.

"Yes, but apparently, the Parkinson's are going to be spending quite a lot of time with us. And my father likes to recruit all the spies he can."

"If Pansy says anything that'll get you in trouble I will pound her to rubble." I said. "You can tell her that from me."

Draco smiled." I will." He said then kissed my cheek once more before grabbing his luggage and walking off to Blaise who was waiting for him.

I turned to my friends and brother. "Ready?" I asked them. They nodded and we all grabbed our luggage's and exited the Great Hall.

We took a carriage being pulled by themselves to the Hogwarts station. There we got a compartment all to ourselves and occasionally the Trolley Lady would stop by and say "Anything from the trolley , dears?"

Ron obviously would, until Hermione told him to stop buying food or he'd waste all his money.

"Ron can I have a Pastry?" I asked.

He nodded and handed one to me.

I took a big bite of the chocolate-y pastry, and Harry laughed.

"What?" I asked.

"You have chocolate on your nose." He said.

I laughed with him, and wiped the chocolate off the tip of my nose with my index finger, and then stuck my index finger in my mouth.

"Ew! That was on your nose." Ron said.

"On my nose is correct, not in my nose." I said with a roll of the eyes.

"But don't you have like make-up on your nose. And then wouldn't the make-up go on the chocolate?" He asked.

I shrugged. "I don't know but it tastes fine." I said and took another bite from the pastry. "Stop staring at me just because I ate chocolate that was on my nose. Geez Ron." I said rolling my eyes.

"Sorry." He muttered and popped a Bertie Botts Every Flavor Bean in his mouth. We all waited for him to either spit it out or continue to chew. "Ugh." He said. "Metal flavored." He said. "Disgusting."

I laughed. "Then spit it out." I told him.

"Too late." He said as he put a disgusted face as he had already swallowed it. I rolled my eyes.

"You roll your eyes too much." Complained Ron.

"You eat too much, you don't hear me complaining."

"You just did."

"I wasn't complaining, I was stating a fact."

"Well so was I."

"No, you were complaining." I smirked.

Ron slumped back, as I lay down on the seat, my toes touching Hermione's thigh, and my knees up in the air.

I played with my hair, braiding it a bit, then letting it go normal again.

"I'm bored. When are we getting to King's Cross?" I said sighing.

"It takes about half a day or a day to get there, since Hogwarts is a long way from the station." explained Hermione.

"Great."

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When the train arrived, kids being careful went through the barrier at 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  where they met their parents. "Where are your parents, Ron?" I asked looking for fiery red hair.

"They should be here, just look around." He said, coming through the barrier.

I looked around, not paying attention, knowing I would know the Weasleys when I saw them.

I bumped into someone, and look up, a stern face with grey eyes. Draco's eyes. Only, they weren't Draco's.

"I'm sorry." I mumbled nervously.

"The fault is all mine." There was a horrible hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"Well, um, I will be going then." I said turning away, seeing Draco walking towards the man.

"Your father?" I asked out of the side of my mouth.

"Yes." He whispered, his lips not moving from his look of disgust. "Sorry." He mumbled. He bumped into my shoulder.

"Hey, watch it Potter." He hissed.

"Leave me alone, Malfoy." I growled, he smirked, and rolled his eyes and walked away. I smiled, mentally high fiving myself.

"Rose." said Ron. "Come on, I've found them." He said, grabbing my wrist and dragging me through a crowd of people.

Ron led me to, Harry and Hermione, and two red headed grownups. Obviously his parents. His mum smiled at me once she saw me. "Oh, hullo dear. I'm Molly, Ron's mother. You must be Rose." She said kindly.

I nodded. "Yes, nice to meet you Mrs. Weasley."

"Why you look just like your mother." said Mr. Weasley.

I smiled. "Thank." I said.

"Now let's get going, shall we?" said Mrs. Weasley.

We all nodded. I dragged by luggage behind me.

"We have a Ministry car today." Smiled Mrs. Weasley. Mr. Weasley walked behind us, talking with Percy. It was tiny, I looked around counted the heads, no way we were all going to fit in the car legally.

"Um, I'll sit on the roof if you need me to." I volunteered.

Mrs. Weasley laughed. "No one will need to sit on the roof." She smiled, and opened the door. George climbed in first.

"Come on in, Rosie." He smiled. I rolled my eyes, and slid in next to him, and Fred climbed in after me. The inside of the car was huge, we all fit comfortably.

I looked around in amazement. "Oh wow." I said quietly.

Fred chuckled. "Never seen a enchanted car before?" He asked.

I shook my head. "I go in regular cars, or I get to places by the Floo Network." I told him.

"First time for everything." He said.

I nodded. "You guys that right."

"So how was your semester?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Fine, mum." said the twins.

"What about everyone else's?" She asked.

"It was wonderful, thank you." Said Percy, who sat in front of me, and the twins. Hermione had left with her parents.

Fred and George rolled their eyes. "Prick." They both sniggered under their breath.

I laughed, too, and put my head back on the seat, sighing heavily.

"Tired?" Harry asked, turning around.

I nodded. "I partied to hard last night." I joked.

"And got hit in the face." Ron added.

I laughed quietly. "This is true." I paused. "Shit." I hissed.

"What?"

"I don't have any more of that anti-swelling potion. My face is going to ugly!" I exclaimed.

"I'm sure mum has something." Ron said.

"Okay, thanks."

"No problem, Rose." said Ron.

"Hey, mum." said George. "Did you hear? Little Ronnie boy has a girlfriend." He grinned, as his younger brother shot him a look.

Mrs. Weasley looked a tad shocked. "Who?" She asked furrowing her brow.

"Hermione." said everyone at once.

Ron slid down in his seat, his face turning red.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Weasley happily. "How wonderful!" She said. "Hermione is a sweet girl. I approve, Ronald."

"Ginny, you don't have the problem with boys yet, do you?" Mrs. Weasley asked her daughter.

"No, mum." Ginny responded quietly.

We all sat in silence for a while. I looked out the window and saw the city growing smaller and smaller behind us, as we wound around

trees, and green grass, and little houses. I took to trying to count the cows, but lost track quickly.

"Ever been out this far?" Fred asked in my ear.

"No, I lived in the city. Of course, there is the Hogwarts Express, but I don't pay attention to the scenery much."

"There is a first time for everything." Fred said, quoting himself from earlier.

A/N: I love all the reviews you guys give me! Thank you! thank you! thank you!

But it isn't just me, Missnothingx is helping, too. A lot, and she is an angel for doing so!

I watched as we were dropped off in front of a tall house, with an assortment of windows on the side. "Wow." I said looking up at it.

"This is home." said Fred.

"It's brilliant." I said.

Ron chuckled. "That's what Harry said the first time he came here too."

"Well, I've only seen the underside of the cupboard as my home, Ron. Of course I'd think your house was brilliant." said Harry.

"I was just stating a fact." Ron defended.

"So was I." Harry retorted.

I laughed. "You two fight like a married couple."

"Shut up, Rose." Ron hissed at me.

"Make me." I shot back with a sneer.

"Oh I will."

"Is that a threat?" I asked, raising a brow.

"No, it's a promise." Ron replied. Harry laughed now.

"You guys fight like a married couple."

"Shut up." Both me and Ron barked.

"See!" said Harry.

I rolled my eyes and slapped him upside the head. "Ow!" He said holding his head.

"Go to your wife, he'll make it all better." I said as Ron and Harry shot me glares. "It's true." I said shrugging.

"Now!" said Mrs. Weasley. "Rose you'll be sharing a room with Ginny. And Harry, you know where. I'm going to prepare dinner." She said then walked into the house.

"And this is the part where Ron will eat until his heart's content." I said smiling.

Ron's ear turned red. "No." he said quietly.

"But you will." I smirked.

"It's scary." Said Fred, coming up from behind me, George by his side.

"You smirk like a Slytherin." George continued.

"I'm sorry I'm not Gryffindor-ish enough for you."

"No, just your smirk is creepy." Fred nodded.

I smiled. "Thank you darling." I said.

"I wasn't trying to...never mind."

"Yes, Fred, never mind is correct."

"She scares him sometimes, Gred." said Fred to his twin.

"Likewise Forge."

I couldn't help but snicker at their words. "You boys find me scary?" I asked. "I'm flattered."

"Your not supposed to." said George grinning.

I shrugged. "Then oh well." I said.

About 15 minutes later, Mrs. Weasley called that dinner was ready and Ron rushed into the dinning room quicker than he usually does.

I sat down next to Fred and Harry, I served myself some steamed vegetables, and a half a chicken breast that had some red spices on it. I also had a small salad, and a Butterbeer.



"This is delicious Mrs. Weasley." I said, as I cut another piece of chicken.

"Oh, thank you dear. What would you all like to do after supper, then? Some wizards chest, maybe." Mrs. Weasley smiled.

"We all know Ron is going to win, what's the point?" Ginny said, I chuckled.

"What do you want to do then?" Mrs. Weasley asked her.

"I'm not sure, why don't we let Rose and Harry decide."

"What a wonderful idea. What do you two want to do?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"Well, Ron, Fred, George, and I were going to play some Quidditch, but if Rose has something else in mind..." Harry trailed.

"I'm dead beat, I'm going to take a shower, and go to sleep."

Mrs. Weasley nodded. "Alright, then. But boys don't stay out too late, it's almost dark out." She said, in a motherly tone.

Her sons and Harry nodded. "Yes, mum." said her sons in unison.

"Good-Ron how many servings have you had?" She asked, looking at her youngest son as he served himself another piece of chicken.

Ron shrugged. "I don't know." He said then took a bite.

"I think 3 or 4." I said.

Ron shot me a look and I shrugged.

"I'm just guessing." I shrugged. I shoved one more piece of chicken in my mouth before deciding I was full.

"Thank you, Mrs. Weasley." I smiled. "Where is your bathroom?"

"Up the stairs, second door on your right. There are towels in the bathroom."

"Thank you." I said, I went to my luggage that was sitting in the living room and grabbed a black camisole and a pair of shorts that were lime green and had teddy bears on it. I went up to the bathroom and took Ginny's shampoo and body wash. I smelt like raspberry's and strawberry's when I was done. I braided my hair and threw it over my shoulder. I yawned widely. The potion hadn't worn off yet. My face didn't hurt, and wasn't swollen. I smiled, and then realized I had no idea where Ginny's room was.

"Need help?" I heard a voice ask.

I turned around.

"Yeah. Where is Ginny's room?" I asked Fred.

Fred pointed forward. "Down the hall, last door on the left." He said.

I smiled. "Thanks." I gave him a quick hug. "Night, Fred." I said then walked down the hall.

I walked into Ginny's room. It was pink with certain wizard bands plastered on her wall. There was an extra bed next to Ginny's, well the one I supposed was hers since it was placed in the center of the room.

I climbed into the bed, it was soft and warm. I closed my eyes and in a few minutes I was asleep right away.

I woke up as Ginny, taking the place of Hermione, roused me by shaking me lighter than Hermione ever did. "Rose," She said. "Breakfast it ready." I rubbed my eyes. "Thanks Ginny."

I groggily got out of bed, and checked my reflection. I looked fine, I had a few fly away hairs in my braid. My luggage was now in the corner, and I searched through it for a pair of socks. I found hot pink and lime green zebra pattern ones. I slipped them onto my feet and walked down the stairs.

"Good morning, everyone!" I said loudly at the bottom o the stairs. Everyone was seated around the table, eating, to preoccupied with their breakfast to respond. I rolled my eyes with a small chuckle and sat beside Fred and Harry, where I sat last night.

I poured myself some milk, and served myself some bacon, and pancakes, and scrambled eggs. I dug in happily.

"How was Quidditch last night?" I asked to either one of the boys beside me.

"Good." They both responded.

"How was your sleep?" asked Harry.

"Good." I answered, taking a bite out of my bacon. "The bed is comfy." I said.

Fred let out a chuckle as he took a bite from his toast. "Ron fell off his broom, trying to catch the Quaffle. Hilarious."

I let out a snicker as I felt Ron's eyes shoot his brother a glare. "It's not like I'm on the team." He said. "So I'm not that good."

"One day, Ron." said Fred. "One day."

"Or never." said George.

"You two are such supportive brothers." I said, rolling my eyes with a laugh.

"And we should follow your example, because you are a supportive friend." Fred said.

I chuckled and nodded. "I am a good influence."

"You aren't a good influence." Snickered George.

"So I'm useless?" I asked, faking hurt.

"Not useless." Fred disagreed.

"You can be used as a bad example." George continued for him.

"Awesome." I muttered sarcastically.

"Don't worry," said Ron. "They're bad influences too. Mum, thinks they need to be more like Percy." He pointed his fork at his other brother.

"Like that'll ever happen." scoffed Fred.

"Being a tad like me could get you Es in class or make one of you Prefects." said Percy.

"We should actually get Es" said George. "We Exceed Expectations just by showing up for the exams." Everyone let out a little chuckle.

"And we don't want to be Prefects." said Fred.

"Or Head Boy." George added.

"I would have to talk you to the doctor if you wanted to become either of those things." I said, biting my bacon.

Fred and George laughed. "We would let you. I would want to be diagnosed."

"It would probably be I-am-acting-totally-out-of-characteritis."

"Very creative, Rose." Said Harry.

"Thanks, I thought it would be a little out there, but I just went for it."

"Good for you."

"I know right?" I said smiling. "Good for me." "Oh, Rose." said Mrs. Weasley. "Your personality reminds me so much of James." She said giving a small smile. "Thanks Mrs. Weasley. I get that a lot." "Well it's true." said Harry. "I act like mum, but look like dad and vice versa for you." He said. I nodded. "I know. I told you that." I said

"That's where I heard it." Said Harry.

"You do look a lot like your mother." Said Mrs. Weasley.

"My mum must have been very beautiful then." I said, smiling. Everyone laughed.

"Just like James. Isn't she, Arthur?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"Oh, yes. Wonder what all the professors think." Mr. Weasley responded.

"It is a good question."

"I lose track, they all treat me like everyone else. Even though I am nothing like anyone else." I shrugged.

"They're supposed to. No matter who you are." said Harry. "Did you expect star treatment?" He asked jokingly.

"No. It's just that, it's weird how normal they can act around us being you know." I said shrugging.

"Trust me, first year meeting the DADA teacher was not normal. He would stutter when I first met him in a pub with Hagrid and he'd be like 'So glad to finally meet you Mr. Potter and honor.'" said Harry.

"Then he turned out to be You-Know-Who-" said Ron.

My eyes widened. "Oh wow." I said.

"Yeah. Wasn't that in the Daily Prophet, or something?" Ron said.

"Not sure." Harry shrugged.

"Either way, I'd never have seen it, I don't read the news." I said.

"Wouldn't you have heard about?"

"I dunno. I seldom ever listened to anything they said after lessons." I yawned widely.

"So what is on the agenda for the day?" Asked Fred.

"I don't know. We should do something fun." Ron said.

I let out a loud laugh. "That's what she said!" I yelled. Everyone gave me a weird look.

I lowered my voice to a whisper. "That's what she said in bed. Get it?" I asked. Everyone nodded, but then made disgusted looks, except Fred and George who laughed loudly.

The three of us laughed until Mrs. Weasley gave us looks and we stopped right away but smiled as we ate the rest of our food.

"Your sister is a delight, Harry." said George.

"And a nuisance." said Harry.

I shot him a fake glare. "I'm a nuisance?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes." He said smirking.

I rolled my eyes.

"Love you, too, Harry." I said.

"I never said I didn't." Harry pointed out.

I laughed.

"Ok, wait, Rose, isn't saying 'that's what she said' sort of lesbian if you're a girl?" Fred asked in a low whisper.

"Maybe to some people, but I think those jokes are hilarious! Just keep in mind that I am 250 percent straight."

"But wait, you're dating Malfoy? How does that make you 250 percent straight?" George asked quietly.

"Shut up, Weasley." I growled.

"Which Weasley?" asked Fred.

"The two of you, that's which Weasley." I said.

"Oh boys, stop bugging the poor girl." said Mrs. Weasley.

"Yeah stop bugging me." I said smirking.

The twins glared at me. "Yes mum." they said in unison.

I smiled triumphantly and returned to the rest of my food. "Is Hermione coming over?" I asked.

"I think tomorrow morning or tonight." said Ron.

"Excited?" I asked him.

"Yeah." Ron blushed.

"Why?" Asked Fred.

"Yeah, she already knows the family." George said.

"Hey. It's his girlfriend." I said. "Cut him some slack."

"Oh yeah like your-" Fred stopped.

I eyed him, telling him to keep his mouth shut. "But it's true." I said almost silently.

"Doubt it."

"You don't know him like I do." I said, almost coldly.

"You're the only one who likes him the way you do." pointed out George.

"Nah, I think Pansy does too. But she's all possessive about it." Fred said.

I rolled my eyes. The last thing I wanted to hear was something about Pansy. I still wanted to punch her in her pudgy little face.

"Can we not talk about her?" I asked,

"Oh sure." said George.

"We'll talk about you and Malfoy."

"Git." I muttered.

"What about Malfoy?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"That he is a git." I said quickly.

"Oh, he is just like his father, you can tell in the way he walks. I don't like that confident smirk he wears like a crown."

"I agree." Said Harry, giving me a side-way glance.

I nodded, and listened, but didn't give them any input, it's what they'd been waiting for, to be able to be mean to him, and not have me bitch on them.

I glared at the boys if they'd say anything. Once we get outside for Quidditch or whatever the hell we were going to do, I'd hit them.

After breakfast, the boys as I expected went out to play Quidditch. I quickly put on some sneakers and walked out after them.

Fred was closest so, I hit him first.

"Ow!" He said rubbing his arm. "What was that for Rosie?"

"For what you guys said about Draco during breakfast." I said hitting him after ever word.

"Ow! Stop!"

"Then take it back." I said.

"No, it's true and you know it is!"

I took a step back. "It isn't true."

"Are you blind?"

"No!"

"Then you should know your boyfriend is a bloody prick."

"You think I haven't figured that out? But I love him anyway, and whatever you guys say about him will be returned with a smack across the face. Got it?" I raised an eyebrow.



"Go inside and get dressed, you are going to freeze in your pajama's."

I stood there for a moment, looking up at him. We were just having a mini fight just awhile ago and now he's telling me to go inside.

"It's the middle of Spring," I said. "It's not cold."

"We're in Europe, Rose. It's always cold here." Fred pointed out.

"First take it back." I said.

Fred shook his head. "No, now go inside and get changed."

"I said take it back first then I'll go inside."

"Don't give me ultimatums." Said Fred.

"Ugh! You are impossible!" I said, stomping inside. I hopped up the stairs and went into Ginny's room. She was sitting on her bed, looking at a Witch Weekly.

"Hey." I smiled.

"Hi." She said from behind the magazine.

I searched through my trunk and found dark jeans and a loose v-neck t-shirt. It was white and had a grey tiger on the front. I slipped it on quickly. Ginny not looking up from her magazine.

I put on plaid socks, and then put on red converse. I smeared on light make-up and braided my hair quickly.

I walked outside again. "There I'm changed." I said to Fred.

He patted my head. "Good little girl."

I rolled my heads. "Weirdo."

"Thank you."

"Welcome."

"Want to play Quidditch with us, Rose?" asked Ron, already in the sky on a broom

I shook my head. "I don't fly."

"Yes you do." said Fred.

"Wha-?" Before I could finish my sentence Fred picked me up and threw me over his shoulder. "George hand me a broom." He said.

"Fred! Let me go!" I said, squirming in his grasp.

"No we're going for a ride."

"That's what she said!" Yelled George. I laughed.

"That's a good one!" I shouted back.

Fred put me on his broom, and climbed on behind me.

"Comfortable." He asked in my ear.

"No!" I shouted.

"Better grab on." He said. I screamed and grabbed frantically onto the broom.

Fred just laughed at me.

Fred kicked off from the ground and I gripped the broom handle tightly that my knuckles were turning white. "Fred, bring us back to the ground!" I screamed, closing my eyes.

"But I like it up here, in the sky-"

"I don't ! Bring me back down!"

"You guys ready to play?" George asked, hovering in front of us on his own broom.

"No!" I shouted.

"Yes we're ready, George."

I squirmed uneasily.

"Stop moving." Scolded Fred. "You'll fall off."

I squeaked in fear.

"You sound pathetic." Fred laughed.

"Shut up. I might die!" I said again, gripping the broom even tighter.

Fred scoffed, and zoomed forward quickly causing me to jerk. I screamed, and held tighter still.

"Calm down." Fred said.

"No. I don't like being in the sky. I sort of don't like heights."

"No really? I never noticed."

I rolled my eyes. "Please Fred, put me down onto the ground."

"No, we are playing a game."

"Then finish it, quickly." I said, as we swerved to the side.

"You can't finish Quidditch right away, you know that."

"Harry!" I screeched.

"Shut up." Fred sighed in my ear.

"Catch the Snitch and fast! I want to get back on the ground."

No response.

"I don't like swimming deep in the water either." I said to Fred.

"Why?"

"I like feeling ground beneath me and air above me, that's why."

"There's a lake nearby. Maybe I should throw you in." He said chuckling.

"You wouldn't." I said, eye wide.

"Yeah I would." He said nodding.

"Wanker." I said shaking my head. I just realized I was calm, I guess I had gotten used to being on the broom after 20 minutes of flying.

"See your calm." said Fred. "Just stay this way."

"I'm shaking on the inside."

"Close your eyes, and imagine your standing on the ground. You'll be fine." Fred whispered in my ear. I did as he told me, and I felt fine. Until we swooped violently downward.

"Holy crap!" I screamed, opening my eyes, seeing a Bludger come straight for us. Then it soared away, and I let out a relieved breath.

"Nothing to worry about when your up here with me." Fred assured.

"Thank you." I said. "My head could've flown off my shoulders."

"Doubt it, I would bet you'd just knocked out for a couple hours."

"Thanks, that makes me feel loads better."

"Better than your head flying off your shoulders. You'd just get another bruise." said Fred.

I rolled my eyes. "When is this game going to be over."

"When your brother catches the Snitch."

"Then he better hurry up."

"Just do what I said, pretend you are on the ground."

I nodded. "Right." I closed my eyes and did what I did before.

We were up there for a while. Fred decided he would dive for more Bludgers, instead of leaving them for George, who was always closer.

"I got it!" Harry called.

"Yay! Get me down! Get me down!" I screamed.

"What did you say? Let's go around." Fred said.

"No! Get me down!" I said saying each word slowly.

But he was already zooming up higher.

"Oh my God! Stop! Stop!"

Fred laughed as I yelled at him. "Fred!" I screamed as he did a nosedive.

We stopped a foot from the ground and I was about to scramble off the broom before he caught my arm. "We're not done yet." He said smiling.

"Yes we are."

"Hang on, Rose." He said then we started to go up and up again.

I closed my eyes tight, the wind hitting my face.

"I hate you! I hate you Fred Weasley! And when I get off this broom I am going to kill you. I swear I will." I screamed.

"Close your mouth, you'll swallow a bug."

I clamped my mouth shut.

"Alright, now we can be done." Said Fred, I opened my eyes and were hovering less than a half a foot over the ground. I almost fell off in relief. George, Harry, and Ron were doubled over in laughter.

"Shut up." I hissed.

"Yeah it is." said Ron through his laughs. " 'Fred! Put me down! Fred!' " He mimicked in a high voice.

The others laughed loudly. I rolled my eyes and walked inside as they laughed. "Oh! Rose you've got a letter!" said Mrs. Weasley with a letter in my hand.

I furrowed my brow but took the letter "Thanks." I flipped it to open it when I saw the green seal with the Malfoy crest on it. I smiled.

I opened the letter.

Dear Rose, the letter read, I'm writing this letter in secret, I don't want to know what happens if my father finds out about this. If you are brave enough to send a reply, make sure you give the owl specific instructions to come straight to my bedroom. He knows the way well enough. And don't sign your real name, use a fake name. I know your handwriting. Know, onto other subjects, how is your break so far? I miss you very much, and am hoping to Merlin Pansy doesn't bring you up at dinner tonight. I'll pass along your warning, but whether or not it will do any good is unknown to me. I am looking forward to a new term. Home isn't really home, it's a place where I sleep, but most families make their house a home, my parent's don't give a damn as long as it looks like Slytherins live there. Sending all my love, Draco.

I smiled as I reread the letter.

"Whose it from?" Asked Harry, peering over my shoulder as he walked in.

"Draco." I whispered to him.

"Figured."

"What does it say?"

"Just asking how I'm doing and stuff."

"You going to write back?"

I rolled my eyes. "No I'm going to burn the letter to ashes. Of course I'm going to write back you idiot."

"Oh, can I see the letter?" He asked holding his hand out.

"No!" I said holding the letter to my chest.

"As your brother who is older than you by 10 hours I'm ordering you to give me the letter."

"10 hours?" I repeated. "It's 3 hours 56 minutes and 54 seconds!"

Harry just rolled his eyes. "Same thing. Let me see it."

"Are you sure? He is pouring out his deepest darkest feelings for me, things that he would tell no one else."

"Alright, I'll pass." Harry said.

"Mrs. Weasley?" I asked.

"Yes dear?"

"Did the owl that delivered this letter stay?"

"Yes, of course, won't leave actually. Probably waiting for a reply."

I nodded at her in thanks, and ran up to my trunk, the owl following me. When I burst in the room, Ginny was no longer there. I pulled out a piece of parchment and began to write.

Dear Draco, I wrote, I miss you, too. But the family I am staying with is very kind, and the food is delicious. Tell Pansy she says anything about us, our relationship won't be the only thing that is exposed. And if she doesn't get that, tell her that I'll break her skull. And if she still doesn't get it, tell her to keep her bitchy mouth shut or there will be no more Pansy Parkinson's at Hogwarts. I love you, and am also excited for the new term. Oh yeah, and I got a broom ride today, but it was very unwilling on my part. I don't fly. See you soon. Love, Cassidy.

I looked at the name I had chosen. It was my old Muggle neighbor, I would go out and play with her. She was one of my best friends. I decided it was good enough. And tied to letter onto the owl's outstretched leg.

"OK, I want you to send this directly to Draco in his bedroom, do you understand? Blink if you do." I said as I finished tying the letter.

The owl blinked and fluttered its wings. I opened the window and the owl flew off into the blue sky.

I walked back downstairs, the guys were all back inside sitting around the kitchen table. "There she is! Finished writing your letter to your boyfriend?" asked George smiling.

"Yes." I said and took a seat next to Harry.

"Did you write 'Oh and today I was screaming my head off on a broom, love you, Draco.'" said Ron.

"No, not about me screaming." I said. "And 'Love you, Draco' sounds so gay coming out of your mouth."

Ron turned red, and didn't answer. I laughed loudly.

"Quiet down, Rose. For the love of Merlin." Fred said.

"You know, I was practically kidnapped by you, I think I can be loud."

"Yeah and I almost raped you!" Fred rolled his eyes. "Kidnapping is to take someone against their will."

"That sounds like you got it straight from the dictionary." I scoffed.

"You know what, Rose?" Fred asked.

"What?"

"Shut up."

"Nah, I'm good. I can't stay quiet. It's in my nature." I said.

"We've noticed." said George chuckling.

"What else are we doing today?" I asked.



"Getting rid of gnomes." said Ron. "Mum wants us too. It can be fun sometimes."

"But they bite." said Fred.

"And swear." added George.

"I think they'd get along great with Rose. She bites and swears too." Said Fred.

"It's true." I smiled. "I do."

"It's bad to bite, Rose." Harry scolded.

"If it's so bad, then why does everyone love me."

"Not everyone loves you." Said Harry.

"Well, those who don't are stupid and need to go an see a doctor and get a large needle injected into them."

"Lovely." Said Ron with a shudder.

"Not for them."

"Anyways," said Ron. "you sure you can handle the gnomes, Rose?"

I scoffed. "Yeah. They'd love me. And if they don't I'd bite them." I said.

"Biting gnomes are bad." said Harry.

I shrugged. "So? I'd bite anyone if I don't like them." I said.

"You don't bite Pansy." pointed out Ron.

"I don't want Parkinson germs on my teeth." I countered.

Everyone laughed.

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After lunch, we all went outside and I started walking around aimlessly. I was bound to stumble upon a gnome.

"Rose! Catch it!" George called, I spun around and saw a little gnome running towards me. I dove for it, catching it in my hands. I chomped on my index finger.

"Why you little son of a bitch." I growled. It just chuckled. "No one bites me! Or I will bite back."

But I didn't. "George, what do I do with it?" I asked.

"Throw it into the forest!" He said pointing forward.

I turned around and saw Fred and Ron throwing the gnomes they had caught into the trees. The gnome in my hand squirmed.

"Stop moving." I hissed at it but it didn't listen.

I then threw it my farthest into the forest the gnome went 'Wee!' as it soared through the air and I let out a chuckle.

"Nice throw!" said George.

"Thank you."

Not to much later, I stumbled upon one, hiding in the bush. I snuck up on it and grabbed it from behind. It tried to bite me, but wasn't successful in doing so. I smirked at the little squirming creature, and threw it into the forest. And laughed at it.

"Looking for gnomes is fun." I said.

"Glad someone thinks so." Fred said.

"You don't?" I asked.

"No. I could be doing much better things with my time, like studying."

I scoffed. "Like you would ever study." I rolled my eyes.

"No I wouldn't, but it would be a better way to spend my time."

"Chuckling little gnomes into the forest isn't fun?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No. It's not." He said, shaking his head.

"You seem rather cranky today Fred. What's wrong?" I asked concerned.

"Nothing. I'm fine." He answered. "Nothing is wrong."

"But you seem-"

"I said I'm fine, Rose."

I was a bit taken back by his tone, and didn't believe him in the slightest. He was himself until that letter...

Oh.

"Fred, can I talk to you for a moment?" I asked, he nodded curtly. I took him aside.

"Okay, I don't want to be the person who feels she needs to fix everything. But right now, I want to know what is bothering you." I said.

"No you don't."

"Yes I do." I contradicted.

"If you did know you would do nothing to change it." Fred snapped.

"Please, just tell me."

"You wouldn't like it." He said.

"I don't care, I want you to tell me. Is this about Draco and the letter?" I asked.

He stayed silent.

"Fred we've been over this." I said trying to meet his eyes.

"I know." He said quietly.

"And I thought you were over me." I said.

"Well I'm not, Rose."

"Fred, it would never work. We are exactly alike. We even look alike. What kind of love story is that? With nothing to overcome? With nothing to strive for, it wouldn't be real love, it would be a big joke, and that's the last thing we need. It would be dreadfully boring, and just hurting each other."

"I see it completely differently."

"Oh you do, do you?" I asked, crossing my arms and raising a brow,

"Yeah."

"Care to enlighten me?"

"It wouldn't be a joke, it would be endless fun, and if a few snog sessions are thrown in there somewhere, so be it. I won't object. There would never be a boring moment."

"But the way I see it, maybe I am just a hopeless romantic, but there would be nothing to work for, everyone would approve, and we would be almost like the exact copy of the other, where is the interesting in that?"

"It's in the things we do with that exact copy."

"Fred, I love you. I really do but as a brother, like a best friend, like a gold fish I'd hate to flush down the toilet if you died cause I forgot to feed you." I said. "I'm in love Draco."

"I know." He said quietly. "Now if you're done telling me that you don't like me like you did before then I'd be happy to go."

"Fred, I-"

But he was already walking away over to George who was smiling at him, as he showed him the gnome he had in his hands.

I let out a sigh. I didn't want to hurt Fred, he was one of my best friends. We had different views on how our relationship would have gone if I had said yes. I thought boring, he thought fun.

This was about to get complicated.

A/N: Thanks for reading! Hope you enjoyed this chapter. I know I'm not going to update before Christmas (For those who celebrate it)

Happy Holidays! And may you all have an amazing New Year, and don't make your New Year's resolution to stop reading fan fiction. God Bless at this wonderful time of the year.

After the garden was free of gnomes we went inside to eat.

Mrs. Weasley had out casseroles as far as the eye could see, not literally, but there were lots of 'em. She had some steaks on a plate, along with a pot of chicken soup, and a loaf of special bread.

I passed along the steaks, as good as they smelt, all I wanted was some green bean casserole and soup and a piece of bread.

"It smells delicious." I said.

"Thank you, dear, but I am a bit more concerned about how it tastes. Eat up. You are far too skinny for my liking, the both of you." She said, the words should be scolding, but they came out in the most motherly tone, I couldn't help but smile.

I ate quietly, which was strange since I was the one who usually talked. But the whole Fred thing bothered me. George and Ron were the ones doing the talking today.

"Are you sure you got all the gnomes?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Yes but Fred and Rose weren't much help." said George looking at Fred and I. I avoided Fred's eyes as he looked up at me by trying to get a noodle on my spoon. It was awkward and I think everyone could tell because Fred and I both being quiet was not normal.

"You alright?" Harry whispered.

I nodded. "Yeah."

Harry gave me a quizzical look, obviously not believing me.

I shrugged, and continued looking at my food. I tried thinking of Draco, and how he was probably being tortured by Pansy right about now. I really tried, but my thoughts were fixed on Fred. I didn't even love him, not in the slightest, not a hint of romantic liking whatsoever. I was guilty though, were you supposed to feel guilty after you turned someone down.

I sighed quietly. I couldn't wait until Hermione get here. I was so confused.

I risked a glance up at Fred, and he was looking at me, but trying to do so without being noticed.

I turned red and looked down again, blowing on a spoonful of soup.

I smiled a bit. He looked at me the same way Draco did.

"What time does Hermione get here, Ron?" I asked.

"Tonight at 6, I think." He answered, his mouth full.

I nodded and felt silent again.

"Ronald, I've told you about talking with your mouth full!" scolded Mrs. Weasley

"Sorry Mum." He said swallowing his food.

I let out a chuckle. In some ways Mrs. Weasley was like Hermione, they both scolded Ron for doing things that were not appropriate.

I thought of comparisons between the two but soon enough my mind wandered back to Fred.

I didn't like him at all, but he just made things complicated. He wouldn't stop flirting with me, that, or making me feel bad. It would never be so much so that I would ever forget how I felt about Draco. That wouldn't happen. I know it wouldn't.

I sighed again.

"You alright, Rose." Fred asked.

"I'm fine. Just tired, is all." I lied quietly.

"You are awfully quietly." Mrs. Weasley said.

"It's been a long day." I nodded, cracking a small smile.

The boys exchanged glances, probably remembering me on the broom. I rolled my eyes at the thought.

I wish Hermione was here, I thought to myself, she'd help me through this after asking me a series of questions on how I feel.

After I thanked Mrs. Weasley for the food and walked upstairs to take a nap and think before Hermione arrived.

Ginny was in the room again, reading a different issue of Witch Weekly. "Hi, Ginny." I said.

"Hi." She responded not taking her eyes off the magazine.

I slid into the bed and closed my eyes.

I was awoken by the door bursting open. I sat up quickly.

"Hermione!" I said happily. I opened my arms for her. She rushed over to me, and grasped me in a hug.

"I have something to tell you when we're alone." I whispered in her ear, she nodded.

"How've you been?" I asked louder.

"Good." Hermione smiled.

"I got a letter, and poor thing has to have dinner with the bitch and her family tonight. I threatened to crush her skull if she said anything to his parents." I said, knowing Hermione knew who I was talking about.

Hermione laughed as Ginny came over and gave Hermione a hug. "Hi Hermione." She said smiling a little.

Hermione smiled back at the young girl. "Hey, Ginny." She said as he was released from Ginny's embrace. "How are you?" She asked.

"Good." She said.

Hermione nodded and turned to me. "What did you want to tell me?" She asked.

I grabbed her by the arm and brought her outside into the open air. "It's Fred." I said.



"What about him?" She asked.

"Well he likes, me, like a lot. And when I got the letter from Draco he was not happy. I told him that we would never be good for each other, there would be nothing to fight and struggle for, it would be too easy. And there was no fun in that. We were too much alike, and it would be boring. And he thinks it would be fun."

"And?"

"And I don't know what to do with him? And I need you to help me."

"I have absolutely no idea what to do."

"What? You're Hermione Granger, you always know what to do!"

"I can't deal with Weasleys." She said shaking her head. "I can barely handle Ron himself. I don't think I'd be able to handle Fred."

I let out a sigh.

"I'm sorry." She said.

"Don't be. I just need someone to help."

"Try Harry."

"You want me to tell Harry that his best friend's brother has a crush on me?"

"Yes. He'll be able to help. Maybe George, because he's his other half. He'll be able to help, too."

"Hermione, do you know how weird that would be?"

"Well I can't help you." Said Hermione.

"And that's my problem?" I asked.

Hermione just laughed. "You can choose to figure this out with someone else who understands boys, or by yourself."

"Thanks."

"Welcome. Now let's get back inside, I'm a little cold." She said holding her arms.

I nodded and we walked back inside. The boys were crowded around the living room table. Hermione and I walked over to join them.

"Hello." I said plopping down next to George on the couch.

"Hi." said Hermione, sitting down on the couch arm next to Ron.

The boys all nodded in response.

"What are you guys talking about?" asked Hermione.

"We are coming up with 'That's what she said' jokes." (A/N: This is me and my friends favorite pass times.) Responded Fred.

"Oh, Yay! May I join?" I asked.

"Of course."

"That's what she said?" Hermione asked.

I laughed, because that made sense. May I join? Of course. Get it? Oh well.

"That's what she said in bed." I said to her, she made a face, but nodded.

"You need to clean that up!" George yelled.

"That's what she said." I laughed, almost falling over.

"Oh, great, now there's a puddle." Fred joined in.

"That's what she said!" I yelled, almost dying of laughter.

Hermione made a disgusted face. "Ugh, you guys are disgusting. Can't you do something normal like ride a broom?" She asked.

Everyone laughed and pointed at her. "That's what she said!" We cried and Hermione shook her head.

"Something is wrong with you guys." She said disapprovingly.

"Thanks, Hermione. Something is wrong with each and every one of us. Something is wrong with you too but you don't know it." I said.

She gave me a confused look. "OK?" She said.

"Now back to the 'That's what she said's" said George.

"No! It doesn't go there!" I screamed.

"That's what she said!" Everyone, except Hermione, shouted.

Hermione slapped my knee. "Ow, God dang it, that hurt!" I yelled.

"That's what she said!" Fred shouted. I screamed out laughter.

"Oh my God, once, when I was twelve I was sleeping over at my neighbors house, and her seventeen year old sister came home with her boyfriend and her parents started screaming at him. They were like 'You stick it in the hole!' 'You could kill her!' 'Oh no! It's stuck.' and we were laughing so hard, and then we were listening to the radio, and they were prank calling people and this one guy pretended to be a new neighbor and told the old neighbor that him and his wife were having sex to loud and that he watched them have sex!"

"Oh my God." said Hermione standing up. "I'm going upstairs do to something better."

"Like what? Only Ginny is up there." said Ron.

"I'm getting away from you guys. You guys are disgusting, I swear. Can't you be normal and do something fun?"

I looked at her and smiled. "That's what she said."

"Oh dear Merlin." said Hermione putting her hand on her forehead.

I laughed and fell onto George, though my head landed in Fred's lap, and I didn't realize where my head fell until I opened my eyes and saw Fred staring down at me. I stayed there for a moment longer, to shocked to move, and then I scrambled up.

"Sorry." I mumbled quietly.

"It's fine." Fred responded, looking down.

My cheeks were red. "I didn't mean to."

George scoffed. "That's what she said."

"I'm going upstairs before my mind goes perverted." said Hermione getting off the arm of the couch and heading up the stairs.

"Night Hermione!" We all yelled as she went up the stairs.

"Night freaks!" She called back.

"That was very rude, we were nice to her." I said as she was out of sight.

"Yeah but whatever. Now what else..." Ron said, tapping his chin as he thought.

"I bet you guys are horrible at the jokes." I said.

"They are."

I laughed. "Is that why they haven't said any?" I asked.

Ron rolled his eyes, and I just laughed more.

"Seriously, just try to do one, they both of you."

"My shirt is to big." Harry said.

"That's what she said." Ron laughed quietly.

"That was horrible!" I screamed. (A/N: Another quick interruption, some boys did this joke at my school. It was pitiful.) "I can't believe you are taking part in this conversation."

"We want a good laugh." said Ron. "Not our fault we're not as dirty as you three."

"And if you were raised by the Dursleys you'd be under a cupboard not knowing anything that happens in the outside world, like those jokes." said Harry. "Who even taught you this stuff at school, Rose?"

"Some kids at school just started saying it and it caught on." I said shrugging.

"Oh I'd love to see how Dudley would react when you say stuff like this." Said Harry smirking.

I laughed. "I'd rather not tell him. You'll be able to get the hang of it after a summer with me, trust me."

"I'm sure I will. But what about Ron?" Harry asked.

"He has Fred and George here." I responded, in an isn't-it-obvious tone.

"That's true." Harry nodded.

"Of course it is. Harry, would I lie to you?" I asked, giving him a badly faked smolder look before laughing uncontrollably.

"Yes you would." He said smiling.

"Pfft, no I wouldn't." I said shaking my head slightly.

"Sure.." He said rolling his eyes.

I rolled my eyes. "Anyways, let's get on with the jokes."

"I wanna try!" said Ron.

"OK, but you'll do a pitiful job, I bet."

"Alright kids, I have some pie for dessert if you want!" Mrs. Weasley called.

"That's what she said!" Ron yelled.

"No!" I shook my head. "Awful, never, ever do that again."

Ron hung his head as we all walked into the kitchen. We all sat around the table and ate the cherry pies in silence until I felt something gooey on my face, I turned to see Fred with his fork in the air.

"I'm sorry, it was an accident!" Fred exclaimed.

I nodded, but smeared my hand in his piece of pie and all over his face. "Oops, it was accident." I laughed. Fred picked up his glass of Pumpkin juice and splashed it in my face.

"Thanks I needed that." I said. "And I think you need this." I picked up the remainder of his pie and shoved it in his face. Then got up and ran outside.

Fred followed me, his face red with cherry pie filling. I ran faster, but he caught up with me. He grabbed me by the waist and picked me up.

"Put me down!" I said laughing.

"No, I think you need a little dip in the mud." He said smirking.

I went wide-eyed. "You wouldn't" I said.

"I would." He said.

"NO! Fred, please no!" I said.

He dropped me into a mud puddle and I screamed. I grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him into the mud with me.

"You are dead." I whispered in his ear. I felt his heart beat faster and I let him go and struggled out from under him. A deep shade of crimson, but grabbed a handful of mud, letting it squish through my fingers before I threw it at Fred who was sitting still.

He eventually threw some back at me, and I started laughing. He put a handful in my hair and I screamed loudly.

"Fred Weasley!" Mrs. Weasley barked, her dark silhouette almost scary against the bright yellow glow of the house. "You go hose yourselves off in the back before you step foot in this house."

"You have a hose?" I asked Fred.

"Yeah, for when we are watering the garden, and we can't use our wands, so we use a hose." Fred responded. He stood up and held out a hand for me. I took it and smirked at him as he led me to the hose in the back.

He grabbed the green hose and turned it on, right away the cold water hit me and I yelped. "That's cold!" I exclaimed as he hosed me off.

"It's not like it's going to get any warmer." He said shrugging.

I held my arms, as the water prickled against my skin, sending goosebumps up my arm as it was seriously cold.

Fred put the hose over my head and started to get the mud out of my hair.

"I'm going to kill you." I hissed, as I ran my fingers through my wet hair.

He smirked and handed the hose to me.

I rinsed him off and put the hose in his hair, running my fingers through it to make sure I got all the mud and cherry pie out.

I turned off the hose, and I realized Fred's eyes were closed, his face was so peaceful, but also looked like he was pained.

"You sure it's all out?" He asked.

"I'm sure." I nodded, with a smirk.

He nodded and opened his eyes and looked at me, cracking a small smile. Mrs. Weasley bustled towards us, handing us both a towel.

"Thank you, Mrs. Weasley. Sorry about that." I said, wrapping the towel around my soaking hair.

"Oh, it's quite alright dear." She said sweetly. "You two should change, since your soaking wet, then come down and finish what's left of the pie."

I nodded. "Alright, come on Fred." I said turning around to see him looking at me.

He nodded. "Yeah, ok." We walked into the house.

"Have fun?" asked Hermione as we walked in.

"No. I was thrown in mud." I said looking back to glare at Fred.

"It was my pleasure."

I just rolled my eyes and went upstairs. Throwing on the pajama's I wore last night. I put my wet hair into two braids. And walked out in black and white ankle socks. I bumped into Fred, clad in plaid pajama pants and a grey T-Shirt.

"Sorry." I mumbled with a laugh.

He nodded.

"Hey, you okay?" I asked.

"You are going to keep asking this question, and I am going to keep giving you the same answer with the same argument, and it's always going to end up being the same." Fred said.

"I'm sorry. I don't love you Fred."

"Well, you could."

"I told you, I only love you as a brother." I said, feeling uneasy. I was hurting him and I could tell, he didn't show it, but I could sense it.

"But if you just give us a try, Rose then..."

"I'm with Draco, Fred. And I want to be with him, not you." I said then walked down the stairs.



I sat down at the empty dining table, and picked at the pie which was just where I had left it.

"You alright?" said Hermione, taking a seat in front of me.

"No." I mumbled.

"Is it Fred again?" Hermione whispered.

"Yes." I said a little louder. "He is relentless, and I won't stop asking what's wrong. I know what's wrong, but I always have to ask! He is like my brother and I am not about to abandoned him so I won't feel uncomfortable, that won't fix anything!"

"Lower your voice, here he comes." Hermione said, nodding towards the stairs. I nodded and did so.

"I wonder how Draco is doing with the Parkinson's. I swear I will kill her if she says anything about us."

"What'll happen if she does tell his parents?" Asked Fred.

"They'll probably beat him and make him break up with me. And if that happens, I'm breaking her skull." I said as I put some pie in my mouth.

Hermione let out a chuckle. "She should really fine someone for her own." Said Hermione. I nodded in agreement.

Everything else was silent, until I finished my pie and Hermione and I went upstairs.

"Well that was awkward." Hermione commented.

I looked at her and rolled my eyes. "No, I thought it wasn't." I said sarcastically.

"We need to get him to like someone else to get him over you." Hermione suggested.

"I don't think that's how it works. We can't choose who he likes, and we can't pretend we can." I said. "I'll get over it." I shrugged.

"But will he?" Hermione asked.

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The next morning the same owl that Draco sent me swooped in the window. I smiled and went over to it taking the letter from it, and giving it something to eat. It sat and watched me read, it obviously had instructions to wait for me to write a reply.

I flipped open the letter and began to read.

Dear Rose, My father found your last letter, I thought I hid it well, but apparently not. He demands to know who you are, and he wants to meet you, I have no idea what we are going to do! I'm so scared. Pansy didn't say anything last night, I thought after dinner all my worries would be over, but he wants to see you tomorrow night. Please tell me you have this under control. If not it'll be both of our necks that have to pay. Yours truly, Draco.

Fear struck my heart, and I thought furiously.

"Are you alright dear?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"Yes, I'm fine." I smiled at her. "Mrs. Weasley, can Hermione and myself go into Diagon Alley today?" I asked.

"Of course, dear, do you need someone to go with you?" She asked.

"No thank you."

I found a quill and piece of parchment.

Dear Draco, I have this covered trust me. You won't even recognize me. Hermione and I will go to a Muggle Mall today. I will get a wig and some fancy clothes and a lot of make-up and colored contacts. I will arrive by Floo, Hermione will cover for me. I'll say it's Cassidy or something like that. Burn this letter straight after reading, don't ask a house elf to do it. See you tomorrow, can't wait. Love, Cassidy.

"Hermione!" I exclaimed, and she came to me straight away.

"What?" She asked, her hair a bushy mess.

I handed her the letter Draco had sent me and her eyes were moving left to right reading it. "Oh my," She said. "What are you going to do?" She asked, handing the letter back.

"We're going to Muggle Mall, I'm going to get a disguise, like a wig, lots of make-up, clothes, etc. then we're going to Diagon Alley to meet Lucius Malfoy and you're covering for me." I said.

"But Lucius Malfoy would never approve of his son knowing a girl who is friends with me. Remember my blood status?"

"Oh shoot. Then we'll have to figure something out about you, then."

I thought for a second. "I got it!" I said. "Okay, so I will ask if I could come to their house for dinner, tomorrow and between now and then I will have a whole new character that can be Draco's girlfriend in front of Lucius. And you will tell everyone here I am sick and to not come in the room and then I will come back and go silently into my room and be better in the morning, and then everything can be perfect!" I said with a smile.

"It's a lot of lying."

"Sometimes lying is the only option." I said to her. "Let me fix this letter."

I found a new piece of parchment and wrote a new message.

Dear Draco, Ask your father if tomorrow night at dinner would work? Or if it would be to much, if it is to much then I would gladly come over in the afternoon. I will arrive by Floo either way. I am excited to see you. Much love, Cassidy.

I tied the letter to the owls leg and sent him off.

"Rose," said Hermione. "I'm not that good of a liar." She said.

"Hermione Granger, you will lie and you will do your best. Understood?" I said putting my hands on her shoulder.

She sighed and nodded. "I highly disagree with this whole thing but I'll only do it for you."

I smiled and hugged her. "Thank you" I said.

"Welcome." She said pulling away from the hug.

"Now we're still going to the Muggle Mall, so let's get changed and go!" I said and led her up the stairs.

We Flooed to the Leaky Cauldron and walked to Gringotts to trade some Galleons for Muggle money. Then we walked to the nearest Muggle Mall.

I was in a costume store and I was looking through the wigs. I pulled out a long black curly one, and decided it was good.

I paid and Hermione and I walked to a store that had a cute dress in the window.

I looked at it for a moment. It was a dark emerald green and was tight around the bust, then flowed to just above my knees. It was spaghetti strap and I had to admit, looked really good on Rose, but I wondered how it would look on Cassidy.

I bought it and we went to a shoe store. The first shoes that caught my eye were four inch tall wedges. It was open toed sandals and the straps were white leather. I bought them without delay.

I took Hermione with me to a tanning salon and got a spray on tan so I was darker, but not so much that anyone else would notice.

Then we went into a make-up store and I bought some sparkly, natural colored eye shadow, and a fancy perfume that smelt like some fancy flower. I also got colored contacts that were a deep brown.

We then walked back to the Leaky Cauldron and Flooed to the Burrow. I hid the bags in my trunk.

"I'm still not sure about this, Rose." said Hermione sitting on my bed.

"Well, it's all the plan I've got." I said sitting on my trunk. "I wonder how it'd all look together." I said.

"Fine, more or less." She said shrugging.

"Now remember, when I'm gone, I'm sick and no one is allowed in the room under any circumstances." Hermione nodded. "And I promise, I won't get myself in trouble."

"Good. Just don't dig yourself in too deep or else you won't be able to get out."

"OK?" I said, with a chuckle.

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The next day, I spent the whole day in the room, and was going to Floo to the Manor at five o'clock. At four, I began to get ready quietly. I looked in the mirror when I was all finished. I didn't look like myself, at all. The hair looked natural and I looked simply amazing. I had time left so I found some of Hermione's nail polish and did a fancy, expensive looking French tip on my fingers and did black for my toes with a white flower on the big toes.

I opened the door quietly. "Hermione!" I called in a sickly voice. Who bustled up the stairs, Mrs. Weasley.

"No, please. I have the Chicken Pocks, and Hermione has had them before so she can't get them again!" I said quickly.

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"Positive. I should be better by tomorrow."

"Alright, dear. Just call me if you need anything." She said.

"I will." I lied.

When I heard her footsteps go back down the stairs, Hermione came in. "What do you want?" She asked, closing the door.

"Just wanted to say bye, before I left. Gosh." I said getting off of the bed. "Wish me luck." I said.

"Luck." She said. "And do be careful, Rose. Who knows what would happen if they figured it out."

"Thanks, all I asked for was luck."

"Now, can you sneak me downstairs." I said.

"What!" Hermione shouted.

"Shhh!" I hissed. "I need to use the Floo network, I need to get there somehow."

Hermione rolled her eyes and walked me downstairs, looking around every once and a while. "Alright, go." She said.

"Hermione, I love you." I said, giving her a hug and I stepped into the fireplace with Floo powder in my hands.

"Malfoy Manor!" I shouted. Then the green flames engulfed me.

I walked out of the fireplace into a living room, it was Slytherin like. Draco was standing in front of the fireplace, as if he was expected me.

"Hi Draco!" I exclaimed.

He smiled and walked over to hug me. I hugged back. "So this is your house?" I said. "Fancy."

Draco chuckled. "You look, not yourself."

"That's the point." I said.

Draco smiled. "Come on, my father is waiting for us."

Draco held out his arm. I smiled, and put my hand in his elbow. We walked into a room with a long table and a two blonde adults sitting at the end of the table. A small family for a such a large table. I noted. Must have a lot of parties, I guessed. The blonde man, obviously Mr. Malfoy stood up, he had long blonde hair and fake smile on his face. I could tell it was fake because it didn't meet his eyes.

"Father. This is Cassidy." Draco said, I nodded my head at them slightly, unsure of what to say.

"Ah, Cassidy it's a pleasure, I'm Lucius Malfoy, and my wife is Narcissa. Please sit, dinner is about to be served." Lucius said.

"Thank you." I said quietly, sitting next to Draco, grabbing his hand under the table.

"Now, Cassidy, I would love to hear more about your family." Lucius said. Narcissa nodded in agreement.

"Oh, yes of course." I said happily, accidentally on purpose knocking my fork off the table. "Oh my. I'm so terribly sorry." I said, going under the table and whispered up to Draco. "What do I do?"

"Lie your arse off." He whispered back as he got under the table with me, to escort me up apparently. "We have house elves for that." He said in a normal tone.

"Right, sorry." I nodded, before sitting in my chair again, a house elf replacing my fork. "Well, my father grew up in Switzerland, but his family came from France, and my mother came from Spain. My mother went to Beauxbatons and my father to Durmstrang, I trust you have heard of those schools. I grew up with stories of them." I said, coming up with this as I went along. "They met at a Quidditch match, actually."

"Oh really, who were the teams?" Lucius asked.

"I'm not sure, I don't think my parents knew either, they spent most of their time...behind the Pitch." I gave a little laugh. "Their parents obviously approved, considering they were both purebloods, and they got married a little less than two years later, and had me no more than a year after their marriage. My mother wanted to move to London because she heard of Hogwarts and would've loved me to go there. Not long after we moved my parents died in a horrible accident, I was ten. And I was sent to live with my aunt and uncle. My dad's brother and sister-in-law. I've lived with them ever since." I said.

"What's the family name?" Narcissa asked. I thought for no more than a second.

"Realei." I said. "I wouldn't expect you to have heard of it, we are the first generation to live in Britain."

"You are in Slytherin, correct?" Lucius asked.

"Yes, of course." I said.

"And what year are you in?"

"Third year."

"You look a bit older than thirteen." Narcissa said.

"I get that a lot." I said with a little laugh.

"So how did you meet Draco?" Lucius asked.

"Um, I think it was in the common room and I was walking while reading and I just happened to bump into Draco then we just started to talk." I said.

Lucius and Narcissa nodded. The four of us fell into silence, as we ate. I felt Draco hold my hand under the table. I couldn't help but smile.

"Thank you for having me over." I said, breaking the silence.

"It's our pleasure." Narcissa said.

"Tell me, Miss Realei, what does your uncle do for a living? I don't believe I have ever met a Realei before."

Draco's jaw clenched next to me.

"Oh my uncle, the family business in France was passed down to him."

"Family business? And what would that be?"

"A broom shop. I could have any broom I wanted, but I don't play Quidditch, and flying simply frightens me."

"Does your uncle Apparate to work every day?" Narcissa asked.



"Yes, occasionally he uses Floo. I've been to France on many occasions, but never drifted to far from the shop as I had to Floo back."

They nodded and fell back into silence. I ate slowly, not wanting to appear as a pig.

"Draco, why don't you show our guest around, then we could all gather in the parlor." Narcissa said.

"Yes mother." Draco said, pulling me up off my seat.

"Thank you." I said as he led me out of the dining room.

"Do you want to see the garden?" Draco asked. I nodded excitedly. The sun was just setting and the sky was a beautiful golden. There was a path that wove throughout flowers.

"It's beautiful." I said.

"Alright, what's wrong?" Draco asked.

"What makes you think something's wrong?"

"I know you." Draco said. I looked around and leaned in to whisper in his ear, in case we were being watched.

"I have told your parents more lies than I have ever told anyone and your well being is in my hands. And if they find out, it will be on both our necks." I whispered.

"You're doing a fine job." He said.

"Thank you," I said. "But it feels wrong lying this much. If they knew who I really was then you'd probably get beaten or something and I wouldn't be able to live with that, knowing that you got hurt because of me." I whispered.

Draco turned and hugged me. "Nothing bad is going to happen." He whispered in my ear.

"I hope not." I whispered back.

Draco smiled and pulled away. He took my hand and picked up a red rose and handed it to me. "A rose for Rose." He whispered.

I smiled and held twirled the rose in between my fingers. "Thank you." I whispered.

"No problem." He said kissing my cheek.

We walked further into the garden as I looked admiringly at the rose, sniffing it once and a while.

"This is mostly for my mum, she likes flower, especially in the spring time. She could spend hours out here." Draco said.

"I could do the same." I said, smiling up at Draco. Then there came a fork in our path, in between the two paths was a marble bench. I sat down on it.

"It would be a lovely place to sit and read, don't you agree?" I asked.

"We are far away, you don't have to act all proper." Draco said, smirking, sitting next to me.

"I don't want to come in and be anything but." I said with a shrug.

"Or, are you just teasing me?" Draco smirked, leaning in and kissing my forehead.

"Now why would I do that?" I asked, tucking a piece of my wig behind my ear.

"It looks real you know." Draco whispered in a barely audible tone.

"That's the point." I said.

Draco, out of nowhere, crashed his lips to mine, I quickly obliged, kissing him back with the same force he kissed me.

Then we heard someone clear their throat, and broke apart immediately, keeping our eyes down.

"We have ready for you in the parlor." Said Narcissa quietly.

"Thank you, mother." Draco said. Blush was deep in my cheeks as Draco helped me up and we walked back through the garden.

Narcissa said nothing as she guided us to the parlor. Already there was Lucius. "Your garden is wonderful." I said.

"Why thank you," said Narcissa. "I planted them all myself."

I nodded. I had forgotten that I had the rose Draco gave me in my hand until I looked down. "Cassidy, may I ask how long have you and Draco been seeing each other?" She asked.

I felt my face go hot. "Um." I turned to Draco for help.

"About month or so. I can't quite remember." He said. I nodded in agreement.

"I wasn't aware you two were dating." said Lucius.

"We weren't the best of friends for a while, in fact I mostly kept to myself. I'm very quiet and like to be alone most of the time. But then when we started talking I liked having someone else's presence around me, hearing other people's opinions, I liked seeing how they differed from my own."

"That is very deep for someone at the age of thirteen." Said Narcissa.

"I have been through many things in my past that have forced me to take refuge in myself. It is hard to trust people."

"Well then our son is very lucky to have gained your trust."

"He didn't need to gain it, it was as if he had it all along." I said.

I sat down next to Draco, my eyes scanning the room. Resting on a piano in the corner.

"It's beautiful." I said.

"Do you play?" Narcissa asked.

"No? My mother always said she's teach me, but when she died I lost interest in it."

"Draco learned at a young age. Why don't you play something for her." Narcissa said.

"Mother, I haven't played in months." Draco said.

"Well there is no time like the present." Narcissa said. Draco sighed, knowing not to turn this into an argument. He leaned in to whisper in my ear.

"Be my good luck charm?" He asked quietly.

"I would like nothing more." I whispered back, smiling as I sat next to him on the piano bench.

"I'm not very good." He warned. "But most pureblood children are encouraged to learn." He whispered as he began to play, so we weren't over heard.

"You're doing fine." I whispered back, as he played a soft medley. I swayed in my seat as I listened. "You play really well, I wish I could play." I said.

Draco smiled. "I could teach you." He said.

"Really?" I asked.

He nodded. "Of course."

I smiled as I watched his fingers move around the keyboard, hardly touching them but producing a wonderful sound from them.

"I love you." I whispered, that it was barely audible.

He smiled. "Love you too." He whispered back.

"Hear, put your hand right here." Draco said, pointing to a spot on the piano. I did my fingers resting limply on three piano keys. Draco put his hand over mine, and pressed down on my pinky, then my middle finger, then my ring finger. Three notes sounded throughout the room. I smiled happily.

"Now put your other hand here." Draco said, guiding my opposite hand to the other end of the piano. I nodded and did as I was told.

He pressed down on my hands again making the same pattern just an octave lower.

"Now keep doing that." He said quietly. "This hand." He redid my first hand. "Then this one." He did my second one. I nodded and did so smiling. His fingers played across the keys in a sweet melody. I smiled up at him, losing track of where my fingers were, and messing up. I saw him smirk. I shook my head slightly and tried starting over again.

"I suck at doing this." I said under my breath.

"You'll get the hang of it." He said. "Just takes practice."

I nodded and did as he instructed with my hands. "Is this the only instrument you can play?" I asked, as I watched my hands making sure not to mess up.

"I can play the violin and that's it." He said.

"You never told me." I said.

"Never came up." He said chuckling.

I smiled as I kept trying to play the piano, and failing.

"Can I give up?" I asked him under my breath.

"If you want." Draco whispered back, stopping before me and my hands slid off the piano and rested in my lap.

"Well done." Draco whispered in my ear.

"It wasn't nearly as good as you." I said.

"You are far to modest. You were wonderful for a beginner." Draco said, holding out his hand for me. I smiled and took it.

"Well then, thank you."

"You're very welcome." He said, he kissed my cheek.

"Well done, the both of you." said Lucius.

I had forgotten that Narcissa and Lucius were in the room. I couldn't help but blush. "Thank you, father." Draco said.

Lucius nodded. "If you had more practice, Cassidy, then you'd be an amazing piano player." Narcissa said.

I smiled. "Why thank you." I said.

She smiled back at me.

I couldn't help but feel everything Lucius and Narcissa were saying and doing were candy coated and unreal. I kept a smile on my face.

I sat feeling the gaze of the room on my, I kept my face down looking at my shoes, it was a good thing they were pretty.

Then the clock chimed nine and I jumped.

"Merlin, is it that late already?" I asked, scurrying to my feet. "My aunt will not be please to have me home this late." I said, shaking my head.

"We're sorry to have kept you." Narcissa said.

"No, the fault was entirely my own. I should know better then to get caught up in conversations with such enjoyable people, I will lose track of time. I hope I will see you soon." I said quickly.

"Draco, will you see her out?" Lucius asked.

"Of course." Draco replied.

We walked together quickly to the large fire place. I looked up at Draco and kissed him quickly on the mouth.

"I'll see you when term begins." I whispered to him.

"Can't wait." He said back. I stepped into the fireplace with Floo powder in one hand.

"The Burrow." I said clearly, yet quietly, and watched Draco fade away and the Burrow form around me.

A/N: I hope you all liked this chapter, I'm sorry about all the sex related humor in it, I've been with my friends a lot lately, and that's about all we've been doing. SO thank you to them for inspiring that and that scene where they get all muddy I would like to thank Nicholas Sparks for writing the Last Song, therefore inspiring the movie which sparked an idea for that, I don't own that, while we're at it, I haven't done a disclaimer in a while. I do not own Harry Potter, if I did I would be in them and I would be Draco's girlfriend. Thank you to my very good friend Cassidy for letting me use her first name. And thank you missnothingx for helping me write this story! And the fake last name is pronounce Re-al-ee.

Right away, I yanked the wig off my head and looked around. Luckily, no one was around. I quietly, made my way to my room, looking around once and awhile to see if anyone was around.

When I got into my room, Hermione was sitting on my bed. "You're late!" She exclaimed. "I had to bring up extra soup, for you, and you weren't even here!"

"I'm sorry," I said taking off my shoes. "I lost track of time."

"It's alright," She said. "how was it?"

"Amazing. Draco and I had a blast."

"His parents?"

I shrugged. "They're alright but they seem fake."

"Fake how?" Hermione asked.

"Fake like they don't mean anything they say or do." I responded.

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"How much did you lie?"

"A lot, so much so they would never be able to find a clue that shows I was lying."

"What was your name?"

"Cassidy Realei. My father came from France, mother from Spain, they moved to London when I was ten, died and now I live with my aunt and uncle who run a small broom shop in France."

"What if he looked for the broom shop?"

"He won't be able to find it, and I will tell him that it is rather small and hard to find."

"But how was your day of lying?" I asked her.



"Fine, it was hard trying to get people away from the room. You'd think one of them would have had the chicken pox." She said shrugging. "And Harry insisted on seeing you."

"And you said?"

"That he could see you when you're better because she shan't risk getting sick himself."

I nodded. "Good. Again thank you Hermione." I said hugging her.

"No problem." She said.

"It is sort of a problem seeing as you're lying for me. And I think they really liked me, they might invite Cassidy over during summer, what am I to do then? Maybe Cassidy will move."

"No, if it's your only way of seeing Draco over the summer, then so be it. I will lie for in when the circumstances call for it."

"Hermione, you are truly a Goddess."

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The next morning I went downstairs, my contacts were out and I looked like Rose again, and I was very happy.

"You're feeling better?" Asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Much, thank you."

Mrs. Weasley smiled. "Wonderful!" She said, then walked off into the kitchen.

"Morning Rose." I heard two voices say behind me.

I turned around and smiled at the twins. "Morning." I said.

"You feeling better?" asked Fred.

I nodded. "Quite."

"Good, we wouldn't want to be catching your sickness." said George, chuckling.

I rolled my eyes.

I ate my breakfast in between Fred and George as they tried their skills at that's what she said jokes. So by the end of breakfast, my sides were aching from laughing so hard.

"Your face is really dark, Rose." Fred said.

"I've been laughing." I shrugged.

"But how would that affect your arms?" He looked under the table. "And your legs."

"I don't know. I was outside a lot yesterday, I tan easily." I shrugged, then winced knowing I said exactly the wrong thing.

Fred gave me a quizzical look.

"You weren't out yesterday. You were sick," He said. "and sleeping."

I gasped. "I must tan when I'm sleeping, Oh my God! That's weird, tanning while sleeping, interesting..." I said nodding my head.

Fred rolled his eyes. "You think I'm going to believe that?" He said.

"Maybe." I said. "Or maybe, I got out of bed cause I was tired of being cooped up in my room and went outside for some air then I got tanned."

Fred rolled his eyes. "That's a load of dung."

"No it isn't. Hermione was there at my aid when I was sick. Right Hermione?" I said turning to her.

She nodded. "Yeah, she was there."

"I don't believe you. You weren't out of your room at all yesterday, I would've seen you."

"I was out a lot the day before." I said, trying to cover up all my lies with a tiny shred of truth.

"You'd think I would've noticed that day when we came inside." Fred said.

"Yes, you'd think, maybe you just aren't that observant." I said stiffly.

"I'm observant enough to know that you weren't that tan the day before yesterday, to know that you are not that quiet, and could never ever be silent if your life depended on it."

"I was sick!" I hissed.

"You expect me to believe that? I think it's safe to say I'm the one who pays the closest attention to you in this house!"

"What are you two bickering about?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"The weather." I grumbled.

"I'll talk to you later." Fred whispered low in my ear.

Great.

The rest of us went back to eating, I shot Hermione a few glances and she shrugged. Probably telling me that we'll handle this later.

After we ate, Fred pulled me aside. "Tell me where you went." He demanded.

"I didn't go anywhere, I was being sick upstairs." I said.

"No you weren't you were too quiet." He said.

"What was your ear pressed against the door so you could hear me?" I asked.

"No, I'm just saying."

"Why are you so convince I went somewhere?"

"Because...I went in the room and you weren't there."

"What? Don't you have a shred of self respect? You could've gotten sick!"

Fred gave me a look and I closed my mouth. "I went in there because I needed to talk to you."

"Where was Hermione?"

"Using the bathroom. I went into your room, and you weren't there! Where were you?"

"It's none of your business." I said, looking away from him.

"It is my business."

"Since when?"

"Since you became one of my closet friends." He said. "Now where did you go." "I told you Fred, you don't need to know." I said, looking him in the eye. "Now drop the subject." "No. I won't drop the subject. I want to know where you went and why you had to hide it from us, from me." He said hurt clear in his voice. I sighed. "Fred, why is knowing where I was so important? I'm alive and not raped." I said. "Because I want to know. I also want to know why you had to hide it from everyone but Hermione." He said, looking down at me, hurt in his eyes.

I searched his face, trying to come up with yet another lie, maybe even waiting for him to back down.

"I know what you are thinking about doing. I'm not going to give up. Sorry."

In the course of one night my life had become a pool of lies that I was drowning in. I closed the space between me and Fred and hugged him, he was shocked at first, but hugged me back.

"Draco's dad found one of our letters and wanted to meet me, or rather, Cassidy. When me and Hermione said we were going to Diagon Alley, we went to a Muggle Mall, I got a tan, and a wig and a new dress and new shoes, and pretended to be someone I'm not,

and if Draco's parents find out we are both in a lot of trouble. And I am so scared."

"Don't be scared." Fred whispered.

"Why shouldn't I be scared?" I asked, burying my face in his chest.

"Because you've got Harry, Hermione, Ron, George, and me." He said, still whispering.

I nodded, not completely sure, but I needed someone to reassure me that I shouldn't be feeling so scared even though I was utterly terrified.

Fred held my head and he held me close to him.

"Thank you, Fred." I muttered into his shoulder.

"Anytime."

"Fred?" I asked quietly.

"Yeah?" He asked.

"What if this all comes back to bite me in the butt?"

"Well then you can just tell them since they're there, they should kiss your arse." He chuckled.

"Fred, I'm serious!" I said.

"So am I." Fred said, taking my chin and tilting it up towards him so I could look into his eyes. Mine were water filled from fear.

"Please don't cry." He said.

"I'm not crying." I said, quickly wiping my eyes. "Why would I cry?" I asked, letting out a fake laugh.

"You don't fool me, Rose." He said shaking his head. "Did you know that most people cry when they're frustrated or scared not when they are upset." He stated.

I shook my head. "No, I didn't."

"Well now you do." He said, he hugged me again and I hugged him back.

"You're a great friend, Fred." I said.

"You're a better one." He said.

"No I'm not." I said with a humorless laugh. "I'm an awful friend, I'm a complete psycho and I'm going out with someone you all hate, but I love him and I am just awful!"

Fred looked at me sternly and brushed my hair from my face. "You are not awful, you are perfect, in your own special way. There is nothing I would change about you." Fred said. I could tell he wanted to say more, and I waited for him to, but he never did.

"Thank you." I said.

"Stop thanking me, I'm speaking the truth."

"It's nice to hear."

"It's nice to say."

I smiled at him as he tucked a stubborn piece of hair behind my ears. "Fred, I have a question." I said, looking him in the eye.

"Yeah, Rosie?"

"If a bear and a shark had a fight, who would win?"

He laughed. "Well it would depend if they were fighting on land or in the water, then I'd answer." He said.

"I'd say the bear." I said, shrugging.

"Why?" He asked.

"Intuition." I shrugged. "I mean B does come before S in the alphabet, that's gotta count from something."

Fred just shook his head and laughed.

"I'm going to go changed." I told him. "Thanks again."

### THIRD PERSON POV

Fred sat with his twin in their room.

"What's wrong?" George asked his brother, he looked confused and flustered.

"I'm frustrated with her." Fred said simply.

"Rose? Why?"

"Every time we might be having a moment, every time I might be close to changing her mind and winning her heart, she changes the subject, and I play along because I would get a git and it would be stupid if I did anything else!"

"Calm down, mate. She is a faithful girlfriend to Malfoy, however much of a git he may be."

### ROSES POV

I sat in my room and glared at the wall, thinking on thing: why? Why did he never stop? Why did he insist on keep making me try to fall for him? He was just making it worse!

Out of frustration I kicked my trunk, hard. "Why? Why? Why!" I said through my teeth. "Why do have to make things hard!" I said, giving the trunk another kick.

Hermione walked in and saw me. "What has the trunk every done to you?" She asked.

I looked at her, and I felt some of my frustration leave me. Hermione saw the look on my face and walked over to hug me.

I hugged her back. Wow I gotten a lot of hugs today...or just three.

"Is this a Fred thing again?" She asked,

I nodded.

"Boys complicate everything!" I groaned. "It was so much easier when boys had cooties and chased you only because you ran, not because they actually wanted to catch you."

Hermione chuckled. "Now they want to catch you among other things." She said.

"Yeah. If I ever have a son, I will personally take him to hell if he is like that."

"Rose..."

"No, seriously, I have an account there." I nodded. Hermione just laughed.

"You aren't as bad as you think you are. You are a very good person, trust me."

I nodded. "That's what everyone is saying, well only you and Fred but whatever." I said shrugging at the end of my sentence.

"Why is life never easy?" I asked, half to myself.

"Because if it were easy, then it'd be dull and boring." said Hermione.

"Maybe I like dull and boring." I said.

Hermione looked at me. "You would hate it." She said chuckling.

"I know, I would."

"But?" Hermione said, knowing there was more.

"But sometimes I can't help but think that life would be easier any other way."

"This is coming from Harry Potter's sister." Laughed Hermione. "Whose boyfriend is the enemy of this said brother and her brothers best mate's older brother won't stop flirting with you. Of course you'd think it would be easier any other way."



"I guess I should just make the best of it. I mean, no matter how complicated and frustrating it all is, I love it, and I wouldn't trade it. A break would be nice though." I admitted. "A break from all the confusion and extra people just making it all more frustrating."

"Who would these people be?"

"Pansy for sure, Draco's parents, Sirius Black, occasionally Fred."

"That would be nice." She said.

I nodded. "Maybe I can escape them in sleep." I said falling onto my bed. "Do you think?" I asked.

"Yeah, unless you have a dream about one of them." Hermione said, sitting on the edge of my bed.

"I hope not." I said.

"Mmmhmm." She said. "Well one the bright side we are going back to Hogwarts soon." She said, with a smile.

I nodded. "Yeah," I said.

"I'm going to go downstairs, you can stay up here if you want." Hermione said, wrapping me in a hug and leaving the room. I sighed, I had so much fun with Draco last night and now I was back here with complications. I lie, I feel bad and scared, I tell the truth and things get complicated! It's a lose, lose situation.

I guess living a lie to be with Draco wouldn't be so bad if truth frustrated me this much!

I grabbed a pack of cards from my trunk and laid them out and started playing solitaire. It was the most boring game invented for those who had nothing to live for. Guess it was my game.

I wanted to be back with Draco, I was missing him so bad it hurt.

After playing solitaire numerous times, I got bored and started to make a house of cards. My house of cards some how reminded of

the army of cards from Alice In Wonderland, at least I think it was an army of cards.

It was almost fun throwing the cards in the air.

After a while of playing with the pack of cards, I put them away and went downstairs. "Hey sister." said Harry as I came into his sight.

I waved at him. "Hi, Harry."

"You feeling alright?" He asked.

I nodded.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked, seeing it in my face.

"Everything." I mumbled.

Harry chuckled. "Hardly, it's break, no teachers, no homework."

"Yeah no Draco either." I said.

"And that's a bad thing?" Harry asked.

"Yes, for me it is anyway."

"I think it's a blessing for everyone else." Harry said. Then he looked at me again. "Hey I was only kidding." He said, putting an arm around my shoulder.

"Mmmhmm." I said.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"Nothing." I said shaking my head.

"Yes, something is wrong." He said, looking at me. "Now tell your big bro, what's wrong."

"Nothing is wrong with me, Harry." I said, trying to reassure him.

"Then that's a load of dung."

"That's what Fred said." I said.

"Rose!" Mrs. Weasley called.

"Yes!" I called back, thankful to be free of Harry's quizzical gaze.

"You have a letter. That's the second one, do you have an admirer?" Mrs. Weasley.

"You could say that." I said, taking the letter she was handing from me. I flipped open the envelope and read the letter.

Cassidy, My parents really like you, or so they seem. And hoped they could see you again. I'm not sure when, but do you think you could handle them again. I miss you, I shouldn't miss you this much, but I do. Draco.

I smiled at the letter and hurried upstairs to write a reply.

Draco, Of course I could handle them again if you were there. I miss you to. How are we going to survive the summer? Sending much love, Cassidy.

I tied the letter to the owl, who was perched on the window sill, watching me. Once the letter was securely attached to its ankle it fluttered it's wings then turned to fly off.

I closed the window, once it was out of sight then went back downstairs. Harry was there, looking at me with concern. "What?" I asked, trying to sound normal, even though I still felt like shit.

"I want to know what's up with you." He said, frowning at me.

"I've told you." I said, walking down the hall with him. "I'm fine."

"Rose, your my sister." He said. "and I want to know what's happening."

"You don't need to know everything." I muttered.

"She bought a costume and went to the Malfoy Manor last night because Malfoy's dad found their letters and she pretended to be someone so that her and Draco could be together and Malfoy

wouldn't get in trouble." Said Fred from the stairs. I glared over at him with such force.

"What?" Harry asked, looking at me.

"Yes, I did, for the well-being of my boyfriend. I had to lie for him. Isn't that a good enough reason?" I hissed.

"No, it's Malfoy, why on earth would you lie for him?"

"Because he deserves it. Because he shouldn't be punished for my stupidity."

"So you go and make it worse by lying even more?" Harry demanded.

"What else was I supposed to do? Pop into Malfoy Manor and say 'I'm Rose Potter, sister of Harry Potter who you all seem to hate, I am a Gryffindor and not a pureblood! You hated my father and my mother was Muggle born! Oh, and I am going out with your son!' No, I am not that stupid."

"Not that stupid, so you go off and lie to them?"

"What would you have done if you were me?"

"If I were you, I wouldn't be in this situation, I would've never gone out with him and then I wouldn't be having this problem."

"There going to find out eventually anyways, Rose." said Harry.

"You remember what happened the first time they found out, Harry, you were with me. And they couldn't know that he was seeing me again, something could have happened this time." I said.

"Like what? No allowance for a week, what torture for poor little Malfoy." Said Harry bitterly.

I shook my head. "You don't get it do you?" I said.

"No I don't think I do, why don't you enlighten me, little sis." He said coldly.

"They would beat him, Harry! Do you think they are above that? Do you think they are bigger than that? They aren't. They would hurt Draco, and I couldn't let that happen! I can hardly bare the thought of him getting beat because of me."

"You are going to hate it. Having to be two people." Harry said.

"But what choice do I have? If I want to see Draco over breaks, and send him letter's, I have to be this person. I can't be Rose, I have to be Cassidy."

"You don't like it, do you?"

"Not in the slightest, but it's the only thing I can do. They know now, and I can't undo it."

Unable to stand what else Harry was going to say, I walked out the door into the fresh air. Stupid Fred, he just had to do that. Git.

I sat down on the grass, and stared up at the blue cloudless sky. I just needed to clear my mind, just think of something happy.

I closed my eyes, as I felt a breeze causing my hair to fly in the air.

I heard the door behind me open, yet I didn't open my eyes. I knew it was one of the guys or Hermione. "I want to be alone, unless it's Hermione then yeah." I said opening my eyes and looking up at the sky.

I didn't hear anyone leave. Instead I heard someone walk over and sit next to me. "Hiya Rosie." they said. I looked up at George.

"Hi." I said back quietly.

"I know Fred's bothering you, but-"

"Bothering me? He's infuriating me! He just doesn't stop! He knows I'm going out with Draco and how much I love him and yet, there he is , flirting up a storm! And then he goes off and tells Harry what I told him, thinking he would just keep it to himself, and know Harry is pissed at me! And if that isn't enough-"

"Rose." George said. "Have you ever thought of it from his point of view? He thinks you deserve so much better than Malfoy, he thinks he can give you what you deserve, he doesn't want to see you get hurt again, and so he is trying to win you over so that you won't, and whenever he thinks he is close to winning your heart, you change the subject."

"He's just trying to play hero." I said icily. "Save the damsel in distress, when he is the one distressing me!"

"No he's not." said George. "He's trying to show you that he really loves you, Rose and that he wants you to know that you deserve better than Malfoy."

I turned to look at George. "George, I don't want to be with Fred though." I said. "I want to be with Draco and I don't care if he thinks Draco deserves me or not."

"I know, but I'm just saying to see it from his point of view." He said, then stood up. "I'm going to go inside, see you soon?" He asked.

I nodded.

I was lying though, I wasn't sure if I'd ever leave this spot ever again. I wanted to stay out there for ever, if a eagle swooped down and took me to it's nest and chewed me then threw me up and fed it to it's babies, I wouldn't care. Because guess what? When you are in a baby eagle's stomach, boys aren't much of a problem.

I groaned to myself. Boys, stupid boys, stupid annoying insist-on-being-deeper-than-expected boys.

I wanted nothing more to do with them. Well that was a lie, as was everything else, I wanted nothing more to do with boys who like me, except my boyfriend, I wanted my boyfriend to be there, but I just wished people would stop liking me so much!

Everyone just needs to stop liking me! Why does this have to happen to me? The only person I really want is Draco. Not Fred, not whoever else is out there that likes me.

I ended up staying in the field for an hour or two, before Hermione came out to fetch me. "How long have you been out here?" She asked, from behind me.

"I don't know. Couple of hours." I said not looking at her.

"Everyone is worried about you."

"I don't see why." I said. I didn't know why I was in such a bad mood, what George had told me about Fred made me feel like I was making a whole lot of wrong decisions. But I loved Draco, and I knew it.

"You've been acting odd." Hermione said.

"Because things are odd, Hermione. One of my best friends likes me a little too much and is convinced that the guy that I love doesn't deserve me and is determined to make sure I get what he thinks I deserve, but I don't want that."

"Why does this make you so mad? He wants to look out for you."

"It makes me feel like I'm making a huge mistake."

"Do you love Draco as much as you say you do?"

Of course but what does that have to do with anything?"

"If it feels as right as you make it seem, nothing can be wrong with it no matter what other people want you to believe."

"But they make it all complicated." I said, gesturing to the window, that showed the boys laughing. "Harry's pissed at me because Fred told him about what I did, then George is trying to make me feel something about something, and the only person who doesn't know anything is Ron!"

"I suppose they see things differently through their eyes than you do from yours." said Hermione.

"Like what?" I asked, looking at her.

She shrugged. "I don't know, maybe you should ask them. But if I had to take a guess, Harry is angry because he disapproves of this whole thing in general, and your scheme yesterday just made him disapprove more, Fred thinks you deserve better, and George is trying to make you see everything from Fred's eyes so you know what it'd be like."

"Are you like physic?"

She laughed. "No."

I brushed hair out of my face, and stared up at the sky for a moment or two longer before pushing off the ground and smiled at Hermione.

I wrapped her in hug. "You are beyond the best friend ever. Thank you." I said.

"You know I would do anything for you, Rose." Hermione smiled back.

We walked in the house together and I smiled at the boys, Harry gave a half smile in return. I looked at him, disappointment written clearly in his expression.

"Harry." I whispered. "I'm sorry." tears filled my eyes and I felt my face flush.

"Rose, please don't." Harry said, getting up from his seat and walking over to me.

"I don't you to be mad at me. I feel horrible knowing you are mad at me. I can't stand-" I didn't finish my sentence, Harry wrapped me in a hug and I cried silently onto his shoulder. I did feel awful, it was the horrible sinking feeling you get in your stomach when something back happens. He was my brother, my only family left and I would never do anything to hurt him or make him mad, but I did love Draco. And that simple fact infuriated him.

"Don't cry, Rose." He said quietly, as we hugged.

I buried my face into his shoulder as I cried. This was one of those moments when I couldn't help but just cry. I knew everyone was



looking at Harry and I yet I did not care, I was feeling too horrible to care at the moment.

When Harry and I broke apart from our hug, we were the length of his arms apart as he looked at me. With one hand he wiped away my tears.

"I'm sorry, Harry." I whispered again.

He nodded. "I'm sorry too, Rosie." He whispered back to me.

"What are you sorry about?"

"I've been a bad brother, I haven't been supporting your decisions."

"You don't have to, Harry."

"I could, at the very least, keep my hatred to a minimum."

I had to admit, he could. I wondered idly if I had gone out with Fred if he would hate him or if it was just Draco.

"Is everything alright?" I heard Mrs. Weasley ask, I nodded but didn't turn to face her. I walked over and sat next to George, keeping my face turned towards him and Fred.

"You're surely quiet today Rose." said Ron.

I shrugged. "I'm not in the best mood." I said, looking at him for a moment then looking back down. I felt eyes on me, but no one said anything.

After a few moments of silence, the boys started to talk about something but I didn't listen. Harry sat beside me, wrapping an arm around my shoulder for comfort.

"-how do you think we're going to do in our game against Ravenclaw when we get back?" asked George.

"Obviously we're going to win." said Fred.

I tuned in and out of the conversation, getting lost in thoughts then getting pulled back into reality.

"Children! Arthur and I are going out for a bit. Dinner is on the stove for when you are hungry, Percy is upstairs if you need him and don't wait up for us." Mrs. Weasley says. "Be good." She said, speaking mostly to me, Fred, and George.

My mouth twitched upward a little.

After about five minutes...

"Hey Rose, you wanna play Truth or Dare with us?" Fred asked. I rolled my eyes.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why not?" George countered.

"Okay, I guess so."

"OI! Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ginny! Get your arses in here! We are playing Truth or Dare!" George yelled.

"No thank you!" Ginny called to us.

But Ron, Harry and Hermione came downstairs and all reluctantly sat in a circle. In my mind I was going SHIT SHIT SHIT! But on the outside I said.

"Let the games begin."

"Great." said George. "Now Hermione,"-Hermione let out a squeak-"Truth or Dare?"

Hermione after a moment said, "Truth." She said her voice sounding calm, after all she had just squeaked.

"Of course." said Fred, rolling his eyes. "Now, have you and Ron ever shagged?" He asked, eyeing Hermione with fake seriousness.

Hermione's jaw dropped. "Of course not!" She exclaimed, as Ron's ears turned red.

"Then why is Ron red?" asked George, laughing.

"How am I supposed to know?"

"They're thirteen, guys. Do you honestly think they've ever shagged?" I asked in an almost bored tone.

"Fine then." Said Fred, sticking his tongue out at me and I laughed.

"Rose." Hermione said.

"Yeah." I said.

"Truth or Dare?"

"Tr- hmmmmm, yeah Truth."

"Did you and Draco kiss last night?" She asked.

"Last night?" Ron asked.

"Tell you later." I said. "And yes, and his mum caught us. It was pretty weird."

Everyone laughed, except for Ron.

"Draco's dad found one of our letters and I was using a fake name and he wanted to meet me, or rather Cassidy, so I wore a costume, lied my arse off, and prayed."

"Oh, now I see." He said, nodding his head.

I nodded then turned to Harry. "Truth or Dare?" I asked.

"Truth." He said.

"Oh come on! Why don't one of you choose dare?" asked Fred.

"Because it's our choice and we choose truth." I said, with a bit of coldness in my voice. Before he could respond I turned to Harry. "Do you have a crush on anyone and if so who?" I asked.

"No." He said.

"I thought you fancied that Ravenclaw girl, Cho?" asked Ron.

"I don't, I just think she's pretty." said Harry, shrugging.

"OOH!" I said playfully, nudging him.

"Stop it." Harry said, turning slightly pink.

"Your turn Harry!" I said with a laugh.

"Fred, Truth or Dare."

"Dare." Fred said, looking around mysteriously. I chuckled a little.

"I dare you to..." Harry started then turned to me, silently asking for help. I nodded and leaned in to whisper in his ear my idea.

"Fred, I dare you to go upstairs and tell Percy there is a naked girl downstairs looking for him." Harry said and I laughed loudly.

Fred smiled and got up and ran up the stairs, no more than a minute later, a red Percy came stumbling down the stairs looking around and we all started laughing. He glared, knowing exactly what was going on and went back upstairs.

"Rose, your dare is to-" Fred started.

"Alright, hold on. I never said Truth or Dare."

"Yes, but you gave Harry the Dare, meaning you have to perform a Dare now."

"I never heard of that rule." I said.

"That's just to bad. Now, for your dare, you must kiss me."

A/N: Cliffy, sorry. Merry late Christmas, hope your holidays were blessed and safe!

I looked at him, shocked and outraged. "What?" I said, thinking I had heard him wrong. "I said for your dare you must kiss me." He said smirking. "And it's just a dare, anyways." I sucked in a breath. Just a dare, I thought, just a dare it means nothing. I walked over to Fred and kissed him quickly before pulling away and going back to my seat. "Ohh." Everyone said, mostly George. "Oh shut up." I said, glaring over at Fred who was smiling.

"And you say you belong with Malfoy." Fred said.

"I do." I said stiffly.

"I beg to differ."

"You can beg and differ all you want. It won't make any difference." I hissed at him.

It all got quiet and I felt gazes on me and I shivered under their weight.

"I believe it's your turn, Rose." George said.

"I don't want to play anymore." I said quietly and sat on the couch.

"You are just a grouch." Fred said.

"You make me a grouch. I was fine with being really good friends, you just push it until there is nothing left for me to give to you. I try to make you happy, but you just want to much!"

"Maybe you just don't give enough."

"I give everything I have, but you are not the one who gets me as a girlfriend. You obviously don't realize that!"

Everyone stared at me in shock. Mostly, Ron and Harry, since they had no idea about Fred having a crush on me. Fred looked at me with wide eyes.

I let them all look from Fred and I, for a moment before getting up from my spot and walking up the stairs. "Prick!" I called from the top of the stairs.-Third Person POV-

The room was filled with shock. "What the heck?" said Ron, breaking the silence. "Did she just say what I think she said?" He asked to Fred.

But Fred stayed silent. He was still in shock.

"Rose!" called Hermione as she got up and went up after her friend.

They all heard Rose's yells of frustration from downstairs.

"He doesn't get it! He doesn't understand!"

They heard Hermione mumble something in response but it didn't calm Rose.

"I don't care if he is convinced he is doing it for me! I don't care! If I am making a mistake than I will handle it on my own! He needs to leave me be!"

Hermione then walked downstairs. "She is convinced she is strong enough to handle anything. Clearly she isn't."

"This is why I want to help her." Fred said.

"You'll just drive her to do something rash. Leave her be for a while. Help her when you think she needs it."

"Fine." grumbled Fred, who crossed his arms over his chest.

"Can we get filled in, please?" asked Ron. "Because Harry and I would really like to know what is happening, right now."

"I'll tell you later." Hermione sighed.

"Anyways," said George. "do you guys want to continue?" He asked.

"No," said Fred, getting up. "I'm not in the mood anymore." He said, then went outside.

"I'm going to try and talk to Rose again." said Hermione disappearing up the stairs again.

ROSES POV

I stared out the window, not really seeing anything. I wanted it to be just me and Draco on a quiet little island for a week or two. I wanted everyone else to disappear for little while.

"Rose, do you want to talk?" Came Hermione's voice.

"I do, but I want to talk to Draco." I said, I patted the space on the bed next to me. "But I do want you to sit with me and let me vent if you don't mind." I said.

"Of course, Rose." Hermione smiled.

"I've been such a bitch, but I can't help it. I feel like everyone is babying me. Treating me like I am the helpless one, and I'm not."

"I know your not, Rose. But everyone else doesn't. They care to much about you."

"Then they need to care a little less." I said crossing my arms over my chest.

Hermione sighed. "You know that is not possible." She said.

"Anything is possible, Hermione." I said, looking out the window.

"Is immortality?" She asked, jokingly.

"Maybe. Who knows? We're only thirteen but I think some have gotten close like Nicholas Flamel." I said, shrugging.

"Ooh."

"I don't even think I'm that captivating, or charming, or endearing. I mean, I know I'm pretty when I try, but sometimes I don't even try and they seem to find me...attractive."

"Rose, I don't think they can help it. You just make them fall for you."

"Well they need to know I'm not going to catch them and they are going to be left looking like fools." I said stiffly.

"You've caught one." Hermione pointed out. "And he is the most vile person, excuse me, was the most vile person in the school and you caught him, it gives everyone else hope." Hermione laughed.

"Well it should do the exact opposite."

"Rose, your that kind of girl that can get anyone to fall for you even when you don't try. You're that girl, who can get guys to love you, just like that, if they get to know you enough." said Hermione.

"But I don't want to be that girl." I said.

"You can't change who you are." said Hermione.

I let out a sigh and ran my fingers through my hair. I leaned my head on Hermione's shoulder. "Why can't guys just fuck off, for like a week and let me be?"

"Because they can't get enough of Rose Potter."

"That makes me sound like some whore though."

"You aren't. You are just that girl." Hermione shrugged. "You can't fix that."

"And let me guess, I'm going out with the guy that every girl can't help but fall in love with."

"Most girls, I guess." Hermione shrugged. "Not me."

"How cliché'." I sighed.

"Not really, I mean, you are pretending to be like someone else so you can be together around his parents. And your brother is objecting strongly to it."

"It is still pretty cliché'. This seems like something from a book. A girl, falls in love with the guy everyone hates, and her brother objects, and mean while her best friend is secretly in love with her and it ruins everything." I said.

"That does sound like a book." Hermione agreed.



I let out a small laugh.

"There's that laugh, we've been missing." She said.

"Mmmhmm." I said, closing my eyes for a moment. "I just want to get away, Hermione. For a week or two, away from everyone." I said sighing.

"You think you want that. But I don't think you do. You're perfectly happy, you just think your mad at everyone."

"I kind of am, because they are all made at me. I want to get back to school and see Draco."

"But you are happy here too, Fred just needs to learn that you are dating Draco."

"I think he knows, he just doesn't like it. And he needs to learn to live with it. Because it isn't going to change."

"You never know-"

"I do know."

"He says he wants to help you."

"I don't need help."

"That's what I told him." said Hermione. "He thinks that your in need of help, but I said that he'll just drive you to do something rash, and to not help you until you need it." I smiled. "Have I ever told you that I loved you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I love you Hermione. Your the best." I said hugging her.

Hermione shrugged and laughed a little. "I try."

I looked out the window again and saw Fred standing there, I didn't see his face, but I knew he was angry. Something told me to go and talk to him, but another thing told me to stay put and not ruin it.

Things were better for me know, but being the freaking ray of sunshine I am, I had to do something to make everyone happy.

Note: I'm not a freaking ray of sunshine, but I did feel guilty because Fred was mad, and I love Fred like a brother.

"Rose." Hermione warned, knowing what I was thinking.

"He is pissed, Hermione. Am I supposed to just sit here and watch him be pissed?"

"It would be best for you." Hermione said, but I was already walking downstairs.

I walked past everyone that was sitting in the dining room and walked outside. Fred was there, standing with his back to me.

I walked until I was half way to him. "Fred." I said, as I bit the inside of my cheek.

After a moment or two he turned around. He didn't look p\*ssed, but I could see it in his eyes that he was. I walked closer to him.

"What do you want?" He asked, almost bitterly.

"I wanted to talk." I managed to say.

"We've talked enough."

"Fred, please hear me out." I almost begged.

"I think I've heard what you have to say before. You don't like me like that, you're in love with Malfoy, I get it. I'm just trying to protect you because I won't hurt you, but if you are so determined to do everything on your own, then I will let you be." Fred said, nodded and going towards the house.

"Fred, I do love you, but like a-"

"Brother, I know." Fred almost hissed.

"Fred," I whispered. "Not just like a brother, I don't know what. I feel horrible to know that I am hurting you, but I don't what else to do."

"Rose, what do you want from me?"

"I want you to be that brother-like best buddy you were before you asked me out."

"I wish I could do that, Rose, I really do, but I can't."

"My feelings for Draco won't change, and I feel like a total retard standing in front of someone trying to explain something only I understand, and even that questionable. I don't want to sacrifice my boyfriend, and I don't want to sacrifice my friendship with you!"

Before I could comprehend what happened, Fred was in front of me with my face in between his hands and I looked up at him, scared of what he was going to do, but not fighting it either.

His lips were on mine and I didn't fight back, and I was so confused because I didn't know what I was doing. I wanted to wiggle out of his arms, but I didn't.

"Fred." I whispered as he pulled away.

"I had to, just once." He said so quietly that I strained my ears to hear him. I stood there, in shock. I didn't know what to do, Fred had just kissed me. My best friend had just kissed me. This is why I should have listened to Hermione, stay inside, don't get kissed.

Before I knew it, I heard the door to the house close. I looked up and saw that Fred was gone. I raised my left hand and touched my lips.

"What the hell." I murmured.

I looked from the top of the house back down to the ground. I didn't know what to do, I was so god damn confused about this whole thing.

Was this considered cheating on Draco? I didn't fight back, did that mean I was a cheater?

"No it doesn't." I whispered to myself.

"Whispering to yourself hardly sounds sane." I heard Harry say from the doorway. My eyes shot up to meet his.

"Maybe because I hardly am sane." I murmured.

"What just happened, did you get tangled up with Fred again."

"It's not my fault he makes me feel bad for him." I said guiltily. "Do you think I'm just making it worse?"

"No, I think he's glad you're still his friend, but I think you need to go back to normal, it's harder for him now, because he doesn't see Malfoy clinging to you." Harry said with a grimace.

"Stop hating on my boyfriend." I warned with a small chuckle.

"Hard not to." He said, smiling.

I rolled my eyes. "Anyways, what happened outside?" He asked.

My eyes widened a bit. "Nothing. Nothing at all." I said quickly, perhaps to quickly. "Is Hermione still upstairs?" I asked.

"I don't know, I think she's with Ron." He said, smiling. "Can I know what happened?" He asked.

"Nothing happened," I said. "We just talked." I said shrugging.

"LIES!" He exclaimed.

"How do you know?"

"Because I'm your brother."

I groaned inwardly and decided on the thing I did best, sarcasm. "He told me he wanted to shag me, and I agreed so we decided on a time and place." I giggled.

"Likely story." Harry said.

"What do you want to hear Harry? What me and Fred talked about is between the two of us, and I pray to Merlin he keeps it that way."

"I just want to make sure my little sister is okay."

"I'm fine. I promise, just a little confused and I'm not going to dump that confusion on anyone else. I'm a smart girl, I can figure it out."

"Are you sure?" He asked, with a concerned voice.

I nodded. "Yes, I'm fine. I can figure this all out by myself, Harry." I said patting him on the head, like a little boy.

"Alright." He said, not fully believing me, and I knew it.

I gave him a reassuring smile. "Come on, let's play cards or something." I said.

"I don't know how to play cards." He said.

"I can teach you." I said.

We played cards for an hour or two, and the sky grew dark, Ron eventually found his way into bed, and Harry followed soon after, Ginny and Hermione slowly getting ready for bed, but I wasn't tired. I looked at the clock, only 10:30.

"Babies." I muttered.

"Whose a baby?" Asked a voice from the stairs.

"Everyone who is sleeping right now. It's only 10:30 for Merlin's sake!"

He chuckled, then it died away and it became silent between us. You could probably reach your hand in the air and feel the awkward in the air.

"Rose?" He asked.

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry for kissing you, and I should regret it, but I don't."

"Yeah.." I said, awkwardly. The last thing I wanted to talk about was the kiss. "You're forgiven." I said.

"Really?" He said.

"Unless you don't want me to forgive you." I said smiling.

"I do." He said quickly. "I was just surprised that you had forgiven me so easily. I mean...yeah."

I laughed a bit. Then everything went silent again. I began to fiddle with the cards that were in my hand from when I was playing with Harry.

"What are those? Cards?" He asked.

I nodded. "Yeah."

I looked at the deck of cards in my hands, then back at Fred. "Do you know how to play?" I asked.

"Not really, no."

"Not even 'Go Fish'?"

"Nope."

I patted the open space next to me and started dealing cards and explaining the rules of Go Fish to Fred.

"Sounds confusing."

"It's not. Now look at your cards."

Fred did so.

"Do you have any matches?"

"What?"

"Do any of them match?"

"Yeah, I have two sevens."

"Well, put the together and lay them in front of you."

I directed Fred through the rest of the game until he got the hang of it. "This is getting easy." He said after we played for a second time.

"It's supposed to be. Easiest card game I know." I said, laughing a bit.

"Well, I wasn't raised by Muggles I only cards from Chocolate Frogs." He said, chuckling.

"Then you've been missing out. Isn't your Father into Muggle things? Why don't you ask him to get you some cards." I suggested.

"Dad, doesn't know what to do, either." Fred said.

"Then have my deck of cards." I told him. "I have more."

"I guess so." Fred said. I put the cards back in their box and handed the box to Fred.

"Hey, can I ask you some things?" Fred asked.

"Shoot."

"Well, you weren't raised by Muggles, why did you get so many Muggle things?"

"You know me, I am a very social person, and the only people I had that were my age were Muggle neighbors, and I made many friends, and Paul spoiled me, even though Josie hated me, and I got Muggle things because I wanted them."

"Why did Josie hate you?"

I shrugged and pretended to be messing with the hem of my shirt. "I dunno. There was just no one else to hate, I guess." I was getting uncomfortable. I didn't like talking about where I came from.

"Oh, alright." He said, looking at me. "Did you like it there? With Paul and Josie?" He asked.

I shrugged. "Sometimes, I did. Sometimes I didn't." I told him, not meeting his gaze. But I could feel his eyes on me. I faked yawned,

not wanting to be asked anymore questions about my past. "I'm going to sleep. Night, Fred." I said, getting up and walking up the stairs.

I crept into the silently, trying not to wake Hermione or Ginny. They were sleeping peacefully, and soundlessly.

I slid into my bed, and covered myself in the blanket. My mind replayed everything that happened as I tried to sleep. The Truth or Dare Game. Hermione and I talking. Me going outside to talk to Fred. Fred kissing me...

I tried to shake that thought off, I felt guilty for not stopping him. I would probably feel worse when I see Draco the next time.

I wasn't tired and I knew I wasn't going to be any time soon. I stared at the ceiling for what seemed like hours and eventually sleep found me.

"Do you think she's dead?" I heard someone ask.

"If she was dead, would she be snoring?" Another person replied.

My eyes fluttered open and saw Fred, George and Harry standing over me. Fred and George had been the ones talking.

"What do you want?" I asked, groggily. "And why is there the need to sneak into the room, at whatever hour it is?"

George shrugged. "Thought you'd fancy having a chat with us." He said.

I scoffed, sitting up. "Yeah right, why are you really here?" I asked.

"I just told you!" exclaimed George, jokingly.

We all shushed him. "Sorry." He muttered.

"Seriously, I'm tired so you better have a good reason for waking me up." I said, rubbing my eyes.

"We thought you might like to pull a prank on everyone else with us. Mum and Dad aren't home yet."



"Sure, but why did you wake Harry up?"

"It was supposed to be everyone except Percy and it would be on him, but then Ron wouldn't wake up so we thought get Rose and leave the rest."

"Okay, what are we going to do?"

"I dunno, something good."

"And you came to me for ideas?"

"Exactly."

"I'm too tired to think." I said, yawning a bit. "Can't you guys think of something and I'll go along with whatever it is your going to be doing."

"But you have better ideas." said Fred.

I smiled. "Why thank you."

"No problem." He said, smiling back at me.

George rolled his eyes. "Come on, Rose. Get your creative juices flowing."

I chuckled. "Do you know how weird that sounds? But give me a second to think." I told them and the twins high five-ed.

"We could tell Percy I got raped of something."

"He would freak out." Harry said.

"That's the point, isn't it?" I asked, climbing out of bed.

"Okay, go downstairs, sit on the couch and wrap a blanket around you and shake and cry. I mean some guy has just-"

"I know how raping works, thank you George." I said, and did as he told me. "I'll scream when I see him, too and say that he's back for another round."

Fred and George laughed. "You're gross."

"Thank you."

"How are we going to make me cry?" I asked.

"We could hit you." suggested Harry. "Or we could fake it." Harry said quickly as I sent him a warning look, telling him I was too tired.

I nodded. "Or watch a really sad movie." I said smiling. "But do we have to this now?" I asked.

"Yes because Mum and Dad might come back in the morning." said the twins. "Now come on."

"Alright, alright." I said, getting out of my bed and following the guys down the stairs.

"Sit on the couch and wrap this blanket around you." said Fred, handing me a blanket as I sat down on the couch, bringing my legs to my chest.

Fred walked into the kitchen for a moment turned on the sink and got some water on one hand and soap on the other, then walked towards me.

"Okay, Rose, look at me, and remember how good a friend I am, and we are doing this for fun." Fred said. I did what he told me and he wiped soap in my eyes.

"What the hell?" I hissed. "Ow! God dang it, that hurts!"

"That's what she said." George sang from the stairs. I would've laughed, but my eye hurt like hell.

Fred then wiped the water in my eyes, but it didn't help much.

"Now it looks like you've been crying. I'll go and get Percy."

"My eyes hurt!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah, but remember what I told you. Harry, go comfort your sister." Fred said and Harry came over to me and wrapped an arm around my shoulder.

"My eyes are on fire." I muttered.

"Yes, and we'll clean them later." He muttered back to me. "I think I can hear them coming. Shake and cry, Rose." He said.

I nodded, and shook slightly. I could hear a group of footsteps coming down the stairs. My eyes were killing me, soap was not a pleasant thing, no matter how much it can make you clean.

Percy came down the stairs, spinning around and looking for me. I covered my face with my hands and let out a big sob.

"It's gone. I'm thirteen and it's gone." I sobbed, Percy came over to me.

"W-What's gone?" He asked cautiously.

"My virginity! I mean, some random guy came along and stuck his-" I looked up and screamed. And tumbled behind Harry.

"He's back for me, Harry!" I screamed. "He's come back and he wants to take me again."

"No that's just Percy." Harry said.

I screamed again. "That's the name he told me to scream when he-" I let out a great sob.

Percy was wide eyed, he turned to Fred and George. "Where's mum and dad?" He asked. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god." He said as I fake cried onto Harry's shoulder.

"Their not home." said Fred.

"We need to owl them and tell them. This is serious. How'd they even get into the house? Where's mum and dad they should have been home by now. Oh my god!" He said quickly.

I tried hard not to laugh. This is was priceless.

"Rose, are you going to be ok?" He asked.

I shook my head. "Do you think, I'm going to be ok!"

"How did they get in?" Percy asked.

"I was downstairs getting a midnight snack and some guy was down here, he called me his kitten and then he told me to..." I paused and pressed my hand to my lips. "I'm sorry, it's too painful to remember." I broke into a fit of sobs.

"You will be okay, Rose." Harry said.

"Yeah, we will find him and kick his ass for you." Fred said.

"What good will that do? He's already got what he wanted, hasn't he?"

I covered my face in my hands. I wanted to laugh, so badly. "You're going to be ok, Rose." said Harry, patting my back.

"Yeah, but I'm scarred for life!" I exclaimed.

"I think I should owl, Mum and Dad." said Percy. "Tell them what happened."

"Yeah, you do that." said George.

When Percy left, we all burst into laughter. "That was awesome, Rose!" said Fred, high fiving me.

"Why thank you."

"Fred, shouldn't we tell him it was fake before he owl's mum and dad." George said. Fred laughed and nodded.

"Percy! Come down here!" Fred shouted, Percy came down the stairs cautiously.

"Yeah?"

"Before you owl mum and dad, you should know that Rose really didn't get raped. It was all a joke." Fred said.

Percy turned red with anger. "If you think you are going to get away with this, you are sadly mistaken!"

"Please don't tell." I said, looking up at him, making my eyes go big.

"Come on, Percy. How can you get angry with these eyes?" Fred asked. My mouth twitched.

"Besides, do you want to be a tattler, Percy? That will probably put a bad mark on your record for the Ministry." George added.

"This wouldn't go on record any way." Percy said.

"Do you know us at all? We can get it on record." Fred laughed.

Percy glared at us. "I'll still tell mum and dad. You got me to actually believe that someone broke in and raped Rose!" He exclaimed.

Fred shrugged. "We got you going there, didn't we? Your face was priceless."

"I hate you guys." He said, then stormed up the stairs.

"We love you too!" George called. "He knows he loves us. Everybody loves us." He said smiling.

"Yeah we are universally popular." agreed Fred.

I let out a laugh. "Sure..."

"It's true." Fred shrugged.

"God, I'm scared now! We are going to get in so much trouble." I said, keeping my eyes cast down.

"Don't worry about it, Rose. My parents will still love you. Me and George will be the ones in trouble. It's okay, we are used to it." Fred said.

"Don't say that Fred, I came up with it, I went along with it. If it's anyone's fault, it's mine." I said guiltily.

"No, Rose, it's not." Fred insisted.

"Alright you two, stop having a lovers spat and look innocent, they are home." George said, looking out the window to two figures walking towards the house.

"Eeep!" I squeaked and hid behind Harry. The door soon opened and Mrs. Weasley and Mr. Weasley came in.

"Fred, George, Rose, Harry?" asked Mrs. Weasley when she spotted us. "What are you doing up so late?" She asked.

"Couldn't sleep, Mum." said George innocently.

"Mum! Dad!" Percy's voice called from the stairs. Soon he joined the rest of us, glaring at the four of us. "Mum, Dad. You should know that-"

"We really love you!" cut in Fred.

Mrs. Weasley eyed Fred and George carefully.

"Yes, Percy." Mrs. Weasley asked. I looked over at Percy and made my eyes go wide and sad, and tried to make myself cry. One more try couldn't hurt.

"Percy, please don't." I mouthed to him.

His jaw was set and I felt that horrible sinking feeling in your stomach when you get in trouble.

"I just wanted to tell you that they wouldn't go to bed when I told them." Percy said, defeated.

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you." I mouthed.

"Well, they have to go to bed now. Rose dear, could you come here a moment." Mrs. Weasley said, dismissing everyone else upstairs.

I walked towards her.

"Are your eyes okay, dear?" She asked, taking my face in her hands and looking at my red eyes with a critical look.

"Yeah, I just got a lot of soap in my eyes." I smiled, it wasn't a total lie. "Goodnight Mrs. Weasley. And you too, Mr. Weasley."

"Night dear." Mrs. Weasley smiled as I walked up the stairs, the blanket still wrapped around my shoulders.

"What did mum and dad want to talk to you about?" Fred asked, as he was waiting at the top of the steps.

"Just asking what happened to my eyes." I said shrugging.

"Right. Again, sorry about that." He said, rubbing the back of his neck.

I gave him a smile. "It's alright. My eyes only hurt a little now." I said.

Fred chuckled. "Well," He said as we reached my room-Ginny's room. "Goodnight Rose."

"Night Fred."

Fred hesitated for a moment, as if waiting for me to say something, I never did. I gave him a small wave and closed the door lightly. More tired than ever now. I crawled under my covers and fell asleep instantly.

"Rose." I thought I heard someone whisper. I just passed it off as a dream.

"Rose." I heard someone say louder, it couldn't have been my imagination, but I just ignored it.

"ROSE!" Someone, Fred, screamed. And I screamed in response.

"What the hell was that for?" I hissed.

"It's almost twelve." Fred laughed, holding out his hand to help me up.

"That's what I get for staying up to help you guys, soap in my eyes and missing breakfast. Do you know how screwed up my internal clock is going to be?" I said, mostly to myself, but also to Fred.

He chuckled. "But it was all worth it, wasn't it?"

I shrugged. "I guess so." I said smiling a bit, as I threw the blanket off of me. "Is everyone else awake?" I asked.

He nodded. "Yeah, mum said to come up and wake you."

"OK." I said as I slid off the bed, and stood up. My hair was probably a freaking mess. "What's there to eat?" I asked.

"Roast beef, steamed vegetables, soup." He told me.

I nodded.

I walked over to my trunk and pulled out a hairbrush. I looked in the mirror and tried to tame my hair before going downstairs.

"I might be a while, you can go downstairs, I won't be lonely." I said to Fred, but he didn't leave. I hadn't really expected him too.

He crossed the room in two easy strides and took the brush from my hand, and tried working on my hair himself.

"Fred, I can do that." I said, nervously.

"I'm just helping you, your arm can't reach back here." Fred smirked.

"I can." I said, trying to take the brush from him, but he didn't let me.

"I'm just a friend, helping a friend." Fred assured. "I'm not trying anything like that."

I nodded. "OK" I said.

"There." He finally said after a few minutes of brushing and silence. "Now your hair doesn't look like a nest." He chuckled.

I rolled my eyes and turned around. "Thanks, Fred." I said taking the brush from his hand.



"Welcome, Rose." He said.

We stood there for a moment, before I finally made my way to the door. "You coming?" I asked him, seeing as he was still standing there.

He nodded and we walked down the stairs.

"Took you long enough." George laughed as we reached the bottom of the stairs.

"I was making sure I was presentable." I said, sitting down and serving myself.

"How'd you sleep, Rose?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"Fine, thank you." I nodded and smiled over at her.

"Let me see your eyes, dear." Mrs. Weasley said. I laughed a little and looked up at her as she inspected my eyes. "They look fine." She said, and patted my cheek.

"Sorry about that." Fred whispered in my ear, making me jump.

"It's fine."

"What are you two love birds talking about?" asked George smiling at us.

I rolled my eyes and kicked him under the table. "Ow!" He yelped, causing everyone to stare at us.

"What's wrong, George?" I asked, innocently.

He glared at me. "Nothing." He muttered.

"I thought so." I said smiling.

George muttered something under his breath but I didn't catch it.

"Sorry, I didn't catch that." I singsonged.

"It wasn't meant to be caught by you anyway." George shrugged. I rolled my eyes and laughed a little.

"We go back in three days." Ron whined. "I don't want to go back to school, and we have exams coming up!"

"If you studied more often, exams wouldn't be much of a problem." Hermione said.

"But if I studied more, I wouldn't have time for other things." Ron shrugged.

"Like eating?" I asked with a laugh.

"Shut up, Rose." Ron said, but a hint of a smile was on his face.

I chuckled as I took a sip from my pumpkin juice. I had a feeling that this day would turn out good, but I wasn't so sure on how good my feeling was.

"You can imagine, Ron's kids." said George. "One of is children and himself eating like pigs, while his wife," He coughed. "Hermione." He coughed again, as Ron and Hermione shot him glares. "and his other child will scold them for eating to much."

Everyone laughed, except Ron and Hermione.

"How are you so sure?" Ron asked.

"Maybe I can see the future, but I never told you guys." He said, smiling at his little brother.

"I don't know why you are all so concerned about my eating habits anyway." Ron said in a Hermione-like tone.

"Because, as I hope you know, you aren't going to keep your figure forever, then you will grow obese and we are concerned for your health." I said in the same Hermione-like tone.

Ron just rolled his eyes.

"Is this pick on Ron day?" Ron asked.

"Isn't every day pick on Ron day?" George asked and Ron glared at him, but chuckled a little himself.

After lunch, I was lying on the couch with my head on Harry's lap and my legs on Hermione's lap. Hermione was going on about something but I wasn't paying any attention, I was zoning out staring at the ceiling, my mind blank.

"Rose?" I heard someone say. "Rose!"

I blinked and sat up. "What?" I asked, looking around.

"I was asking you something." said Ron.

"What is it?" I asked.

Ron stared at me for a moment. "I forgot."

I chuckled and then Ginny came down the stairs.

"Rose, there is an owl upstairs and a letter, it doesn't have anyone's name on it." She said.

"I think I know who it is from." I said with a smile. "Thanks Ginny."

"Sure." Ginny smiled and I went upstairs and saw an owl sitting on my bed. "Hullo there." I said to it. It hooted in response.

"Let's see this letter to Miss No Name." I said and untied the letter and looked at it before tearing the envelope off and eagerly reading the letter.

Cassidy, three days until we get back, and I can't wait to see you. Blaise is spending the rest of break with us, and I told him all about our dinner, and every detail about you. My parents have invited you over again tomorrow night, I told them you might not be able to make it, depending on what your aunt and uncle say. They hope to see you again before the school year is over. My mother simply adores you, even if she did catch us snogging. Yours Truly, Draco.

I smiled at the letter and tried to think of ways to get this to work.

Then an idea struck me. I could leave around 4 and go to a Muggle Mall and get another tan and dress and shoes then I could Floo from Diagon Alley and ask Hermione if she would like to stay there for dinner then Floo back to Diagon Alley, then Floo to the Burrow. Then just tell everyone it was me and Hermione's day.

I smiled, I knew something good was going to happen today.

A/N: Yes, Fred and Rose kissed twice and she got 'raped' in this chapter. A lot of these quotes were taken from the mouths of my best friends, so I thank them greatly. If only I could use the ones they said when they saw Harry Potter 7 for the first time, my 2nd. My two friends both cried when Dobby died, as did I, but one wiped her tears with my hand. And then when they flew into the clouds and saw all the Death Eaters, she would've sworn it was a wizard highway. And she also would bet money that Kreacher could lick his nose, and thank you to her twin sister who laughed with me when Voldemort said his wand and Harry's had twin cores, and he needed someone else's, because I snorted. And she screamed really loud at Bathilda's house when the snake came out of the floor. Thank you, you two for being constant inspiration for all my stories, and constantly giving me reasons to smile. (Thought I would put this in here to thank you so I can brag about how amazing you both are) And thank you to my reviewers who let me know that people like my story.

Still holding the letter, I ran down the stairs. "Hermione!" I exclaimed "Hermione! Hermione! Hermione!" I exclaimed until I reached her at the couch.

"What?"

"Come with me." I said, grabbing her by the hand and dragging her up the stairs. "Draco, wants to me to go over to his house, tomorrow." I told her.

"And what did you say?"

My eyes widened. "I forgot to write back. Hold on like 5 minutes."

I found some parchment and took out a quill and began to write.

Dear Draco,I would love to come over tomorrow again. My aunt and uncle will let me go, but I must double check with them, but expect me to come. I'm also glad your mum adores me, it would be quite awkward that she did not and we'd have to sit in silence during dinner. And tell Blaise HI, for , Cassidy

"What did you say?" Asked Hermione, coming into the room as I let the owl out of the room.

"That I would most likely be there. Here is my plan. We tell everyone we are going out to go summer clothes shopping or something and we are going to stay out until about nine and we Floo to Diagon Alley, get money from Gringotts and then go to a Muggle Mall, I'll get a new dress and shoes and another tan, then I'll get ready and Floo to Malfoy Manor and have dinner, Floo back to the Leaky Cauldron and then we can Floo back to the Burrow together once I look normal again." I said in one breath.

"Maybe Harry, Fred and George and Ron can come too, so I'm not alone when you are at Malfoy Manor, and Mrs. Weasley might like that better." Hermione said logically.

"Perfect!" I smiled. "Let's go and ask them. Thank you, Hermione."

"Your welcome." She said, as I tied the letter to the owl's leg. I waited until it flew off to follow her out the door.

"Hey, guys!" I said, plopping down on the couch next to Harry.  
"Wanna go to Diagon Alley tomorrow?" I asked, smiling widely.

"Why?" asked George.

"Because I want to go and get stuff." I told them. "So do you want to come or not?"

"Sure, why not." said Harry shrugging.

"Cool!"

"What about Ron, Fred and George?" Hermione asked.

"I'll go." Fred said.

"Me too!" George said.

"Why not?" Ron shrugged.

"Okay, here's the thing. We are going to go to a Muggle Mall and I am going to be gone 6 to about 9, but I'll be with you from 4 to 6." I said.

"You're going to your boyfriends house, aren't you?" Fred asked disapprovingly.

"They invited me, and I couldn't say no to his parents. Especially when his mother adores me."

"She doesn't adore you, she adores who you are pretending to be." Harry cut in.

"Either way. If it lets me see Draco, I won't object. Please don't say anything."

"We'll try not too." said George. "I mean, it might accidentally slip out." He smirked.

I rolled my eyes and grabbed the pillow behind me and threw it at him. "I'm serious, please don't." I said more firmly.

"Yeah, we won't." said Ron.

Fred and Harry let out a grumble but I took that as a yes as well.

"Great!" I said, and gave Harry a hug. "Thank you!" I turned to the others and gave them smiles.

"Welcome."

"Let's ask your mum before we get too excited." I said and pushed off the couch. "Mrs. Weasley, can I ask you a question?"

"Of course, dear." Mrs. Weasley smiled.

"Can Harry, Fred, George, Hermione, Ron, and I go to Diagon Alley tomorrow? Just us, I mean all put together we are-" I stopped and did the math in my head "-69 years old and therefore very capable of taking care of ourselves."

"I suppose so, what time?"

"4 to about 9. We will get dinner." I assured.

"Ok dear, do you need money?"

"No, me and Harry can pay for it." I nodded. "Thank you Mrs. Weasley."

Mrs. Weasley nodded and smiled at me. "No problem, dear. Do be careful though." She said.

I nodded. "We will." I smiled. "Thank you, again." I said then walked back to everyone else, sitting back in my original seat.

"Well?" The twins asked.

"We can go." I said smiling triumphantly.

Everyone let out a cheerful sound and gave some high fives and I let out a laugh.

"I can't wait." I said.

"Course." said Harry, smiling a bit.

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The next day I was putting my 'Cassidy' make-up and wig in a large bag. Hermione was waiting for me and we walked downstairs.

Mrs. Weasley was talking to everyone else. "Alright, Hermione's in charge." She said.

"What?" Fred and George exclaimed together. "We're the oldest!"

"Yes, but Hermione is the most mature." Mrs. Weasley said, and went down the line, kissing everybody's cheeks.

We Flooed to Diagon Alley and we went to Gringotts and exchanged some Galleons for Muggle Money and then went to the same Muggle Mall me and Hermione went to the first time. The boys groaned and protested when we dragged them into the dress store. I was looking for something that a Slytherin would wear. I found a strapless black dress that went to mid-thigh. It had beading on the hem and on the stomach. I bought it happily.

"I don't know how I feel about you seeing your boyfriend in that." Harry said.

"Oh, hush. Either his parents or Blaise is going to be with us." I said and then dragged them into the shoes store. I found a pair of cute gold sandals that went up to my ankle. I smiled and bought those too.

I got a tan and Fred liked how the salon smelt good. When we were walking back to the Leaky Cauldron, Fred stole a white daisy from a bouquet outside a florist shop.

"You could put it in your hair or something." He shrugged.

"That's sweet. Thanks Fred. I'll put my wig in a bun and put the daisy in it." I decided.

"Your welcome." He said. "Put it in your hair, now." He suggested.

Before I answered, Fred was putting the flower in my hair, behind my ear. "There." He said, with a smile. "You look nice."



I smiled back at him. "Thank you." I said.

"Your welcome."

"Come on!" yelled George. "Stop flirting." He said.

I rolled my eyes as Fred took my wrist and guided me through the crowd of people.

When we made it to the Leaky Cauldron I disappeared into a bathroom and quickly transformed myself to Cassidy and came out of the bathroom.

Everyone's heads turned towards me. I smirked at them.

"You look..." Fred said. "Not like you." I laughed at him.

"Good, if I am going to fool anybody, I need to look different, so I'm happy I do." I said.

"Do you act different?" Fred asked.

"Completely. I'm mature and quiet." I said.

"You must hate it, having to be totally different." Fred said.

I shrugged. "I can put up with it."

"You're wearing the flower." Fred said, sounding surprised.

"I said I would."

He nodded, still looking a tad surprised. "Yeah, right. You said." He said.

I smiled at him. "So what time are you coming back?" asked Harry.

"Um, 9." I said. "And like Mrs. Weasley said Hermione's in charge." I reminded the boys.

The twins rolled their eyes and groaned. "Mmmhmm." They all said.

"How you getting there?" asked Ron.

"Floo."

"Right."

I checked the clock on the wall. "I'd better get going." I waved at them and stepped into the fireplace.

"Nine o'clock." Hermione said. "And not late this time." I nodded and grabbed the Floo powder.

"Malfoy Manor." I said clearly and got engulfed in green flames.

I stepped out of a grand fire place and was caught in someone's arms. I smiled happily. His arms wound around my waist, and his chin rested on my shoulder.

"Hullo, love." He whispered in my ear, his breath tickling my neck.

"Hi." I whispered back.

"I am going to have to interrupt, one, because I am hungry, and two, I don't want to find you two in a room somewhere." I heard another voice said.

I spun around. "Way to ruin a moment." I rolled my eyes.

Blaise shrugged, and smiled. "Nice to see you again, Cassidy." He chuckled a bit at the name.

I rolled my eyes. "Nice to see you too, Blaise." I said, smiling at him for a moment.

"Now, let's go eat." He said, walking out of the room. His footsteps echoing down the hall.

I turned to Draco, who was smiling down at me. "You look beautiful." He said.

I blushed. "Thanks. You don't look too bad yourself." I said.

Draco smiled and kissed me for a moment, which I had really missed, before pulling away. "Let's get going to kitchen, before Blaise comes back."

I walked with Draco, hands intertwined. Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy were seated already, along with Blaise, who looked at me and chuckled a bit.

"Ah, Cassidy. So good to see you again." Narcissa smiled.

"The feeling is mutual." I smiled back at her. "Thank you for inviting me to your home yet again. It remains as beautiful as it was when I first stepped out of the fire place." I said, striving to sound as un-Rose like as possible.

I am Cassidy.

I am Cassidy.

I am Cassidy.

I chanted over in my head.

We sat down at the table, as the house elves began placing food in front of us. I wanted to thank them, but I knew it was un Slytherin like to do so.

"How is your aunt and uncle, Cassidy?" asked Narcissa.

"They are doing fine, thank you." I replied.

"I'm glad they let you come over again."

I nodded. "I am glad as well." I gave Narcissa small smile.

Then the room fell silent, the only noise was the slinking of silverware. I felt the weight of the silence on my shoulders and I struggled to make conversation, but I also struggled to remember all the lies that I told.

"So are all of you ready for a new term?" Narcissa asked. Draco and I nodded and I smiled very warmly at her. Blaise just shrugged and made a look of disapproval on his face. I laughed a little at that.

"I am curious, Blaise, as to what makes you dislike school so much."  
I chuckled.

"You like it because you are getting good grades, and you have a boyfriend." Blaise shot back jokingly.

"Well, I'm sure we could manage to get you both of those things if we tried."

"A boyfriend?" Blaise asked. Normally I would've laughed, but I cast my eyes down modestly and forced a blush on my cheeks.

"No, a girlfriend of course."

"Right." He said, frowning a bit.

Must have expected me say one of my old things, that I would usually say. But I'm Cassidy and I can't, because she is different from Rose.

Completely.

"Maybe Pansy." I suggested, a smirk on my lips.

"Not for me." He said, shaking his head, eyes wide.

"Astoria Greengrass?" I asked.

"Maybe"

I smirked a little, and looked over almost mischievously at Draco and he smirked back at me. I chuckled a little.

"You two are..." He looked over at Lucius and Narcissa, who were in a conversation, but still intently listening. "Odd." He finished.

We both chuckled a little.

"He made a funny face that made me laugh and you are calling me odd for laughing? I may be much more mature than you and your friends combined but that does not mean I can not laugh." I said.

Blaise rolled his eyes and Draco laughed as I continued to eat.

"So odd." I heard Blaise mutter under his breath, causing me to crack a we finished eating, Blaise, Draco and I were sitting in the living room. My hand intertwined with Draco's as Blaise sat a in front of us.

"You look different." said Blaise.

I rolled my eyes. "Shush." I said quietly.

"Why?"

"Just in case." I said shrugging.

"Alright...?"

"Do you want to go for walk through the gardens again?" Draco asked me in a low voice.

"Sure, hopefully we won't be interrupted this time." I laughed a little and gave him a mischievous look.

"Zabini, we are going for a walk, we'll be back soon." Draco said.

"What am I supposed to do?" Blaise asked, in almost panic.

"I dunno. Read a book or something. There are thousands in this place." Draco said, taking me head.

He led me out into the back yard and we walked along the same little path with the flowers, just talking.

"Yeah, we played a joke on Percy. Head Boy." I said, hoping that Head Boy would ring a boy if Percy didn't. To my satisfaction he nodded as he recalled who Percy was. "We told him some guy broke in the house and raped me. And Fred put soap in my eyes to make it look like I was cry and then when I looked at Percy and screamed that he had come back for me. Which confused him even further. I almost busted my gut from laughing so hard." I said, Draco's lips twitched up.

"Did you get in trouble?" Draco asked.

"No, we were close though. I had to use my charm to get him to stay quiet."

"And your very good at that." He said smirking at me.

I smiled and nodded. "I know, that's why I'm not in trouble." I gave his hand a little squeeze, don't know why though.

"And you wouldn't be here, if he ratted you out."

"No I wouldn't." I said.

Draco looked at me and smiled. "I like the flower in your hair." He nudged his head up in the direction of the flower Fred had given me.

"Thanks."

I looked down guiltily. Fred had given me a flower, that's what a son gives his mum or what a boyfriend gives his girlfriend. He was neither of those things, and it felt wrong being with my boyfriend with a flower in my hair from someone else.

There was only one way to describe that.

I felt like a cheater. I didn't want to tell Draco, he was less than understanding when it came to the Weasley's, Hermione and my brother. I knew he would be horrible to Fred if I told him. I loved him, and I knew he had flaws, many flaws, but I saw what was good in him, if that meant looking past his flaws. But I couldn't let him be mean to my friends, no more than he already was, anyway.

"Where'd you get it?" He asked, touching the petals lightly.

"I bought it, Hermione,"-I said Hermione's name quietly just in case-"and I went to a flower shop and I thought it was nice." I lied smoothly.

Draco nodded. "It suits you."

"Thanks." I said.

A guilty feeling was bubbling in my stomach. I was fine with lying to Draco's parents but I didn't like lying to Draco.

Draco took in my guilty expression and gave me a quizzical look, raising his brow. That made the guilty feeling grow, I hated that look. It made the air around me feel heavier on my shoulders.

"What's wrong?" He asked with a knowing tone in his voice.

"It's nothing. I was just thinking." I said with a shrug. In two easy strides, Draco was blocking my path, putting his hands in my shoulders and looking at me sternly in the eyes. I dropped my gaze and looked at our feet. He hand cupped my chin and made me look into his ice grey eyes.

"I know you, Rose. Something is up. This isn't about my parents again, is it?" Draco asked.

"I'm Cassidy, and no. It's something else." I reminded him quietly.

"What is it?" He asked.

I shook my head. "It's nothing really." I said, giving him a reassuring smile. "Come on, R-Cassidy. Tell me what's bugging you." He begged, looking at me with a mix of worry and sternness. "I want to know."

I let out a sigh. I looked over his shoulder to see Blaise coming, thank Merlin. "Tell you later." I mumbled. "Blaise is coming."

Draco nodded. "You better." He said jokingly, as he held my hand and turned around to face Blaise.

"I tried to read a book..." He said. "wasn't fun."

I laughed a little.

"Did I ruin a moment?" Blaise asked. I gave Draco a little look and smiled a little.

"We have many moments." I said, choosing my words carefully, as I saw Narcissa walking towards us. "Even if you didn't show up, it

would've been interrupted, anyway." I said, then smiled warmly at Narcissa. She gave a smile back.

"Would you like to spend the remainder of the evening in the parlor, it's rather cold out here." Narcissa invited.

"Mum..." Draco started.

"It's perfectly fine with me, Draco. I don't mind." I said, placing my hand on his arm.

"Yeah, but I might not be." Draco whispered, but we went in the house anyway.

I smiled, and held Draco's hand as Narcissa led us to the parlor. Lucius was there, smiling at us when we walked in.

"You wanna teach me the piano again?" I asked him, looking over at the instrument that was sitting there, wanting to be played by someone.

"Sure." He said, and guided me over to the piano bench.

I sat down next to him, looking down at the keys.

"Do you remember what I taught you?"

"Vaguely."

He smirked a little as I rest my fingers on the keys and smiled at them a bit. I pressed a few keys and putting them in an order that I thought sounded cool. I felt everyone's gaze on my back, but I felt no ones more than Draco's. His wasn't a gaze that analyzed my every movement to find something wrong with me. No, his was a gaze that analyzed my every movement because it made him smile. Like really smile.

I looked up at him and smiled as I met his eyes. "I used to do that as a kid, at my grandmother's house. I would play different notes until it sounded right, then I made sure I never forgot them, but I always did." I said, for once, not a total lie. I did used to do that at people's houses when they had a piano. It was stretching the truth. Not lying.



"Once you learn the name of all those notes, I'm sure you could compose." Draco said.

I laughed. "My desire does not stretch that far." I said, fighting to urge to say something else that would be Rose talking. "I never would've guessed you played." I said after a moment of silence. "You never struck me as the person."

Draco shrugged. "It wasn't my desire to learn how to play instruments."

"It was your desire to play Quidditch though." It wasn't a question. Draco chuckled.

"You could call it a desire, but I don't think this situation calls for a word quite so...strong. I liked Quidditch and I enjoyed playing it, it wasn't necessarily a desire."

"Does desire sound to dramatic?" I giggled.

Draco nodded a bit.

I smiled. "Then, what is a word you would use other then 'desire'?" I asked, looking from the keys on the piano to Draco.

He shrugged. "Nothing comes to mind right now. I'm sure I'll think of something later on though." He said.

I nodded. "And I can't wait to hear what that word is. I do need to stretch my vocabulary a bit more." I said, trying not to sound so Rose-ish.

Draco chuckled. "I think your vocabulary is fine."

"It doesn't hurt to learn more to increase it." I said, in a Hermione like tone as I pushed down on a key which made a high pitched sound.

"No it doesn't."

"Do you sing, as well?" I asked teasingly with a giggle.

"No." Draco said bluntly. This made me laugh even more. "Do you?" Draco whispered. Color rose in my cheeks.

"Sometimes." I shrugged. "Alone or in front of very few, and quietly."

Draco smirked. And I realized something. We weren't alone. I'd known that all along, but I seemed to have forgotten it. I gasped under my breath a little.

"What?" Draco asked, not concerned but curious.

"I just realized that there are three other people in the room." I whispered.

Draco chuckled. "No really?" He said jokingly. "I thought we were alone."

I rolled my eyes. I looked behind me to see, Blaise leaning against the doorway looking bored, Narcissa smiling at me, and Lucius, I didn't even know.

I turned back around, and began to randomly press keys.

"Teach me?" I asked him, as I got bored pressing stuff at random.

"Of course." He said.

He started directing me, telling me where to put my fingers then the order to press them in. "Now try doing it faster." He said.

I tried to do that, and started laughing when I messed up.

"Sorry." I said quietly, but my laughing completely denied my previous statement.

"Don't be. It's fine." Draco whispered in my ear, making me shiver. "I can tell your mind is other places."

"No, it's here with you, but in my mind we are alone." I shrugged.

"I'm sure we could try to make it happen, but my mother would be suspicious." Draco said.

"We are thirteen, and hasn't she seen how mature I am."

Me and Draco laughed, knowing how much of a lie that was.

"You're the most mature person, I've ever met." He said, smiling a bit.

I chuckled. "That's good, right?"

He nodded. "Of course, it's good." He then dropped his voice to a whisper. "You need to mature to survive here."

I nodded. "Thanks for the advice." I told him, quietly.

"Anytime." He said, smiling at me.

I smiled back for a while before turning back to the piano. "Now what do I press again?" I asked, laughing at how easily I had forgotten what he had just taught me.

"Did I distract you?" Draco smirked.

"Yes, you did, you know you did." I laughed quietly.

"Well I'm sorry." Draco smirked, not meaning what he said anyway.

I rolled my eyes and laughed at him.

"I don't see what is so funny." He whispered. I rolled my eyes again.

"You." I said quietly.

"I am funny? Is that so?"

"At times, yes." I said looking up at him through my lashes.

"How so?" He asked.

I shrugged. "I don't know. You can just be funny at times." I said.  
"Like now."

"How was I funny just now?" He asked.

"I don't know, you just were and it made me laugh." I said, smiling at him.

"You're weird." He said, shaking his head.

"But you love it."

"I do."

I leaned in and kissed his cheek, resting my head on his shoulder.

"I don't want to leave this place." I said quietly. "Well I do, it's you I don't want to leave because I always miss you more when I leave."

"I'm sure your...aunt and uncle wouldn't appreciate us taking you from them?" Draco said.

"Probably not." I chuckled. "They love me too much to let me away from them for too long."

"That's too bad. I would have loved to spend more time with you." Draco whispered in my ear.

"We'll be back at Hogwarts soon. And then we can spend loads of time together."

"Good, because I'd miss you too much." He said.

I heard Blaise groan, and I chuckled. "I think Blaise might be jealous of how much time I spend with you." I said, giggling.

"It's because he secretly is in love with me."

I laughed quietly. "Even guys are attracted to you?"

"Yes because I'm universally popular." He said smirking.

"Course you are."

Then the clock in the corner caught my attention. five after nine. No way in hell it had been that long already.

"Shit." I hissed under my breath.

"What?" Draco asked, as I scrambled up from the piano seat, that had grown so comfortable.

"I'm late. My aunt and uncle might have my head for this. I have to go." I said, I thanked Narcissa and Lucius for letting me come over, and said bye to Blaise, then Draco walked me to the fire place.

Draco found my lips quickly, kissing me passionately. I shivered under his touch.

"Stop." I said. "I have to go." I said, and smiled, walking into the fireplace.

"Leaky Cauldron." I said, and arrived there with a burst of green flames.

When I stepped out of the fireplace, Hermione was standing in front of it. "Sorry!" I exclaimed, as I came out. "I lost track of time, sorry!"

"It's alright, but hurry up and get changed. We have to go before Mrs. Weasley loses her head."

I nodded and ran to the bathroom. I quickly changed back into Rose before running out again to meet Hermione in front of the fireplace with the others.

"Ready?" Fred asked.

I nodded. "Yeah. Sorry, I'm late."

"Have fun?" asked George.

I nodded with a smile, wiping make-up off as we walked to the fireplace. "I can't wait until we get back and I can be Rose and not Cassidy."

"I don't know." Fred countered. "Cassidy isn't bad looking. What's she like?"

I laughed a little. "She is annoyingly mature and proper like she came from a pureblood family. She is all innocent and sweet and sarcasm is like a foreign language to her."

"Man she sounds boring!"

"She is!" I said as I stepped back into the fireplace.

"The Burrow!" I said clearly, as I was engulfed by the green flames again. Next thing I knew I was standing in the fireplace of the Burrow and before someone else appeared I stepped out. "Mum, we're home!" Fred's voice called out.

Soon, everyone was had arrived and Mrs. Weasley was standing in front of us. "Did you guys have a good time?" She asked.

We all nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Weasley." I said smiling.

"Good. Now come and have a quick bite to eat then off to bed."

I really wasn't hungry, I had eaten enough at Malfoy Manor and politely declined. Mrs. Weasley didn't like this at all and Fred saved me and said they had all eaten at the Leaky Cauldron. I shot him a grateful look.

"We did, it isn't a lie. Ron was complaining so Harry bought us dinner. Well you and Harry, it was your money." Fred said, we were sitting in his room, talking a little and half-way paying attention to our Go Fish game.

"Good, I'm glad he used my money because I was having some fancy dinner at my boyfriends house." I said.

"It's okay." Fred said half heartedly, I don't think he thought it was 'okay' at all. "What's it like? Malfoy's house?"

"Big and Slytherin-ish." I said, summing it all up in the two words I thought fit it best.

"Of course." He said smiling a bit. "Didn't expect it to be small and Gryffindor-ish."

I laughed a bit. "Because that would be very weird." I said, smiling.

"And disturbing." He added.

"Yes, a supposed Slytherin house turns out to be all Gryffindor like on the inside. That's not strange at all." I said.

"You know, I'd like to meet Cassidy."

"You'd think she's dull."

"I still want to meet her." Fred shrugged. I smiled a little.

"What we think we want and what we really want are two completely things." I said in a Cassidy tone.

Fred raised his brow. "Well either way." He shrugged.

I rolled my eyes. "You just met her." I said.

"Oh." Fred said.

"Disappointed?" I asked. "It's okay, I think Draco was too, at first. But I am doing this for us and he understands that."

"I don't like her." Fred said in a disgusted tone.

"Neither do I. When I am her all I want to do is be Rose again." I said. "I know I should be grateful for the chance to see him, and I shouldn't be complaining. Because Cassidy is that girl that they all talk about. The one the mum loves and the ex hates, but I'm not that girl. Pansy just loves me because once his parents find out, there is no way in hell they will stand for it and Mrs. Malfoy hates Rose. So Cassidy is that girl, but how long will that last?"

"Well," said Fred. "If you can keep up the act long enough then I'd say it would also pretty last pretty long, but if it doesn't then it wouldn't last long."

I cracked a little smile. "Yeah."

"Your alter ego, is very boring."

"I told you so."

"And mature."

I nodded.

"And...it reminds me of Hermione!"

"I kind of based her off of Hermione a little. But she is more Slytherin like. I don't like the look they give me though. And I am afraid they can see right through me."

"You are a good liar, I think you are fooling them." Fred tried to assure. I nodded, and put on a convincing face of being calm, cool and collected, but I was still as paranoid as hell.

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I was sitting on the couch early in the morning, my ipod was blasting in my ears. Since the dance, I had been listening to it a lot more often.

The song was Don't Dance by 3OH!3. The couch next to me sunk and my ear phone was out of my right ear and put into somebody else's. I looked up and saw Fred.

"Hey." I said.

"What the hell is this?" Fred asked.

"Don't Dance by 3OH!3."

"It's sounds...weird." He said, handing me back my earphone.

"Says you. You've hardly heard Muggle music so you would think it was weird. But to Muggles this is normal." I said to him.

Fred smiled. "Then I'm sorry for not being in the know with Muggle music."

"It's alright, Fred." I said, as the song ended and Speak Now by Taylor Swift came on. I began humming, as Taylor sang in my ears.

"What are you listening to now?"

"Speak Now by Taylor Swift."

"Sounds stupid." Fred said in disgust. I nudged his shoulder.

"Shut up. She is like...my idol." I said.



"Really? How so?"

"She is so care-free and nice and all that good stuff."

"She isn't a very good idol then." I gave Fred a weird look.

"Meaning?" I asked with a raised eyebrow.

"You aren't nice." Fred shrugged, chuckling when I stoop up and started beating him relentlessly with a pillow.

"I. Am. To. Nice." I yelled, smacking him with a pillow after each word.

"That." He pointed to the pillow in my hand. "Was not nice. You just hit me, hitting people is not nice Rose." He said making a 'tsk' sound.

I rolled my eyes. "Overall I am nice."

Fred chuckled as I patted my hands on my lap to the beat of the song. "Sure.."

"I am!" I exclaimed.

"That's why I said sure. Geez." He said rolling his eyes.

"Uh-huh." I said.

We sat there in silence for a while. My ipod up kind of loud but not blaring. I closed my eyes, though I wasn't tired. I thought about Draco, and the fact that we would be starting school again soon. I wondered if Harry would get his Firebolt back anytime soon, it would make him happy if he did.

I thought of the Gryffindor Tower, and the fire in the common room that seemed so special compared to other fires. I thought of the coziness of the common room, and the constant buzz of chatter, most of which coming from me. I missed it all.

Except classes, I didn't miss classes all that much.

I hoped that the rest of school would be somewhat drama-free without Draco problems and without Pansy problems. I didn't like drama, so I didn't want any of it happening.

But of course, some wishes just don't come true. It's the cold, hard truth. I guess this is one of those sad truth's.

A/N: Okay! Thanks for the reviews last chapter. I love you all. I would like to thank the wonderful missnothingx, my friends which have so willingly let me take words straight from their mouths, and 3OH!3 for helping me with this chapter!

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